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TYPE OF GIRL OF TIBERIAS.

It is easy to see here the origin of the costume of certain nuns. The head-dress is probably identical in fashion with that worn by women of Galilee in Christ's day.—Artist's Note.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.,

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

Illustrated from paintings and drawings by Corwin Knapp Linson.

PART IV.—JESUS' MINISTRY AT CAPERNAUM.—HIS REJECTION BY NAZARETH.

IN the beginning of the first century two towns stood on the western edge of the Sea of Galilee, and only a short distance apart, which were a visible and striking contrast. One was Tiberias, the political capital of the province of Galilee and the residence of Herod Antipas, its tetrarch, whose magnificent palace was reflected on the bosom of the lake and whose licentious court scandalized the district. The other was Capernaum, a town which had neither distinction nor fashion, but depended for a modest prosperity on its fishing industry, its custom-house, and its situation on the caravan road between Damascus and the coast. It was a busy little commercial town in the shadow of glittering, brazen Tiberias. Its citizens worked hard for their bread, and saw the great folk pass in their glory to and from the local capital. There is no mention of the place in Old Testament history; and if Josephus gives it a place in his pages, it is

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only because he was carried there after an accident. Yet to-day, save for a medical mission, the miserable village of Tiberias is neglected, while learned persons dispute keenly the site of Capernaum, and travelers are thankful that amid the ruins of Tell Hum the remains of a synagogue can still be found.

Some devout Christians will not visit Palestine because the glory of the land has departed under the Turkish blight and the profanity of modern improvements. This Galilee, barren and deserted, is far removed from the smiling land, with its crowded villages, through which Jesus moved in His pity and grace. Others have a pious interest in seeing the lake which Jesus so often crossed, and treading the great roads along which He went on His journeys. Whether they have ever seen the Holy Land or not, all the disciples of the Master must carry within their imagination the map of Galilee forever associated with Jesus, and this map has been created not by travelers, but by love. It matters not how prosperous or famous a town may have been; if Jesus did not honor it with His presence, it will have no place in this sacred geography. It is nothing that a village was small and obscure; if the Master wrought His mighty works there, or found a disciple, or received a kindness, its name is written in imperishable letters. And this map, which is rather a picture and a home than a plan, has for its heart and center not Tiberias, but Capernaum, since Tiberias was only the city of Herod Antipas, while Capernaum was Jesus' own city.

A DOOR-YARD IN NAZARETH.*

It is usually a man's lot to live in various places, but there will be one which is his choice and to which his heart is given. Jesus was born in Bethlehem; He was educated in Nazareth; He was crucified in Jerusalem; in none of those arrangements had He any voice. For three years or so He could arrange His life as He pleased, and His first act of freedom, on the threshold of His great career, was to fix upon the sphere of

* This is a typical door-yard, or court, in the poorer quarter of Nazareth. On the right is a native bread oven. The bread is baked in small cakes, in a covered earthen vessel placed in a bed of hot ashes. The oven itself is built of mud and straw, plastered over with clay, which dries hard. The fuel used is usually camel's dung dried. "The one characteristic I remember best is the pungent odor of burning manure, a constant irritation to the nostrils; a choking atmosphere exhaling from the numerous out-door ovens in which the bread is baked. It permeates the houses, the stones of the streets absorb it, it soaks into everything."—EXTRACT FROM THE ARTIST'S JOURNAL.

His labor and the center from which He would evangelize it. Three places already competed for His favor, and each made its own appeal. He might have fixed His home in the wilderness of Judea, whither John Baptist had drawn the people and made them ready for the kingdom. Here, where Jesus had accepted the guilt of the people, He might have saved them; where He had conquered Satan He might have cast Satan out. But Jesus had no love for what was repulsive and inhuman—the desert and the wild beast. Dear to our Master was the sight of human faces, and the works of men, and the sound of children's voices, and the softness of nature. It would seem as if Jerusalem was determined beforehand to be the city of Jesus—as indeed in the end it was to be His by the conquest of the Cross—for out of Jerusalem a prophet could hardly perish, and there had the chief prophets declared the will of God. Here was surely the vantage ground from which the new voice could reach the ends of the Jewish world; here were the men who could understand the new message and be its fit Apostles. On the other hand, it is plain that Jesus would really have had no opportunity in the capital and would have had every one against Him—the priests, whose interests He touched; the Pharisees, whose doctrines He did not hold; and the Romans, who were suspicious of every reference to a Kingdom. It was inevitable that He should be persecuted; it was certain that He would be put to death; but He must have a space wherein to sow His seed, and that He could not have in Judea. Nazareth, again, had none of the dangers of the capital, and it had been His home for thirty years. Here in the bosom of the hills, far from the bigotry of Jerusalem and the ferment of the towns, He might have laid the foundations of His society. But it is not always an advantage to be among your own people, and Jesus did not desire a secluded village for His first effort. For His mission was needed a town undominated by the capital, in touch with a large population, with an open-minded people. Capernaum fulfilled every condition, and Jesus chose it for His own city.

A STREET IN NAZARETH.

For the Master and His work, as the Evangelist of the Divine Love, it was not the least advantage that by general consent the Lake

of Galilee was by far the loveliest spot in the Holy Land, so that the Rabbis had a saying, "The land has seven seas, but Gennesaret God made for Himself." Twelve miles long and rather more than seven at its widest, shaped like a lyre, and broken as to its shores into many curves and little headlands, with blue water and white sand, the Lake of Galilee lay amid its sloping green hills a vision of peace and beauty. On the eastern side the ground rose in billows of green cut by ravines into the wilderness, where Jesus went for solitude and where He spent so many hours of intimate communion with God. Between the hills and the lake on the western side lay the Plain of Gennesaret, than which there was no more fertile spot in the world. In this garden, watered by mountain streams and rich in volcanic soil, nature, Josephus declares, had outdone herself, casting aside for once her limitations of place and reason and reveling in the very license of production, for the walnut, the palm, the olive, and the vine grew side by side, and for ten months out of the twelve fruit could be found in Gennesaret. All Galilee was, in those happy days, a land of streams and fountains, of woods and flowers, and the very heart thereof was the Lake of Tiberias. While the desert of Judea, with its arid sands, suggested the austerity of life, the valleys of Galilee, smiling with corn, were a parable of the gladness of life. It was fitting that the Baptist should thunder repentance amid a scene of desolation; it was fitting that Jesus should proclaim the excellent grace of the Kingdom of Heaven with a background of beauty.

Galilee had this further attraction for the Master, that it was not only blessed by nature, but also crowded with people. Some fifteen towns lay on the shores of the lake, prosperous and stirring with life, making an almost continuous line of human homes. The lake was never without the sails of a fishing-boat or the glitter of a royal galley. Along her great west road, called the Way by the Sea, came caravans from Damascus to Greece; down her south road went droves of camels to Egypt, and her innumerable byways were crowded with many feet in that most populous of provinces. The stir of the Gentile world was felt in Galilee; her own life was bright and strenuous. If the Galileans had a provincial accent, like a Western man in New York, or a Lancashire man in London, and if they were ignorant of the refinements of theological culture in which Jerusalem delighted, they were quicker and keener than the Judeans. They were less held by conventionalities, and less fettered by prejudices; they were more open and enthusiastic; they were nearer the heart of things. When Jesus began His ministry in Galilee, He laid His hand on the living pulse of the nation and, by anticipation, of the world.

As some center was needed from which the Master could go out on His missionary journeys, Jesus chose the village of Capernaum, and there He was more or less resident during His Galilean ministry. Round this town, whose very site is doubtful, gathers an affectionate interest, and so many were the incidents that happened here that one can reconstruct his Capernaum from the Gospels, till its streets be familiar ground and we know its houses at sight. Here is the modest little synagogue which the Roman officer in command of the local garrison built as a mark of respect for the Jewish religion—whose excellency he had discovered beneath its crust of fanatical bigotry—and as a testimony of his own faith in God—to whose knowledge he had come through the Hebrew Scriptures. Yonder are the quarters where his servant was lying sick, and whence he sent the message which won so high approval from Jesus. It was in this synagogue that Jesus cast out a devil one Sabbath, and, later on, delivered His great discourse on Everlasting Life. Upon the outskirts stood the opprobrium of Capernaum and the object of undying Jewish hate—a Roman custom-house. Here any day you might see Levi receiving taxes from those who journeyed along the Way by the Sea; and there, within stone's throw, is his private house, where one day he assembled his friends together, all fellow-outcasts from society, and entertained Jesus at a feast in celebration of his new life. If we go to the other end of Capernaum, where live the magnates of the little community, we are still in the Gospels, for that is the house of Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue, where Jesus raised a little maid from death and filled the house with gladness; and on the other side of the street is the imposing residence of Simon the Pharisee, where Jesus was treated with such cold courtesy and Mary Magdalene entered into peace. This again is only a street of poor homes, but yet it is memorable and cannot be passed by, for it was here that four faithful souls lifted the roof of a house and laid their sick friend at Jesus' feet; and, next door, that the woman lived who touched the hem of Jesus' garment and was healed. Near to the shore is the dwelling of Simon Peter, where Jesus was a guest,

and at whose door the sick of Capernaum were gathered one evening for His blessing; and here is the very place where the people stood while Jesus preached from a boat moored a little distance from the shore. Upon that lake Jesus walked, and Peter went to meet Him; through one of its sudden, dangerous storms Jesus lay asleep in the boat; from its waters came the miraculous draught of fishes, and on its shore the Master showed Himself after the Resurrection.

VILLAGE OF THE SHEPHERDS NEAR BETHLEHEM.

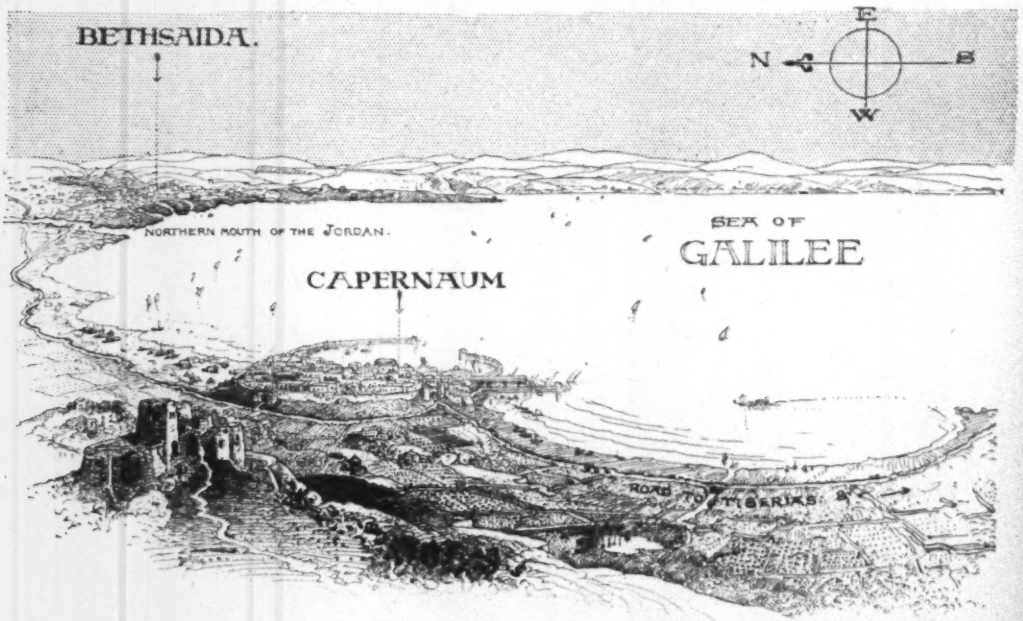
Standing on the edge of eastern Bethlehem, we see what is known as the shepherds' village, the traditional place where lived the shepherds who "were keeping watch" the night on which Christ was born. It is now a very small hamlet of farmers, or peasantry, and beyond are the fields, where also Ruth gleaned, the desolate wilderness, and in the distance the "wall of Moab."—ARTIST'S NOTE.

Never in the history of religion has any place had such privileges as Capernaum. For two years the Master lived among its people, homely and accessible, easy to be intreated and friendly with all. They could hear Him in the synagogue or in the open air; they could speak with Him on the street or in his lodgings. There was no kind of mighty work He did not perform in Capernaum; there was no sorrow He did not compassionate. Never could the power and love of God have been brought nearer human hearts than they were brought in this favored place. And it was not true to say that Jesus labored in vain, for from this place and neighborhood He drew His apostles; and here He found some of His most loyal friends. It remains, however, undeniable and most lamentable that the desire of Jesus' heart was not fulfilled, and that He bade farewell to the towns of the Lake with a sense of disappointment and a confession of failure. Galilee had given the Master a cordial hearing, and surrounded Him with enthusiasm, and afforded Him apostles, but Galilee as a whole had not believed in Him, nor cast in its lot with His kingdom; only a few had heard the Divine call and obeyed; the rest had been as the shallow soil, wherein the seed springs up quickly, and then as quickly withers away. So it came to pass that Galilee rejected Jesus, through fickleness, as Jerusalem was to

crucify Him through bigotry, and the guilt of Galilee was the greater. As Jesus thought of the day of salvation given unto the cities of the Lake and of their foolishness, He lifted up His voice in sorrow and indignation: "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida!" And then, as He looked on the city He had made His own by His choice and by His labor bathed in the light of the setting sun, His voice takes a deeper note: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee."

When one who has been brought up in an obscure country village, and has made his first success in the greater world, returns to his native place, it is an occasion to its inhabitants, and to himself it is a moment of deep emotion. Busy with many affairs, his heart has ever fondly turned to the scene of his early days. Hindered time after time, his heart leaps when he can at last revisit his home. This strong attachment and secret yearning are characteristic above all others of a highlander, in whom the grandeur and awfulness of the hills have begotten reverence for the past, and their separation and exclusion have deepened loyalty and faithful affection. With every mile which brings him nearer that village and removes him from the great city, he throws off the new habits of his last years and resumes his youth. He counts the distance which still remains, and imagines the turn of the road which shall give him the early sight of the loved spot. No doubt he will view his native place with the eyes of one who has seen the world, and his sense of proportion will have changed; nor could he again settle down within his former narrow circumstances and forsake the larger life. At the same time his heart will be full of gratitude and respect for his humble home: the church among the trees, the school where his mind was awakened, the fields in which he played. He hopes that he is remembered, and that his fellow-townsmen have some pride in his achievements. At least he has not forgotten them, and his fondest desire is to give them some tokens of his loyal affection.

Between the outgoing of Jesus from Nazareth, when He went to the baptism of John, and His home-coming, when He returned to Nazareth from Capernaum, there were, possibly, only a few months in time, but there



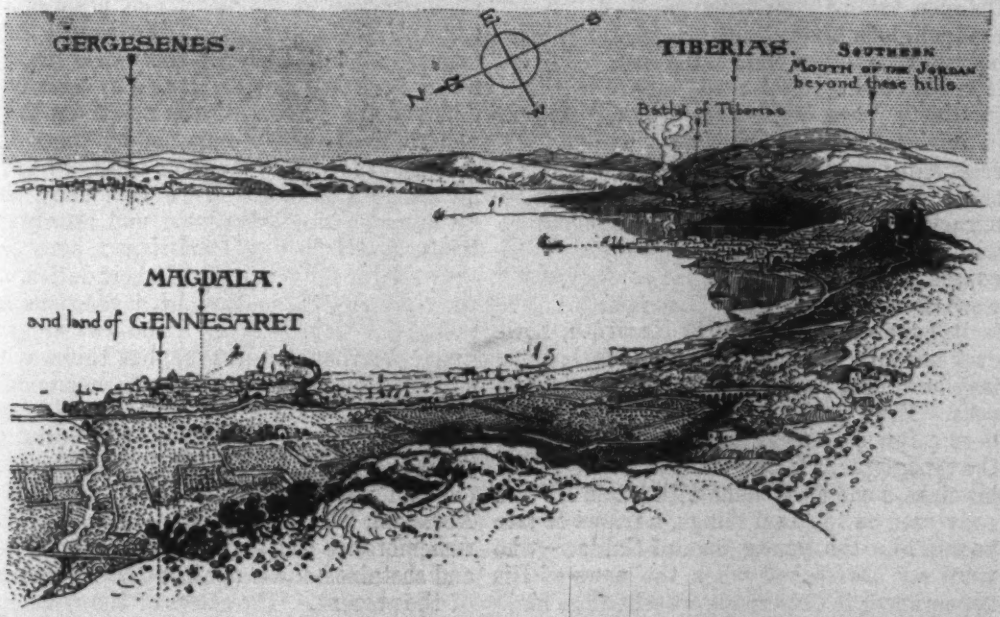
PICTORIAL MAP OF THE NORTHERN END OF THE SEA OF GALILEE, FROM THE HILLS BEHIND CAPERNAUM.

Bethsaida, near the northern mouth of the Jordan, occupies a charmingly picturesque situation in the hollow of a little bay, with good harborage and a fine beach. From Capernaum to Bethsaida an old Roman road leads across many little spring-fed streams, and through fertile gardens watered by ancient aqueducts.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

was an incalculable difference in life. He left with the recent conviction of the Messiahship, and He returned with the open witness of God to His call. He left with the sense of latent power, He returned with the sanction of mighty works. The spiritual impulses and heavenly dreams of youth—the blossoms of spring—had come to fruit, and His mysterious aloofness, as of one living here in disguise, had been vindicated. At the quiet hour of noon when He rested from labor, or in the evening as He wandered on the hillside above the village, He had imagined the outer world and the work before Him. Now He came down from the glory of the capital, and up from the stir of Capernaum, having laid His hand to God's work, and not having been put to confusion. It was not possible that He could be elated, for from the day of His baptism to the day of His crucifixion He was the lowliest in all the land; nor could He be free from a certain sad anticipation, who already knew that He would be rejected by the rulers of His people. Still it was with a just sense of His new position that He revisited the scenes of His youth, and the one desire in His heart was to confer that blessing with which He was charged, and which had already made glad Capernaum.

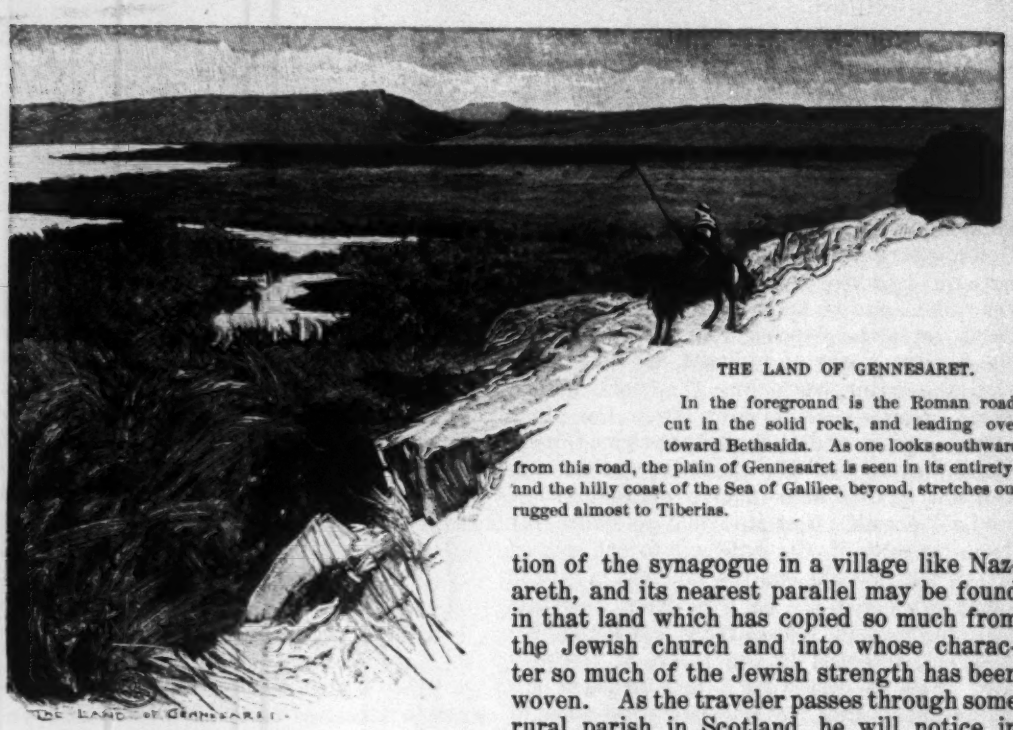
HEAD OF A GALILEE BEDOUIN. A STUDY FROM LIFE.

Notwithstanding the lamentable scene in the synagogue, we may believe that on the Friday evening, as Jesus came up the village



PICTORIAL MAP OF THE SOUTHERN END OF THE SEA OF GALILEE, FROM THE LAND OF GENNESARET.

Besides Magdala and Tiberias, the map shows, on the farther side of the sea, the city of the Gergesenes. The coast from Tiberias and Magdala northward to Bethsaida and the northeast shore was in Christ's time a Syrian bay of Naples, alive with fishing boats, Roman galleys, and trading vessels of every kind.—Artist's Note.



THE LAND OF GENNESARET.

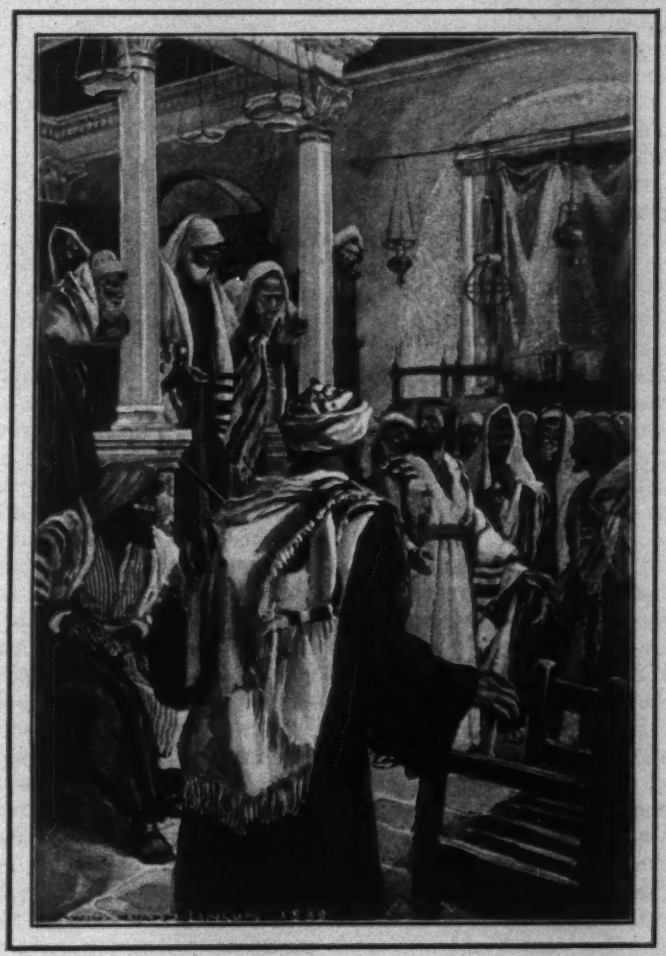
In the foreground is the Roman road, cut in the solid rock, and leading over toward Bethsaida. As one looks southward from this road, the plain of Gennesaret is seen in its entirety; and the hilly coast of the Sea of Galilee, beyond, stretches out rugged almost to Tiberias.

street, His fellow-townsmen regarded His return with kindly interest. It has to be accepted as a regrettable fact that the perplexity of dull minds, which cannot appreciate spiritual genius near at hand, hindered His own family from believing on Him, and that religious bigotry, in the end, turned the hearts of his fellow-citizens against Him. But it is not credible that Jesus could have lived for thirty years in Nazareth, going out and in among His fellow-men, even with all the reserves of those days, without being marked and loved. If in His youth He worked no miracles, He had the heart to sympathize with suffering; and if He preached no discourse, He must have dropped sayings which were treasured in some pious hearts. Nor is it possible that of all in Nazareth, however uncouth and unspiritual the little town may have been, none anticipated His greatness. Even in Nazareth there must have been a few discerning souls—His teacher of the synagogue, a fellow-scholar brighter than his class, some aged saint with whom He had conversed on spiritual things, a friend of late years, like the young man of Galilee—who were not astonished when the news of His appearances in Capernaum reached the highland town, and who went that memorable Sabbath morning to the synagogue with a high hope.

It is not possible to exaggerate the position of the synagogue in a village like Nazareth, and its nearest parallel may be found in that land which has copied so much from the Jewish church and into whose character so much of the Jewish strength has been woven. As the traveler passes through some rural parish in Scotland, he will notice in some sheltered place, facing the sun, a clump of buildings which are withered with age and have a certain simple dignity. They are the kirk and the manse, the school and schoolmaster's house, with God's acre round the kirk, and this is the heart and brain of the parish. It is here that the people have learned all they know of this world and the next; here that they are bound by their freedom and the graves of their fathers to the generations which are gone, by their children and the Resurrection of the Lord to the generations to come; here that they have been made intelligent men and sturdy patriots and believing Christians; here that they realize their unity, and their duties, and their fellowship as part of a religious and political commonwealth. The Jewish synagogue was not picturesque, but this was the service it also rendered to its community. Under its shadow the children were taught to read and to know their one literature, the Sacred Writings. Within it, on Sabbath, old and young met to worship the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. It kept in their remembrance the glorious history of Israel, and sustained them against the misfortunes of the present. The elders of the synagogue were the magistrates of the district, and expulsion from this place was expatriation from the nation. Into this place gathered the life of the people, and the synagogue was the

strength and expression of the Jewish common life.

The synagogue of Nazareth would be a plain and homely building standing north and south, with, likely, three doors, and, it might be, three aisles. The men and women would sit apart, the most distinguished in front, while the younger and poorer were behind; so that in Nazareth Jesus first saw from his obscure place the unholy scramble for "chief seats." Nothing could be simpler than the fittings of the synagogue: a platform and reading-desk for the reader, and a chest for the Sacred Writings. The service opened by what may be described as a creed, beginning with the noble words, "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." The prayers followed, which some one led from the front of the chest wherein lay the Law, and the congregation responded. A section of the Law was then read—the whole reading of the Pentateuch was completed in three years—and then a portion from the Prophets, which the reader could choose where he pleased. After the reading, some one gave an address in which the



HEALING THE WITHERED HAND.

And he entered again into the synagogue; and there was a man there which had a withered hand. And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the sabbath day; that they might accuse him. . . . And he saith unto them, Is it lawful to do good on the sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill? But they held their peace.—MARK, iii. 1-4. This was in the Roman-built synagogue at Capernaum, of which not a trace now exists above ground. Upon the so-called site of Capernaum there is a walled-in space kept by some Italian monks. One or two little buildings, scrupulously neat in appearance, a well-cultivated garden, with fruit trees, vegetables, and flowers—these are the sole features of the place. But underneath all this appearance of deep, undisturbed soil lie the remains of the famous "White Synagogue," originally hidden for fear of governmental confiscation. At least so I was told; not a fragment was to be seen anywhere. The monks expect soon to uncover the remains again, for the walled-in land is now their own.—FROM THE ARTIST'S JOURNAL.

Scripture read was explained and applied, and the benediction was pronounced by a priest. Over the synagogue an officer called the "Ruler" presided, and another, who is described as the "Minister," had charge of the Scriptures. The whole constitution of the synagogue was an admirable illustration of a strong and free democracy, where there were officers to secure order and administer justice, and yet every member of the commonwealth had his share in the public service and a regulated liberty of utterance.

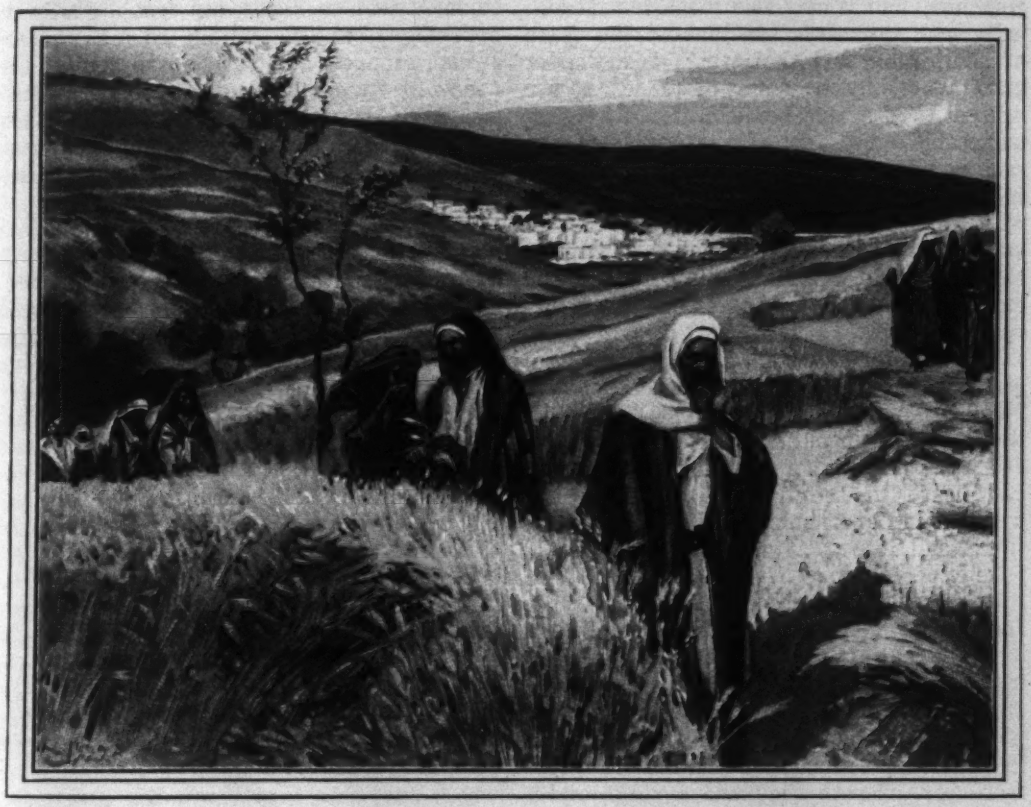
With this place Jesus had many sacred associations, and He could not that Sabbath morning enter it without a tender heart. In His childhood He had been taken here by His mother and Joseph; in His youth He had heard in this place those Prophets which had so affected His mind. As He came to full manhood He would seek here for that deeper meaning which was as yet hidden from the people and was only beginning to break on Him. One may reasonably believe that as Jesus used to listen to the commonplace and weary exposition He would imagine that happy day when a preacher, after the type of the ancient prophets, should appear in their midst and make known unto the congregation the mind of God, and no doubt the impulse was strong within Him to declare the thoughts which were burning in His heart. He restrained Himself and remained silent; and now he was to speak that day in the synagogue of his childhood and of his mother—not as any villager might if he pleased, but with the reputation of a Prophet; so that as soon as He had read the second lesson "the eyes of all were fastened upon Him."

As He could read where and what He pleased from the Prophets, Jesus selected the description of the Messiah and His work from the book of Isaiah: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

This was the beautiful and heavenly hope which had visited the Prophets: that amid the kingdoms which stood in brute force and merciless violence, in pride and iniquity, one should arise in God's time whose glory should be Humility and Pity, Holiness and Peace. For centuries this idea had been only a dream, and men had begun to conclude that it was too good to be true; and now, in the village synagogue of Nazareth, Jesus declared that it had come. Here was laid down long before in inspired vision the programme of His own religion, which was to be for the poor and the sad, and the sinner, and the simple, and the hopeless, all the people who were crippled and ill-used and cast down and helpless in this world's fight.

Various happy circumstances conspired to commend the address of Jesus, and for the moment to win the suffrages of His audience. In spite of spiritual stupidity and Pharisaic pedantry, it did count for something that the Prophets had been read in the synagogues and that the people were familiar with their Messianic conception. The soil might be shallow and unclean, but some seed had been dropped in and was bound to appear above ground. Every Jew had also been grounded in the character of God; and however the fair proportions had been clouded over by racial and theological prejudice, yet he believed in the "Lord God merciful and gracious." Between this God and this kingdom of mercy there was a convincing and inspiring correspondence, so that if any Kingdom of God was going to be established on earth it would be after this fashion. Besides, this new state had already given in that very synagogue a pledge of its success, and that was in its appeal to the needs of men. Its constituents and subjects are already there in that poor family hiding themselves in the back of the synagogue, in that widow who has just lost the husband of her youth, in that lad whom Satan torments, in the sightless eyes of that old man, in the vacant face of that girl, in the droop of that head which tells of dreary failure. And the Prophets' words are already confirmed and almost realized by the personality of the Speaker, Who, sitting there before them in His grace and purity, speaks as a king from his throne. A sudden wave of spiritual emotion swept over the congregation, and carried them away in a joyful enthusiasm. They turned one to another demanding and receiving consent, and from every part of the synagogue broke forth cries of thankfulness and admiration. Nazareth bare open witness to the gracious words Jesus spake; it was His brief moment of acceptance in the village of His youth.

Then, as the shallow water of an inland lake is suddenly lashed into a storm by a gust of wind from some ravine, the scene within the synagogue changed from rejoicing to hatred. The people of Nazareth had been so moved by the spiritual effect of Jesus



PLUCKING WHEAT ON THE SABBATH.

At that time Jesus went on the sabbath day through the corn; and his disciples were an hungered, and began to pluck the ears of corn, and to eat. But when the Pharisees saw it, they said unto him, Behold, thy disciples do that which is not lawful to do upon the sabbath day.—MATT. xii. 1, 2.

that they had for the time forgotten His circumstances. As He spake of the Messianic salvation He had been, as it were, transfigured before them, and their eyes had been dazzled. When the excitement cooled, they began to look facts in the face and ask questions. It was a magnificent passage and a wonderful exposition; but what of the Preacher who was to accomplish these mighty works and claimed to be anointed of God unto that end? Had he come from some secret place, like Elijah, or even from the wilderness, like the Baptist, their poor human nature, which is ever impressed by the unknown, might have asked no questions. But it was His misfortune (their good fortune) that he had lived among these people, so that they knew everything about Him, from the color of His eyes to the shop where He worked. One had been a maiden friend of Mary; another had wrought at the same bench with Joseph; a third lived next door to Jesus' brother; a fourth had in his house a piece of this Man's handiwork. The Messiah, one who might have been seen any day working in a carpenter's shed, with whom they had often spoken on village affairs, the son of two worthy villagers of the poorer class, what absurdity! and, mark you, what presumption also! And now what did they see in the high place of the synagogue? A carpenter, whose head was turned—that now, and nothing more.

It is one of the ironies of life, which is ever being repeated, that a prophet has no honor in his own country. Strangers from other lands come to visit the country parish where a poet lives, and carry away flowers from the hedgerows which surround his home, but his neighbors have no interest in his greatness, and tell stupid stories about his habits. The outside world envies the family of some good man because they have the privilege of his company from morning to night, but they themselves treat him with scant respect, and have no sympathy with his visions. This may mean that the poet is really a petty person, and the saint only a

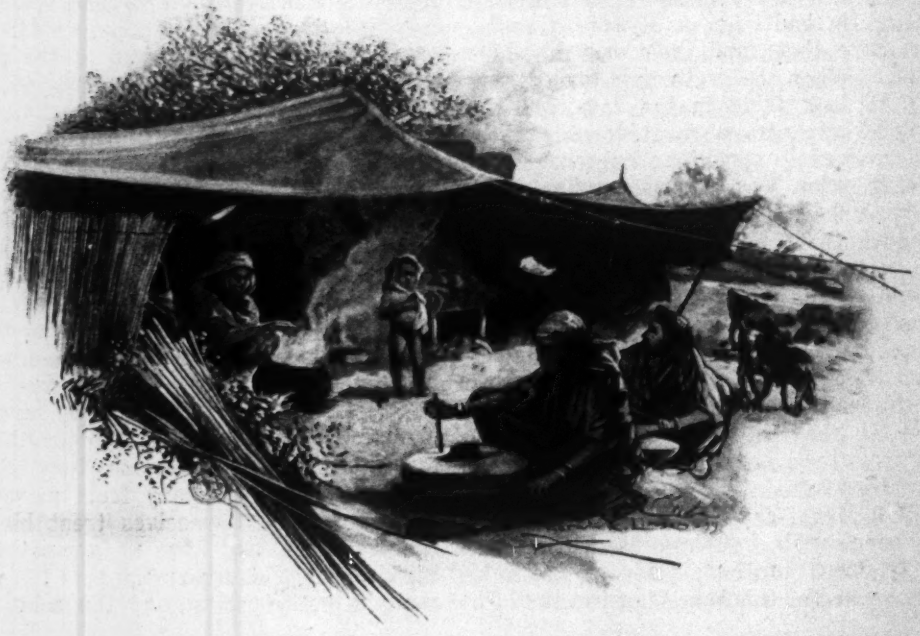
weakling; but it may also mean that familiarity with greatness has blunted the sense of admiration, and that which is a wonder unto many is in the minds of those who are nearest to it a very common thing. An innumerable multitude of the wisest of our race would have given their treasures to have seen Jesus for an hour and had converse with Him; but He lived thirty years in Nazareth, and declared to his fellow-townsmen the richness of the Messianic hope, and the end of it was, they said, "Is not this a carpenter's son?"

The synagogue which, a short while ago, had echoed with cries of appreciation was filled with contempt and suspicion, and, amid the confused murmurs that floated up to Him, Jesus caught another complaint. Nazareth had heard of the mighty works He had wrought in Capernaum on His first Sabbath there, and it was natural that they should have expected to see like wonders in their town. What He did for this strange place Jesus was bound to do for His own folk, not of grace, but of duty. Yet the day was passing, and no sick one had been healed; and they laid the blame on Jesus, understanding not that the hindrance was not in Him, but in them. They imagined that because they were of Nazareth they had a right to His miracles; but He must remind them that they were only wrought in an atmosphere of faith, and that the Divine mercy was not confined even to Jesus, but rested gladly on believing Gentiles. Elijah was a fiercely Jewish prophet, and yet he was sent to the widow of Sarepta, though there were many widows in Israel. Elisha was his son in the succession, and yet it was Naaman the Syrian he healed, though there were many lepers in Israel. What Jesus might have done in Nazareth they could not imagine; but notwithstanding that brief paroxysm of devotion, their attitude was one of criticism and unbelief; and while Jesus would save distant peoples of whom they had never heard, for Nazareth He could do nothing.

It was then that the evil spirit of this turbulent village burst into uncontrollable and senseless fury. They surrounded Him before the chest of the Scriptures wherein lay the prophecy of His coming; they hustled Him from the synagogue where He had preached His Evangel; they dragged Him through the town which had seen His holy youth; they brought Him to a rocky height from which He had often looked down in past years; and then, had it depended on the men of Nazareth, the career of Jesus had there ended. But once again His august personality asserted itself, and the rabble, which had done homage to His grace, fell back before His awful majesty. Jesus passed through their midst, and departed, and this was His farewell to Nazareth.

(To be continued.)

BEDOUIN TENT SCENE AT THE RUINS OF GERGESA. A SKETCH FROM LIFE.



THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CHINA.

By William Barclay Parsons,

Chief Engineer of the American-China Development Company.

A PERSONAL SURVEY OF COMMERCIAL CONDITIONS IN THE INTERIOR OF CHINA.

Illustrated from Photographs taken by the Author.

PERHAPS the first step toward an American invasion of China, and the first recognition that the time is at hand for American capital to seek investment there, was the signing in Washington, in April, 1898, by the Chinese Minister, acting in his official capacity as representing the Imperial Government, of a concession for a railway connecting Hankow, the great metropolis of central China, with Canton, the ancient and natural gateway to the southern half of the Empire. The railway with its branches has a length of about 1,000 miles, and is at once the longest railway and the most ambitious industrial project hitherto undertaken in the East.

UNDER TWO FLAGS.

The American flag which floated by the side of the Chinese flag from the stern of the junk was not only the first American flag, but the first foreign flag, unfurled in this part of the empire. On the right stands the consulting engineer of the Chinese government, W. W. Rich, Esq.; in the center, the captain of the boat; and on the left, Mr. Parsons.

The writer of this article was retained by the railway syndicate as chief engineer, and sent to China to investigate the whole question, and to make an actual and detailed survey of the proposed route. He made a journey covering more than 1,100 miles in the interior of China, a distance equal to that between New York and Milwaukee. And of this, 500 miles were across a section practically never before visited by white men, being through Hu-nan, the closed province of China, where Chinese exclusiveness reaches the maximum, a province said to be second to none in its actual or possible growth. In this investigation he came into contact with the men, foreign as well as American, who are leading the various invading forces; and in addition he made a personal reconnoissance of the field over which the commercial armies are some day to march, and by penetrating into hitherto unbroken territory, by familiarizing the population of such parts with the sight and the ways of a foreigner, he may be said to have seen service on the "skirmish line." This article is the impression, therefore, of one studying the problem, not merely from the point of view of the manufacturer or the vender of some particular line of articles, but from the standpoint of basal principles, from the outlook of the organization. But first let us consider for a moment what China is.

By the term "China" we may mean the Empire proper, consisting of the eighteen provinces, or we may mean the Empire with the dependencies of Manchuria, Mongolia, and Tibet. The Empire without its dependencies covers about 1,600,000 square miles—an area half as large as that of the United States. With its dependencies, it covers over 4,000,000 square miles, an area greater than either the continent of Europe or the whole of the United States including Alaska. Its greatest dimension, north and south, reaches from the latitude of Quebec, through Peking, which lies due west from Philadelphia; Shanghai, corresponding with Savannah; Canton, the same as Cuba, to the island of Hai-nan, or the latitude of Vera Cruz and Yucatan. It, therefore, embraces every variety of climate, from the northern extreme of the temperate to the tropical. The population of the Empire is variously estimated at from 350,000,000 to 500,000,000, with the best authority pointing somewhere between the former figure and 400,000,000; although, from my own observation, I believe such an estimate to be a decided overstatement. This estimate, however, can be very materially reduced, and yet leave a population far greater than that of the American continents. Here we have, then, a country as large as our own, with a population which, as usually given, is five times as great; and it and parts of Africa are about the only considerable portions of the world remaining to be opened up to what we call "civilization."

The Chinese nation is the oldest on earth. It has existed as a sovereign power for four thousand years or more. It has had a well-established literature and has possessed an intimate acquaintance with art and science for thirty centuries. It is a country that has always, so far as history goes, had a complex organization, and rightfully boasts of being the inventor of printing, of gunpowder, of silk manufacture, and of a variety of other things to which we point as evidences

RECEIVING THE AMERICAN SURVEYING PARTY.

From a photograph taken just after luncheon in the courtyard of a farmhouse. It shows the regular daily guard which was necessary to protect the prospectors from the curious crowd, with the commanding military officials in the center.

of European development. Its commerce, both internal and foreign, was already such as to have astounded Marco Polo in his famous travels during the thirteenth century. The people are frugal, patient, hard-working, and law-abiding. They are by instinct traders, and they have what few other Orientals possess, a high sense of commercial honor. Although the great mass of them is poor, yet there is a wealthy class, and there exists, even in the interior, a demand for much more than the mere necessaries of life.

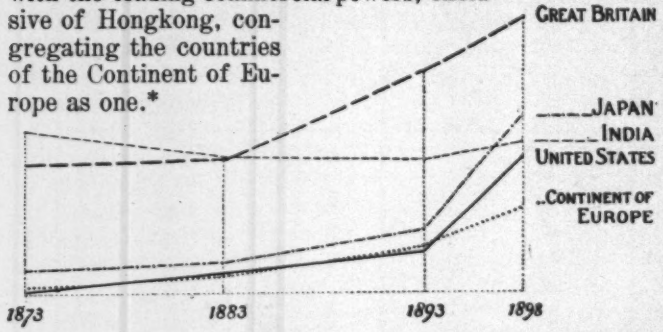
Now what have the United States done in the past in this great country, how do they stand there to-day, what can they do and what should they do in the future? These are the considerations that most concern us.

THE ADVANCE GUARD.

The party was preceded by two men, carrying placards which notified the people that the American engineers were approaching; that they were to be treated hospitably, and not to be obstructed; and that if there was any interference, the guilty persons would be punished.

To answer the first two of these questions, there are two sources of statistics which we can examine—the returns of the United States and of the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs. The latter is a bureau of the Chinese government, but is under the dictatorial control of an Englishman, Sir Robert Hart, who has made it his life's work, and to whose efforts the present satisfactory condition of China's foreign commerce and encouraging future outlook are largely due. Unfortunately, both of these sources are rendered valueless for exact deductions, because of Hongkong. This, as is well known, is a British colony, and one of the few places on the globe where actual free trade exists. Being a British colony, enjoying free trade, and possessing a magnificent harbor, it has become a great depot, or warehouse, where goods of which the destination, either in China or anywhere else in the Orient, is not definitely fixed, are shipped in the first instance, and thence rebilled to the point of final destination. In this act their nationality is lost; for the returns of the shipping nation classes them as exports to Hongkong, while China, of course, treats them as imports from that place. The import returns of the Imperial Maritime Customs show that nearly one-half of the foreign commerce entering China comes from Hongkong. Thence many writers fall into errors, either by taking the direct trade between China and any other country as limited to the reported figures, or by classing Hongkong under the head of Great Britain and Colonies. The conclusions reached in these ways are grievously wrong. Although foreign goods are transhipped from Hongkong to Japan, the Philippine Islands, Siam, and other parts of the Orient, yet at least three-quarters of all (of American goods, probably a higher proportion) received there find their final market in China; so to determine approximately the exports from the United States, or from any other country, to China, the only way is to add to the direct exports three-quarters of the shipments to Hongkong. And to determine the relative standing of the trade of several nations, we should deduct the Hongkong trade from China's total as shown by the returns of the Imperial Maritime Customs, and then compare the reported direct imports or exports. This last calculation will not yield the actual amount of trade by about one-half, but it will show with fair closeness the percentage of trade secured and the rate of increase. I have in this manner obtained the figures for the year 1893, the period just previous to the Japanese war; those for 1883 and 1873, respectively the tenth and the twentieth year preceding 1893; and those for 1898, the fifth

year following, which is the last year for which the complete returns are published; and used them as the data for the following diagram. It shows the import trade of China with the leading commercial powers, exclusive of Hongkong, congregating the countries of the Continent of Europe as one.*



From this diagram we see, at a glance, the comparatively insignificant position held by American exports in 1873, with a steady and uniform increase to 1893, and an extraordinary rise since then. Partially complete figures for the year 1899 indicate that, when the same are completed, American trade will be seen to have materially augmented its rate of increase, and to have passed that of India and to be close on to that of Japan. In two years more, if the same rate is maintained, it will have outstripped the latter, and then Great Britain will be our sole competitor for first place.

But along what lines have these increases been made? Do they represent only a greater out-turning of raw material—the direct products of the soil—or of manufactured articles, carrying with them the results of American ingenuity and American labor, a form of export trade always the most desirable?

A TOWN GATE.

All cities and most villages are walled. The gate in the background is all but hidden by the crowd studying the strange sight of a company of foreigners.

Taking the full list, there were, according

* For those who wish to inspect the actual figures, they are here given, in Haikwan taels, which had a value of $1.54 in 1873, $1.32 in 1883, $1.01 in 1893, and $0.70 in 1898.

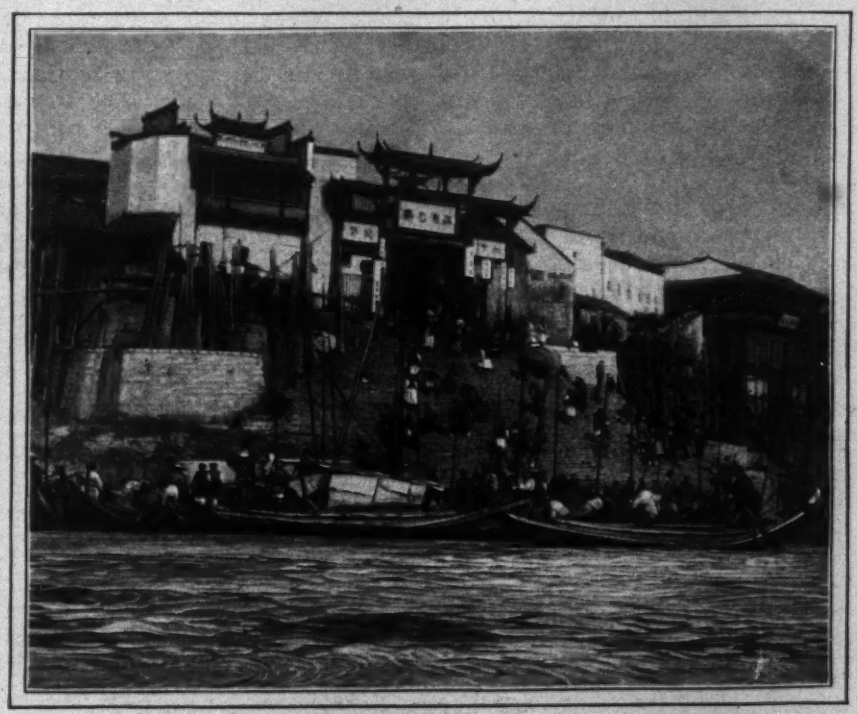
DIRECT EXPORTS TO CHINA.

	1873	1883	1893	1898
Total, except Hongkong	44,202,000	45,863,000	72,435,922	116,737,079
Great Britain	20,991,000	16,930,000	28,156,077	34,962,474
India	16,709,000	17,154,000	16,739,588	19,135,546
Japan	3,207,000	3,738,000	7,852,068	22,581,812
Continent of Europe	662,000	2,385,000	5,930,363	10,852,073
United States	244,000	2,708,000	5,443,569	17,163,312

to the United States government classification, exports in 1893 under fifty-seven heads, but in 1898, according to the same classification, exports under seventy-six heads. The greater part of the increase in the five years (amounting to a total of $6,091,613) was due to manufactures of cotton, which increased $3,558,794; to raw cotton, which increased from nothing to $370,670; to manufactures of iron and steel, including machinery, $416,048, and to oils, chiefly kerosene, $1,055,797. The manufactures of cotton, which in 1898 amounted to $5,193,427, reached, during the next United States fiscal year (1899), $9,844,565. That is to say, the value of cotton cloths alone was, in the year 1899, almost as large as the value of the total American imports into China during the preceding year of all articles of whatsoever nature. This class of goods, the products of our New England and Southern mills, is the greatest single item of American commerce, and has already reached a point where, in certain grades, it dominates absolutely the Chinese market.

Another article of American commerce that figured very small in the early returns, but now shows a great and increasing importance, is flour. It is shipped to Hongkong, and thence forwarded to Canton, Amoy, or other southern Chinese ports. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1898, no less than $3,835,727 worth was exported from here, and during the corresponding period of 1899 a value of $4,030,340. Wheat is not grown in southern China, and American flour has captured the demand, just as American cottons have done in the north.

Such is the state of our Chinese trade to-day, and no one can find fault with its present condition and its recent development. But what of the future? With the exception of Great Britain, all the world powers in the Far East to-day are working or wishing for the dismemberment and consequent destruction of China. It is due to Great Britain's refusal to join with the others that China still continues to be a sovereign power. The success of the American commercial invasion depends absolutely on the maintenance of the existing status. China, in the liberality of the regulations affecting foreign commerce, is second to no other nation. She levies a tax, nominally, of about five per cent. ad valorem; but this, averaged with the free list, gives a general rate ranging between three and four per cent. She gives



THE WATER GATE AT HANKOW.

On either side of the steps are houses built on piles. It illustrates Chinese methods somewhat that, about eighteen months ago, nearly a mile of these houses fell down, killing some 10,000 people.

preferential duties to none, special privileges only as compelled by the stress of force in Manchuria and Shan-tung, and extends a freedom of welcome to all. It is true that nations occupying Chinese territory make so far no invidious distinction between their own and other people; but it must be remembered that their tenure is only nominal, and while the title to these lands remains vested in China it would be difficult, in the face of existing treaties, to impose discriminating rules. Let Russia, however, become legally, as she is virtually, possessed of Manchuria; let her trans-Siberian railway be completed, and let her claim openly as her own, not only Manchuria, but also the metropolitan province of Chi-li, and is it to be supposed for one moment that the present freedom and equality of trade that China offers will be maintained? If any one believes this, let him talk with those in China who direct the course of Muscovite affairs. These officials, when in a confidential mood, will explain that the trans-Siberian railway is a government enterprise, and that it is much more important for Russia to give low and special rates to Russian cotton and other manufactures which the government is fostering at home than to look for a profit from the operation of the railway. And yet Manchuria and the northeastern part of China are to-day the best market for American goods. During the year 1898 no less than $5,200,000 worth of our cottons alone entered the port of Tientsin, and $2,300,000 worth entered the port of New-chwang in addition. The latter amount was for consumption in Manchuria, Chinese and Russian. It is interesting to note that the whole import trade (including exports through Hongkong) from Russia, Siberia, and Russian Manchuria to the whole of the Chinese Empire amounted to less than the American imports of two grades of cotton goods at New-chwang alone. When, therefore, Russia seized Lower Manchuria, the country most interested next to China, whose territory was being despoiled, and Japan, who was being robbed of her fruits of victory, was the United States.

Foreign trade in China to-day is confined exclusively to twenty-seven treaty ports located along the coast and up the Yangtze River. When goods are shipped to China, they are re-sold by the foreign houses resident in these treaty ports to Chinese merchants, and by them in turn are retailed in the interior. So far, therefore, as the foreigner directly is concerned, his trade is confined simply to the outer edge of the country; to him the interior is a *terra incognita*. The success of a foreign invasion depends, not on these treaty ports, not on the purchase of goods along the outer edge of the country, but on the possibility of reaching directly that great mass of population which lies far away from the sea, out of reach of exist-

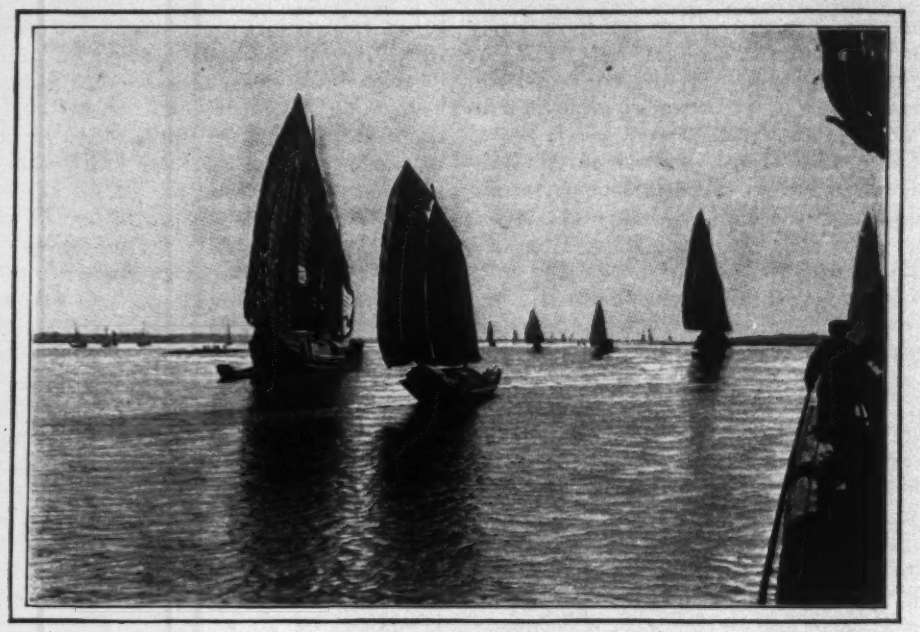
A CROWD OF NATIVES MARVELING AT THE STRANGERS.

ing means of transportation, and practically buried in the interior If they cannot be got at, or if, when reached, they cannot and will not trade, then it is not worth while to consider any general forward movement.

In the course of my journey in the interior of China, I went through the province of Hu-peh, which the Yangtze-kiang traverses; the province of Kwang-tung, lying along the China Sea, and, between these two, the province of Hu-nan, which practically had not been traversed before by white men. Here evidently was virgin soil, and its condition can, therefore, be taken as a criterion of what the Chinaman is when unaffected by foreign influences. Even here I found that, although the foreigner's foot might never before have trodden the streets of the cities, his goods were already exposed for sale in the shop windows.

In thinking of the Chinese, especially those in the interior, we are wont to consider them as uncivilized; and so they are, if measured scrupulously by our peculiar standards. But, on the other hand, we are not civilized according to the standards that they have set for themselves, founded on an experience of four thousand years. With all its differences from ourselves, a nation that has used printing for over eight centuries; that has produced the works of art that China has produced; that possesses a literature antedating that of Rome or Athens; and which, to indicate a modern instance, was able to furnish me with a native letter of credit on local banks in unexplored Hu-nan, can hardly be denied the right to call itself civilized. In the interior—in those parts where no outside influence has ever reached—we found cities whose walls, by their size, their crenelated parapets, and their keeps and watch-towers, suggested mediæval Germany rather than Cathay. Many of the houses are of masonry, with decorated tile roofs, and elaborately carved details. The streets are paved with stone. The shops display in their windows articles of every form, of every make. The streams are crossed by arched bridges unsurpassed in their graceful outline and good proportions. The farmer lives in a group of farm buildings inclosed by a compound wall —the whole exceeding in picturesqueness any bit in Normandy or Derbyshire. The rich mandarin dresses himself in summer in brocaded silk, and in winter in sable furs. He is waited on by a retinue of well-trained servants, and will invite the stranger to a dinner at night composed of ten or fifteen courses, entertaining him with a courtesy and intricacy of etiquette that Mayfair itself cannot excel. So far, therefore, the civilization of the interior is a real thing. That the Chinaman allows his handsome buildings to fall into disrepair; that his narrow city streets reek with foul odors; that the pig has equal rights with the owner of the pretty

A CROWD OF NATIVES MARVELING AT THE STRANGERS.



A TYPICAL SCENE ON THE BEAUTIFUL SIANG-KIANG RIVER.

The innumerable junks sail in ladened with American and other foreign manufactured articles, and bring outward rice, tea, silks, opium, and other Chinese products.

farmhouse; and that the *pièce de résistance* at the dinner is sharks' fins instead of terrapin—these are merely differences in details; and if they are faults, as we consider them to be, they will naturally be corrected as soon as the Chinaman, with his quick wit, perceives his errors, when the opportunity to study Occidental standards comes to him following the construction of railways.

Chang-sha, the capital of Hu-nan, is one of the most interesting cities in the whole Empire, as marking the very highest development of Chinese exclusiveness. It is its boast, or rather was its boast before the arrival of my party, that no foreigner has ever been within its walls—a boast true in theory rather than in actuality, because even before our entrance two or three foreigners had succeeded in penetrating into the city. But they did it surreptitiously, whereas the American "advance guard" entered in formal state in order to be publicly received by the governor. The previous governor, a member of the Emperor's reform party, had founded schools, where science, history, and subjects other than the writings of Confucius were taught, and had established an electric plant, operated of course by the natives, by which the streets were nightly lighted. Following the recent *coup d'état*, this governor had been deposed, and a conservative appointed in his place, who closed the schools and endeavored to kill the anticipated broadening movement; but he left the electric-light plant, showing that it is impossible to stop the foreign invasion, and that the Chinese themselves, even at the very heart center of anti-foreignism, are ready to turn from the old to the new.

In the shop windows at Chang-sha there are displayed for sale articles with American, English, French, German, Japanese, and other brands. One shop, I noticed, displayed a good assortment of American canned fruits and vegetables, while at another we replenished our larder with a stock of Munich beer. And this is the condition of affairs, not in Shanghai or Amoy, open ports, but in the most exclusively Chinese section in the whole Empire. That the Chinaman will buy, that he will adopt foreign ways, there is no question; and he is just as ready to make the greater changes in his life that must result from the introduction of railways as to buy a few more pieces of cotton or a few more tons of steel.

In my journey through the interior I found a strong desire to learn, and to learn intelligently, what a railroad was. And, curiously enough, when objections were made against it, they were of the same nature as those that were urged in England when railways were first projected there—as, for example, that the coolies, who now carry goods and produce over the little highways on their

backs, 100 pounds at a load, or the boatmen who own a slow-moving junk requiring possibly two months to go from Hankow to Chang-sha, 300 miles, with a cargo of American kerosene, would be ruined by the new order of things. When it was explained to them that similar fears had been found in other countries to be groundless, and that railways gave increased employment at higher wages by developing unknown means of trade, the local merchants, almost without exception, urged my speedy return.

A CHINESE SAW-MILL.

All timber is still sawed by hand in China, and this scene is typical of the primitive methods that everywhere prevail there.

But in order to buy more, the Chinaman must be able to sell more; for no matter what his inclination may be, unless he has something to give in return, he cannot trade. The exports from China have been expanding gradually, and in step with the imports. In 1888 they were 92,401,067 taels; had increased to 116,632,311 taels in 1893, and had further advanced to 159,037,149 taels in 1898. The two great items of Chinese export, constituting in value nearly sixty per cent. of the whole, are silk and tea. The output of silk is increasing steadily, especially in the manufactured form. The amount of tea exported, however, is not on the increase, being about the same that it was ten years ago, the tea trade having been adversely affected by the competition of Japan, Ceylon, and India, where more favorable transportation facilities have given advantages. Both tea and silk, however, are staple articles, with no chance of substitutes being found, and the world's demand for both is steadily increasing. The possibility of enlarging the output of silk is great; for there are in northern Kwang-tung alone large areas of land capable of producing mulberry that are lying idle at present because there are no transportation facilities.

The idea we have of the interior of China as over-peopled, and with every square foot of land under cultivation, is entirely without foundation, except possibly in certain portions of the great loess plain in the north. There is a great amount of land, capable of producing crops of various kinds and of supporting a population, that to-day lies fallow and untilled. Given the means of sending their produce to the sea and so to the foreigner, the people of the interior will see to it that the produce is ready.

Then there are vast mineral resources that are practically untouched. China, with coal-fields exceeding in quantity those of Europe, imported last year no less than 730,606 tons of coal, valued at $3,696,434. With

MAP SHOWING THE PROJECTED ROUTE OF THE AMERICAN RAILWAY AS SURVEYED BY MR. PARSONS'S EXPEDITION.

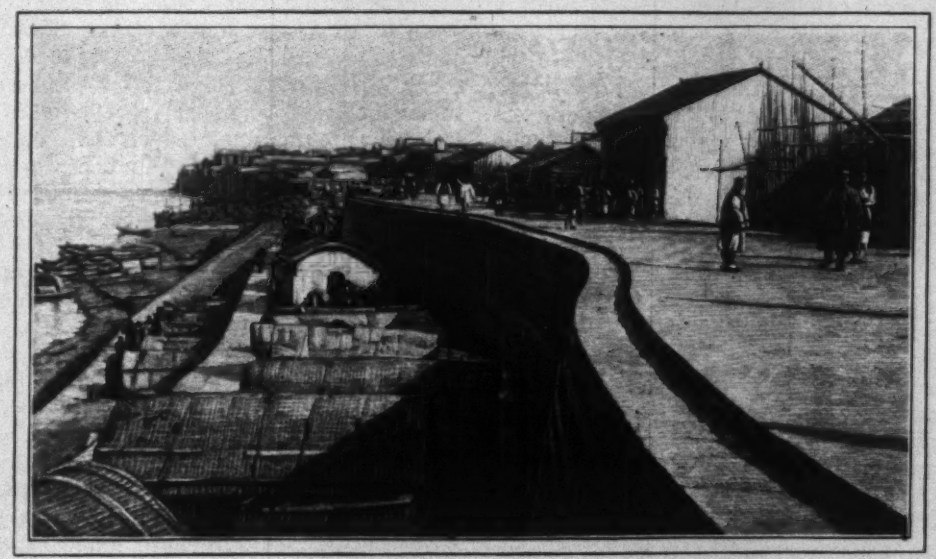
railways to bring the output of the mines to market, there will not only be no importing, thus permitting at least that amount to be expended for other foreign goods, but there should be a large export of coal to Hongkong for foreign shipping, and to other Oriental countries for local consumption. In addition to the coal, there are beds of copper, iron, lead, and silver that, to-day untouched, are only awaiting the screech of the locomotive whistle.

In short, the resources, both agricultural and mineral, are at hand to permit a foreign commerce to be carried on—to pay the cost of building of railways and to provide sustenance for a commercial invasion. And now, is the American invasion likely to be received in a friendly spirit? The best evidence that it will be so received is the awarding of the Hankow-Canton railway concession to an American syndicate. This road will be the backbone of China's railway system, since it will connect the metropolitan district in the north, through Hankow, the commercial metropolis of the interior, with Canton and Hongkong, the gateways to the south, and will pass through the richest section of the Empire.

The position of the United States in China is peculiarly advantageous, because, in the first place, China regards our country as friendly in the desire to protect rather than despoil her territory, and because, in the second place, other nations have been willing to see ours come forward when they would have objected most strenuously to the same advancement on the part of one of their own number. The men who guide our national affairs and foreign commerce should always see to it that China's confidence is not abused. But as for the friendliness of other nations toward us in relation to China, so soon as the pressure of American trade begins to be felt by them, efforts will be made to thwart it if possible; and to-day all the machinery of commerce, in the way of banks, transportation companies, cable lines, and other forms, is in their hands. When the meeting of the American and European invasions takes place, unless we have an organization, a base and rallying point, a tangible something besides mere labels on boxes or bales as representing American force, the struggle will be a hard one, for the native is apt to judge his associates by the outward visible signs, and with a natural tendency to deal with the strongest. In this respect commerce in the Far East stands, and will stand for a long time, on a different footing from that of commerce in Europe.

In order to be thoroughly successful, to expand our trade far beyond its present boundaries, we should make a careful and intelligent study of the Chinaman in his tastes and habits. If we wish to sell him goods, we must make them of a form and kind that will please him and not necessarily ourselves. This is a fact too frequently overlooked by both the English and ourselves, but one of which the German, who may be our real competitor in the end, takes advantage. For example, at the present moment, if a careful study were made of Chinese designs, the market for American printed goods could be largely broadened. It is not for our people to say that our designs are prettier; the Chinaman prefers his own, and he will not buy any other. The United States Minister to China, talking upon this subject, gave me a striking instance of foolish American ob-

stinacy. The representative of a large concern manufacturing a staple article in hardware, let us say screws, had been working hard to secure an order for his screws, which he knew were better than the German article then supplying the demand. At last he obtained a trial order, amounting to $5,000, which he cabled out; but it was given with the condition that the screws be wrapped in a peculiar manner, say in blue paper, according to the form in which the native merchant had been accustomed to buy them. Was the order filled? Not at all. The company cabled back that their goods were always wrapped in brown paper and that no change could be made. The order then went to Germany. To the American concern an order for $5,000 was of small moment, perhaps; but they overlooked entirely the fact that this was the thin edge of the wedge, opening a trade that could be developed into tremendous proportions.



THE BUND AT WU-CHANG.

This is a fine specimen of Chinese engineering construction. The heavy masonry terraces are necessary to protect the shore from the encroachments of the Yangtze-Kiang River at the annual rise, which is apt to be very great. In the foreground are mat-shed huts, in which poor Chinese live at the time of low water.

A study must also be made of the grade and quality of the article shipped. It is no use to send to China, to be sold in the interior, tools, for instance, of the same high finish and quality that our mechanics exact in their own. A Chinaman's tools are handmade, of rough finish, and low cost. In the interior cities one sees a tool-maker take a piece of steel, draw all the temper, hammer it approximately to the shape of the knife or axe, chisel or razor, or whatever other article he may be about to make; then, with a sort of drawing-knife pare it down to the exact shape required, re-temper it, grind it to an edge, and fix it in a rough wooden handle. This work is done by a man at a wage of about ten cents a day, and this is the competition that our manufacturer must meet. In spite of the difference in cost of labor he can do so, because his tools are machine-made, and are better; but he must waste no money on unnecessary finish.

As an example, the case of lamps is directly to the point. The Chinaman fairly revels in illumination; he hates the dark, and everywhere, even in the smallest country towns wholly removed from foreign influence, it is possible to buy Standard oil or its competitors in the Chinese market, the Russian and Sumatra brands. The importation of illuminating oils is increasing tremendously. In 1892 it was 17,370,600 gallons, and in 1898 it was 44,324,344 gallons. But what of the lamps in which this oil is burned? In 1892 the United States sent to China lamps to the value of $10,813, and in 1898 to the value of $4,690. That is to say, lamps are one of the few articles which show a decrease. While the consumption of oil had increased more than two and one-half times, the importation of American lamps had decreased in almost the same ratio. This was not due to the manufacture of lamps in China, but to the German and Japanese manufac-

turers making a study of the trade and turning out a special article. These lamps—and I saw them for sale everywhere, even in unexplored Hu-nan—have a metal stand, generally of brass, stamped out from thin sheets, with Chinese characters and decorations; and were it not for a small imprint of the manufacturer's name on the base, they would be considered of Chinese make. They are inexpensive, of the kind desired by the Chinaman, although perhaps not for sale in Hamburg or Berlin; while the American article, much more handsome from our point of view, but also more expensive, is of the same style as is sold on Broadway in New York.

There is no need to multiply examples. There awaits the American manufacturer an outlet, especially for tools, machinery, and other articles in iron and steel. He will find a demand for the smaller and lighter machines, rather than for the larger ones. That is to say, he must appeal first to the individual worker who exists now, rather than aim at the needs of a conglomeration in a factory which will come about in the future. The tools should be simple in character, easily worked and kept in order, and without the application of quick-return and other mechanical devices so necessary for labor-saving with us. Light wood-working machinery can be made to supplant the present manual-labor methods; and a large field is open for all kinds of pumps, wind-mills, piping, and other articles of hydraulic machinery. These are in demand, in order not only to supply the crowded cities with much-needed waterworks—all water in Chinese cities being at present delivered by hand—but also for equipment in improved irrigation for the rice-fields. Cotton goods of the finer grades, household articles of all kinds, glassware, window glass, wall paper, and plumbing fixtures will find a ready market, as will also farm equipments, such as light-wheeled vehicles and small agricultural implements of all kinds. In these, as in many manufactured articles, American trade has as yet made little or no impression; and yet the American has an acknowledged superiority over any other foreign make.

It is necessary for us also to study the Chinaman himself. The English and American traders make but little attempt to learn the language, and therefore frequently fail to come into personal contact with the native merchant. They are inclined to leave such negotiations to be conducted through a comprador, a native in the employ of the firm, who makes all the contracts, and who guarantees to his firm all native accounts, receiving a commission for his services. The German, and especially the Japanese merchants, on the other hand, make a great effort to come into direct relations with those with whom they trade. They are still making use of the comprador system, but within reasonable limits. As to which course is preferable in the long run there can be no question. Our houses should adopt the suggestion made in the report of the Blackburn (England) Chamber of Commerce, "to train in the Chinese spoken language and mercantile customs youths selected . . . for their business capacity. Such a system," the report adds, "would give us a hold over foreign trade in China that present methods can never do."

Finally to be considered there is the official representative of the United States, the consul. It is bad enough, as our practice is, to send consuls to France, or Germany, or Italy who are unacquainted with the language of the country. But how much worse to send to China, the nation most difficult of all to come into relations with, representatives without any idea, not only of the language, but of the customs and the idiosyncrasies of the people. The British government long ago established a separate consular service for the East, entirely distinct from that elsewhere, so that a man once in the Chinese service stays there, and is not likely to be transferred to a European or American post. Secretary Hay has lately made a start toward this end by proposing to establish a school at Peking. If the idea is not carried out now, circumstances will compel its adoption later.

It is a singular and interesting circumstance that the world's progress has always been from the rising to the setting sun, *ex oriente lux*. Now, after a lapse of five thousand years, the youngest of the great nations is preparing to pass on, or rather to return, this light to the oldest, whence it started in its circumorbem journey. Whether the latter, receiving back the flame, will add something to its brightness as each previous nation has done, and start it moving once more westward, and so begin a new and still higher circle of development for the world, is one of those interesting questions that only a generation far in the future will be able to answer. We of to-day are concerned not with what China will do eventually with progress, but with what we ourselves can and should do with it now. We should awake to the realization of our opportunities, and unite for the invasion, not only of China, but of other Oriental lands as well.

IN FRONT OF THE STAMPEDE.

By Alvah Milton Kerr,

Author of "The Luck of the Northern Mail," and other stories.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER RAILROAD AND THE PLAINS.

As claim-adjuster in the department of lost, over, and short freight, I was, for the most part, "on the wing," knocking about over all divisions and branches of the road, at the head or tail of problems involving the company's money or the want of it. Old Perth, round-house foreman at Wandon, had helped me in fixing the responsibility of a shortage in the freighting of engine oil from an Eastern firm, and perhaps on that account, or from some sort of affinity, we became fast friends. Of course, and quite naturally, an ex-despatcher like myself and an old engineer like Perth could hardly escape feeling an interest in each other; besides, Perth was a man of good intellect and eminently worthy of cultivation. I rarely passed through Wandon without going over to the round-house and shops to see him.

Sitting one day in his little office, which

looked on the one hand into the engine-room, with its sixteen stalls, and on the other into the repair-shop, with its cranes, steam-hammers, lathes, and litter of engine parts, he told me the story of Katie Lyon's great ride during Long Blanket's raid, and her race for life in the buffalo stampede.

"It was the first trip I ever fired an engine," he said. "I was then a green lump of a boy, only a couple of years off the farm. Most railroaders, you know, come from the corn-fields, especially in the West. Eighteen months in the shops at Omaha had given me an ambition to push my way toward the throttle as fast as possible, and wipers and firemen being plenty in my quarter, I came on out to the mountain division, and went into the round-house at Ludder. That was way back in the sixties, when the first road was being pushed across the western half of the continent. Indians and buffalo and soldiers were very much in evidence in those days, and the line, instead of running clean and well ballasted through a civilized land, wormed its way across 500 miles of bunch-grass and sage-brush, and through another 500 of mountains, a world of solitude peopled only by creatures of solitude.

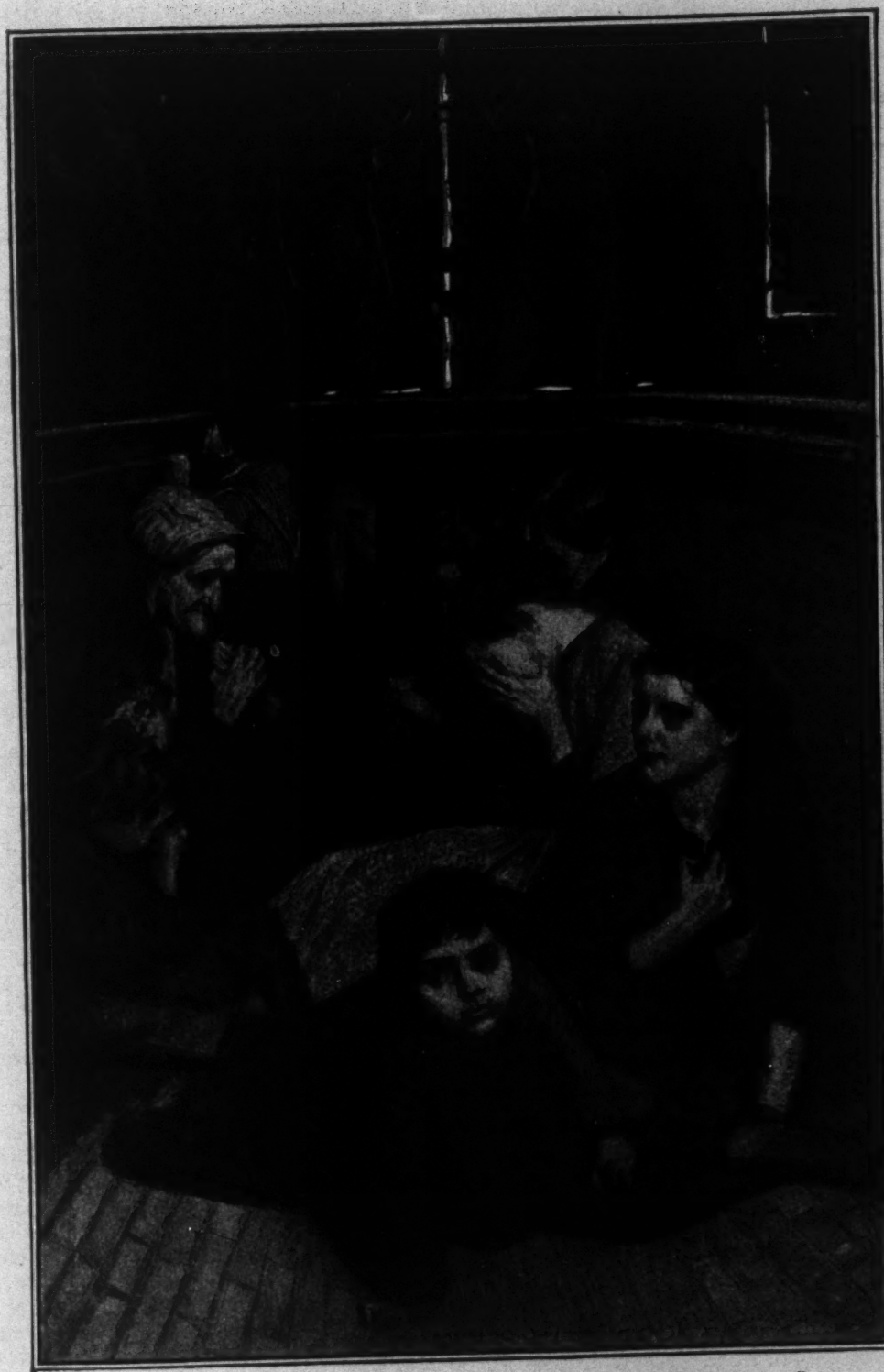
"There was some question as to whether Ludder would continue as a divisional point, and, partly on account of its possible removal, the round-house had been constructed of wood instead of brick. The building contained stalls for eight engines, and stood some 200 feet from a creek. Into the creek emptied an eighteen-inch drain, carrying off the waste water when we washed out the engine-boilers. But for this drain it is probable that Katie Lyon would never have taken her memorable ride.

"Jack Lyon, Katie's father, handled the throttle of the old 40. Jack was a middle-aged man then, and the 40 was young. Both are in the scrap pile now, God bless them! The advanced front of construction was nearly a hundred miles west of us, and such rolling-stock as we boasted was chiefly employed in hauling rails, ties, machinery, men, and supplies toward the front. The rather indefinite homes of the company's employees at Ludder consisted, in most instances, of sod huts and flimsy pine cottages. Lyon's home lay a quarter of a mile down the creek, where he found it convenient to have a garden, irrigated from the stream by means of a lifting water-wheel, and where a Jersey cow and calf and a young white mare, brought from Iowa, found pasturage close at hand. The engineer's family consisted of a wife and three children—Katie, fourteen or fifteen years of age, and twin boys in their tenth summer.

"Katie was a restless creature, boyish, and as whimsical and lively as thistle-down. I remember—you can hardly fancy how clearly—of often looking down from the engine-house and seeing the girl and the two little chaps playing at all sorts of pranks in the pasture below the house. One day it would be 'circus,' with Katie on the mare, sometimes standing up, urging the animal round a circle, with one twin as ring-master and the other as clown or 'tumbler'; another day it would be 'cowboy,' with one of the twins or Katie on the mare and 'roping' the Jersey calf or cow or one of the children. Once, when nine years old, Katie had been to a circus, back in Iowa, and memory of it still flamed in her mind with something of the glory of a great torch seen against the sky. In eastern Nebraska, afterward, she had seen the knights of the sombrero and lariat at work, and had found them picturesque and remarkable. Imitation is the child's part, so they played at that which seemed most fanciful in their world. Lyon occasionally asked his daughter, in teasing vein, if she had yet decided which she was best cut out for, a circus-rider or a cowboy. But Katie's equestrian weakness ultimately served the little community a very good turn indeed.

"During those days Indians were plentiful; not quite so thick as grasshoppers, but uncomfortably numerous, and not yet corralled on reservations, as now. Buffalo in uncounted thousands grazed on the plains and in the wide entrances of the mountain valleys all the way from Texas to Montana. Wild horses roamed in freedom, and the antelope and coyote were not afraid. It was beautiful.

"But that order of things had been touched with change; the roar of the locomotive began to reverberate in the solitudes, and the first criminal slaughterers of the bison herds had begun their awful work. The Indians grew resentful and troublesome, and details of United States troops had often to be called out to guard the railroad and defenseless settlements. Then came the general attack led by Chief Long Blanket on the north and by Black Calf from the south. That brought to light the real stuff of most of us, and it was then I found out the true-blue steel of which Katie was made. She used to come up to the station almost every time that her father came in with his engine, and would



"BULLETS COMING THROUGH THE WALLS OR DOORS PASSED OVER THEIR HEADS."

usually climb into the cab and mount the fireman's seat, and ring the bell while I run the engine into the house. When Lyon wasn't looking, I remember I used to let her hold the throttle as we went down to the round-house switch. She could always do almost anything with me.

"Well, one September morning a report came from the front that the men on construction had been having a warm time with the redskins and wanted help. Three troops of the Third Cavalry were in camp on the creek a mile or so from Ludder, and a messenger was sent all speed to notify them. Old Fort Chandler lay off to the southwest of us about fifteen miles, and the blueshirts had been brought near the track in order that they might strike quickly, for disturbing rumors had been coming in for some weeks of a general uprising of the savages. Major Holme had gone west from Fort Chandler in search of Black Calf and his band, leaving the troops at the fort reduced to a small number—three companies, under the command of Captain Pope, having been detached to guard the railroad and settlement at Ludder. Black Calf, however, had given Holme the slip, and was making a long détour to the south and east to strike us at the division station; but all were ignorant of this. Reports had come in that Long Blanket, with a band of warriors, had been seen in the low foot-hills north of the track, some twenty miles west of us, and Pope was preparing to swing his force against them, when word came that his men were needed at the front, eighty miles west.

"The superintendent of construction, who was at the front, had sent the message. It came by wire, early in the morning, and within the hour Pope was at the station with his troops. The horses and luggage were hurriedly loaded into box-cars, most of the boys boarded other box-cars, while two flat cars were thrown into the center of the train, each bearing a mounted howitzer and a staked breastwork of railroad iron and a complement of soldiers. Engine 40 was brought out, and hooked on ahead. Her fireman being sick, I was ordered to go with Lyon and fire the engine. That met my wish precisely, for I was anxious to begin firing; besides, there was the enticing vision of a battle at the front. I was young then. It wouldn't entice me now.

"Nearly every one in the straggling village of Ludder came out to see us off. Lyon's wife, with the twins and an anxious face, was there; and while Lyon was oiling round, Katie climbed up into the cab and slipped a revolver under the cushion of the fireman's seat. 'It's father's; you may need it, Joe,' she said, and laughed over her shoulder to me as she jumped to the ground from the gangway. I grinned and blushed, little realizing how and where I should next meet this madcap maid.

"About nine o'clock we rolled out of the station, with a crowd of women and children and eight or ten men cheering us, and began swinging away toward the west. The track was new and in poor shape for fast running; but Lyon let the 40 have her head, his dark eyes glistening as he watched the rails ahead. The country swept away to north and south in scarcely perceptible swells—an ocean of fading grass, yellow-green and dreamy in the tender heat. Vast masses of

"A MOMENT LATER SHE WAS LEADING WHITE BESS DOWN THE BED OF THE SHALLOW STREAM AND AWAY FROM TOWN."

snow-pure clouds drifted in the sky, while before us, in the west, and curving toward the northeast, rose the lilac-colored heaps of the Rockies. I didn't have much time to poetize, however, for I had my hands full in trying to keep the 40 hot.

"We got on swimmingly for perhaps twenty miles, then we struck a break—two rails had been pried loose from the ties and thrown by the right-of-way. It looked bad. By the merest chance we escaped being ditched. On the north side of the track, and extending for miles toward the west, began a series of low foot-hills—so low that they seemed much like the gentle swells of a lazy sea. Here and there through this undulating plateau sharp coulees had been cut by the summer waters of the distant mountains, though the stream-beds were now dry or carrying little fluid. Pope mounted to the top of a box-car and scanned the region with his glass, but no Indians or other marauders were in sight. Away to the south we all saw what appeared to be a black lake, a sweep of living liquid, miles in length, and stirring faintly like something moved by a gentle wind.

"'Buffaloes,' said Lyon laconically, setting the injector-pumps to work and jumping to the ground. 'That sort of thing is as common as jack-rabbits; but this tearing up of the track is different. Long Blanket and his gang must be over among the hills there somewhere.'

"The conductor and two brakemen were ahead, inspecting the ground. Tracks of both men and horses were thick near the break in the track. Captain Pope promptly ordered a squad of soldiers forward; the rails were brought back and put into place; spikes and a maul were brought from the caboose, and the rupture mended. Then we pulled forward again, but cautiously, Lyon watching the track ahead of us like a hawk, his hand on the throttle lever, while Pope and every boy in blue on the train stood on the alert for a whack at the unseen enemy. Soon we found another break; a half-dozen rails had been pulled up. After we had repaired that, we found another break, and another, and another, and time slipped away into the afternoon, and we were making no progress.

"Pope came and rode in the engine. 'There's a wooden trestle about three miles from here,' said Lyon. 'If they've burned that, then the game is up; we'll never get to the front. The trestle is beyond the big bend ahead there. Hello! there's some more rails pulled up.'

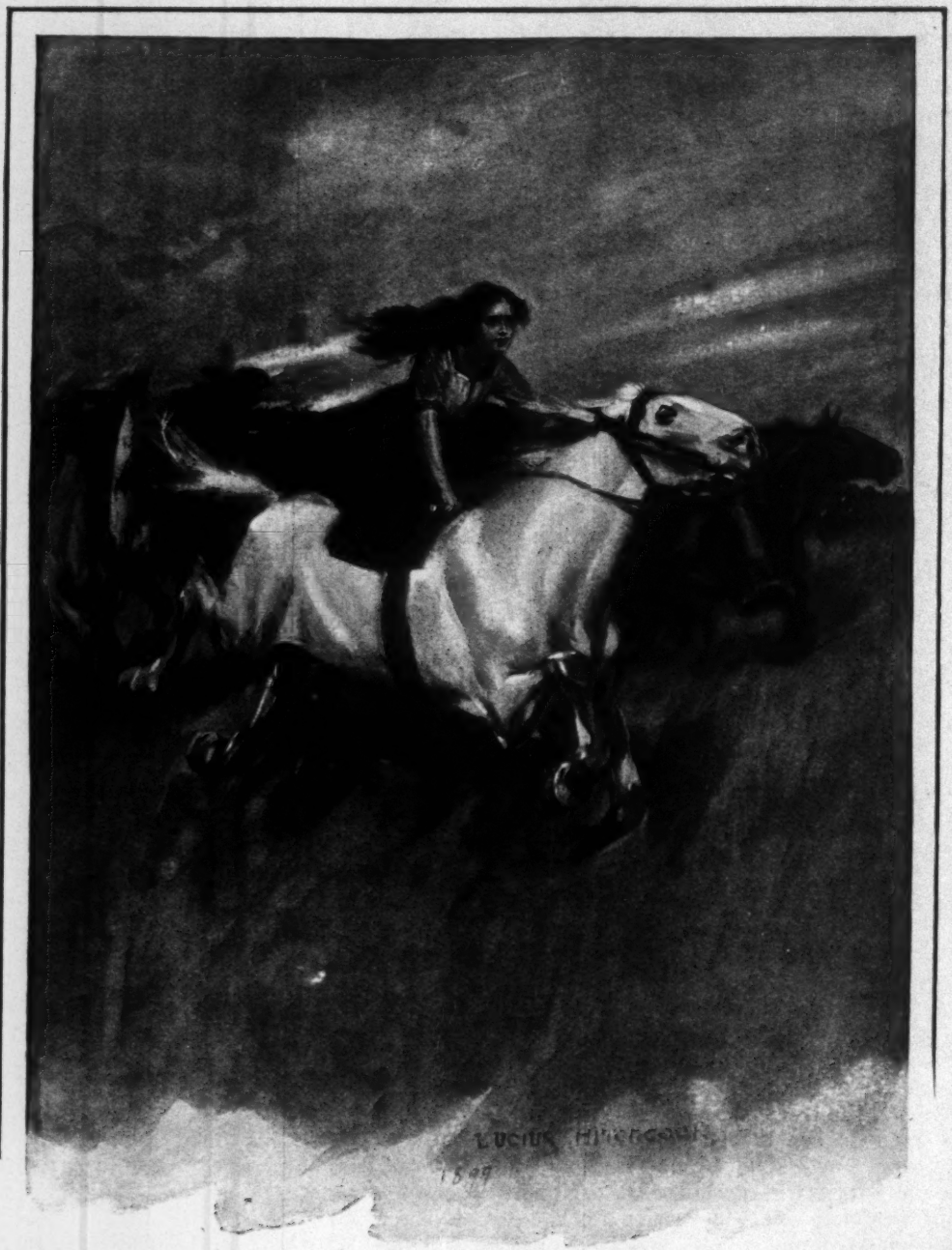
"'Long Blanket and his band are going west,' said the Captain. 'Evidently the chief's idea is to destroy so much track that it will take the company several days to make repairs; meanwhile he will try to connect with the Indians at the front and strike the construction men a heavy blow. I'm of half a mind to mount the boys and go after him. If the trestle is burned, I will do so. Yellow Sky of the Shoshones is the chap who is leading the deviltry, I fancy, out at the front.'

"Now, as later information revealed, the men at the front were taking care of themselves, and also of Yellow Sky, in fine style, while we, the rescuers, were in peril; and affairs back at Ludder, where we thought everything quiet and secure, were alarming to the last degree. Within an hour after our leaving the division station, Black Calf, with a band of 200 painted braves, appeared south of the town.

"All told, there were something like twenty-five men and boys and perhaps a hundred women and children in the village. All these, in wild excitement, hurried to the round-house, as being the only possible place of defense, and where they might be together. The husbands and grown-up sons of many of the women were at the front, or out on construction trains, or working at points along the line. The place was practically helpless.

"The first thing that Black Calf and his warriors did was to burn the station and several of the houses; then they attacked the round-house. The men in the building had barricaded the great doors and cut holes through the board walls; and as several of the men and women had guns and revolvers, the bucks and their leader were held in check, several of their number receiving wounds and two being killed. The Indians poured bullets into the building's walls and doors, but beyond a few slight wounds among the men no casualties had occurred by noon. Laner, the round-house foreman, was a stern, gritty fellow, and he and the station agent took command. They put all the children and most of the women—for some of the latter fought side by side with the men—into the ash-pits, so that bullets coming through the walls or doors passed over their heads. Mrs. Lyon held her place with the fighters, while, at her command, Katie and the twins crouched in one of the pits. There were two engines in the house, one with steam up.

"A little after noon the redskins massed against the big doors, making a mad attempt to crush their way in. It was then that Laner



"KATIE KEPT THE LEAD. . . . HER HAIR WAS BLOWN BACK, AND HER FACE LOOKED SMALL AND WHITE."

did a remarkable thing. He suddenly jumped up into the cab of the 53, the engine with steam on, and yelled to the men to open the doors before her. As the doors swung back he jerked the throttle wide open and leaped off. The engine swept the savages out of the doorway, plowed through the mass of bucks before the building, shot across the turn-table and main track, and rolled over on her side, 200 feet away. Twenty odd Indians were killed or maimed by this masterstroke. The rest scattered in all directions, but presently returned, fearful, though furious. However, they kept at a safe distance from the front of the building after that.

"The men began to hope then that the bloodthirsty wretches might be beaten off for a time, at least during daylight. But

when night should come, what then? The building would certainly be burned by the Indians, and the lives of all the whites be lost in massacre! If there were only some means of getting word to the fort, or to Pope and his men. Katie heard this, and five minutes later disappeared.

"Presently a boy in the ash-pit cried that some one was halloing through the drain-pipe. A man bent down and listened, then called Mrs. Lyon. 'Katie's in there,' he said, breathlessly. Mrs. Lyon sprang down in the pit, and with white face knelt at the end of the drain. 'I'm going to the fort,' came a shrill, but far-away voice. 'I'm going to wade down the creek to the house. I'll hide along under the bank. I'm going to take White Bess, and see if I can't get help.'

"Mrs. Lyon screamed for Katie to come back, but the voice that came through the drain only said, 'Good-by, ma; don't worry about me. There isn't an Indian pony on the plains that can catch White Bess. Tell Mr. Laner I'll bring the soldiers. Good-by, ma.' Mrs. Lyon wrung her hands and implored, but no answer came back. Katie had slipped into the creek from the mouth of the drain and had started on her dangerous mission.

"For 300 feet or more she crept on her hands and knees close along under the bank; then, getting somewhat out of the range of view, hurried in crouching posture on down the creek to their little home. Stooping low and keeping behind a fence, she reached the stable. Slipping a bridle on the white mare, and strapping a folded blanket on the animal's back, she turned her into the pasture. The animal went at once to the creek to drink, and Katie again crept along the fence and escaped from sight under the bank. A moment later she was leading White Bess down the bed of the shallow stream and away from the town. When the village lay a half-mile or more behind her, she led the mare out through a clump of cottonwoods on to dry ground and mounted. The big soft eyes of the animal were shining with eagerness; the fine September air tasted nice, and the wide yellowish floor of the plain invited her feet. Katie leaned forward, and patted the horse's arched neck. 'We must bring the soldiers, Bessie,' she said imploringly. 'Don't fall, and don't ever give up if they chase us. Mommy and little Dan and Jimmy may never see the light of morning if we fail.' The mare blinked her big eyes and chewed impatiently at the bit; the girl drew in a long, tremulous breath, cried out sharply, and they shot away across the plain.

"To Katie the strong light and broad openness of the prairie were terrible. She looked back across her shoulder to the town, hearing yells and the crack of rifles and the noise of fighting. She rode straight south, selecting the lowest ground, and intending to turn southwest toward the fort when at a safe distance. She had progressed perhaps a mile, when, looking back, she saw a party of Indians on horseback shoot out from the edge of the town, ranging a little west to south. The girl's ruddy cheeks whitened, and her brown fingers clutched the rein nervously. 'We've got to outrun them, Bess,' she cried; 'we've *got* to do it!'

"The lithe, white mare, with her light burden, went like an antelope, breathing softly, and taking the ground with a long, sweeping, steady lope. The girl pulled on the bit a little. 'Let them do their fast running first,' she said, looking back through her flying hair; 'we'll set the pace at the end.'

"The tough Indian ponies, urged by quirt and many a pealing yell, followed her like excited hounds, but kept to the west of her in their course. Clearly the Indians purposed getting between the girl and the fort before attempting to run her down. The racers were probably four miles out from Ludder when Katie realized the intention of the painted fiends. She at once turned the mare straight toward the fort, and bending low over the animal's neck, urged her with a series of startling screams. The Indians, seeing the move, put their horses to top speed, and riding across the inside of the angle made by Katie's course, sought to cut her off.

"But White Bess ran like a deer, and the Indians crossed her course an eighth of a mile to the rear. They fired no shots and ceased yelling, evidently not wishing to frighten or press the girl until they could get the advantage of position. They now pointed their course slightly to the south, plainly hoping to allay the girl's fears and gradually drive her northwest and away from the fort. Evidently they felt that a straight race after the fleet mare would end in their defeat.

"In spite of her intention, Katie drew gradually toward the west in trying to keep away from her pursuers. She must have been twelve miles from Ludder, and White Bess was wet and breathing hard, when she struck the buffalo herd, the eastern end of that living lake which we had seen from the train when repairing the track.

"It was a terrible blow to Katie's hopes, for she saw that she could not reach the fort

unless she could get on the south side of the mighty herd, and such a course would throw her well-nigh into the arms of the savages. For a moment she pulled the mare up, looking wildly in all directions. For miles away to the south and west that hairy, awful sheet of dark forms stretched before her. Panting and horrified, she set the tired mare on the gallop again, riding straight toward the west. She must pass clear around the herd and come in to the fort from the south or west. Yelling wildly, the Indians came after her, the hardy ponies sticking to the chase like dogs. Katie's face grew drawn and white; her red lips turned ashen and parched. She patted the neck of the dripping mare, praying her not to fail. 'We *must* beat them, Bess! Oh, we must! We must!' she kept pleading.

"That was about the hour in the afternoon when we of the train were repairing the last break before we should turn the bend beyond which lay the trestle of which Lyon had spoken. We had scarcely completed the repairs, when we suddenly saw that the whole black mass of life stretching across the southeast was rolling toward us like a mighty wave. 'Pull ahead, Lyon! Get on the trestle, if it is still standing!' shouted the conductor. Lyon gave the 40 steam, and we whirled away toward the bridge.

"I fancy that there was not a man on the train who did not feel his skin creep with fear and horror at sight of that resistless avalanche of animal life sweeping toward us. The dark billow was miles wide, and its rear was lost in clouds of dust. A band of Indians, by Long Blanket's order, or in attempting to break through to join the chief, had stampeded the mightiest herd of bison ever seen upon the plains. The front of the herd was like a long, uneven wall of rushing water, from the lower edge of which gushed out a curling surf of dust, and beneath which all life that fell or was overtaken was drawn and trampled into fragments. Hundreds of thousands of hoofs beat the earth, and the roar from that rushing sea of flesh was like a strange new thunder. Coyotes, antelopes, and wild horses ran before it for their lives; and at one point, near the extreme front of a wedge-shaped pack of riderless horses, we saw what was apparently a child on a gray horse, leaning forward over the animal's neck, and riding madly in the race with death. East of this astonishing figure we saw eight or ten Indians, on ponies and in war-paint, straining toward the north, with the hurling black mass not 500 feet behind them. Even while we looked we saw one of the ponies fall, and the Indian rider leap to his feet and run, only to be drawn under in a moment and disappear from sight.

"In the thrill and horror of the prospect, I did not regard my immediate surroundings, until we suddenly rushed upon the trestle and stopped. Then I saw that a large body of Indian horsemen were riding at a gallop westward on the north side of the track. Long Blanket and his braves, caught in their work of tearing up the track, were trying to get beyond the range of the stampede.

"The trestle was some fifty feet in length, and apparently stretched across the almost dry bed of what had once been a small river. The stringers and ties at the highest point were not more than ten or twelve feet above the ground. Upon these the engine and two cars stood, the balance of the train reaching out along the grade eastward. All along the train I heard shouting and stern orders as the thunder of the stampede grew in volume and rolled toward us. I cannot now say what I thought or felt, the situation was so appalling. Whether the rushing sea of frightened animals would sweep the train away and go over it, leaving us all lifeless, or would break and eddy round us, no man could say. I was hanging out from the gangway, quivering in every nerve, while Lyon's face looked white and strange as he leaned from the window of the cab, his dry lips moving as he watched the gray horse and child coming toward us. Suddenly a wild cry broke from him, and his grimy fingers knotted involuntarily. 'It's Katie, Joe! My God, it's Katie!' he cried.

"A kind of fire swept through me at that, such a leap of the pulses as I had never felt before. I sprang down upon the ends of the ties, and reached my hands toward her, shouting in a sort of frenzy; then, suddenly, as by inspiration, the only possible course of action was revealed to me. I slipped down between the outer ends of the ties, and hung full length from the outside stringer. I saw that Katie was guiding the jaded mare straight toward us. In truth, her eyes had been fastened upon her father's smoking engine for more than a mile.

"As I hung there, with my face toward the on-coming ocean of hairy forms, I felt Lyon's hands gripping my wrists and heard him appealing to God for help. As all that horrible mass came thundering toward us I could see that Katie kept the lead. She was lying low and close over the mare's neck, one hand wound in the animal's mane, the

other clutching the rein. Her hair was blown back, and her face looked small and white. The mare looked slim and wet and strange. Her nose was stretched out, her eyes were glassy and red, her lips scarlet and open. At her heels the pack of wild horses came galloping, with manes blowing and heads outstretched; behind them that rushing wall of frenzied buffalo. The panting of the strange multitude of unreasoning brutes was horrifying, rising like an indescribable gasp through the thunder of their hoofs.

"When the front of the stampede was perhaps 500 feet away, I saw a stream of fire leap out from every car along the train, the howitzers crashed, and again the carbines roared. Instantly the wave of buffaloes seemed to double under at the base, then roll into the air like a kind of black and indescribable billow. In that maze of tumbling forms I saw the Indians who had chased poor Katie sink, crushed by bullets and swallowed up in the remorseless mass. I saw this with a glance, for the white, upturned face of Katie was not fifty feet away, and both Lyon and myself were shouting to her to stand up and jump. It was an awful moment. I saw it all as vivid as lightning, yet somehow it had the color of a dream. In Katie's eyes I could see terror mingled with resolution as she got to her feet on the horse's back. An instant she wavered, then straightened up, and as the panting mare shot under us she jumped. For a second I saw her pale face and wide-open eyes flying toward me through the air, then her arms shut about my pendent body with a shock. My arms seemed torn from their sockets by the blow, but Lyon was holding my wrists like a vise. In a moment he loosened his grip, and bending low, caught the girl by the arms and drew her up. By his aid I then scrambled back upon the ties.

"All about us roared a living storm. Dust covered the scene like battle smoke. Through it we saw the incessant flashing of carbines along the train; east and west a vague brown torrent of brutes poured across the track. Under us the press and struggle of hulking forms choked the pass and shook the bridge. When the air cleared, we saw that the work of the soldiers had divided the mighty pack; it was flowing north and northwest in two dark streams. Before us were swaths of slain bison; piles of the bodies lay against the train, and somewhere in that appalling slaughter lay Katie's pursuers.

"Weak and trembling, I climbed up into the engine-cab. Lyon sat on the floor, and across his lap lay Katie, limp and panting. 'Mommy—little Dan and Jim—we must go back!' she was gasping. 'All the folks are in the round-house—the Indians are there! I was going to the fort for help!'

"Lyon placed her on the fireman's cushion, and jumped to the reversing-lever and threw it over, opened the throttle, and whistled 'off brakes.' There was a clanking of couplings, and the train started eastward. In a few minutes Pope and the conductor came scrambling over the foot of the tender.

"'Where are you going?' they demanded.

"'To save my wife and babies,' said Lyon. 'Black Calf and his brutes are at Ludder; they've got the folks shut up in the round-house; there'll be a massacre!'

"'That's where we are needed, then,' cried Pope.

"Lyon pushed the 40 hard, and at the end of an hour the military train dashed into the division station. At sight of us Black Calf's forces broke and fled, followed and stung by showers of bullets. The soldiers began unloading their horses at once, and mounting for the chase. The overjoyed prisoners poured out from the great doors of the engine-house, and fairly overwhelmed us in their gratitude. Mrs. Lyon came running toward the 40 to tell Lyon that Katie had probably perished, when, to her amazement and joy, her husband jumped to the ground with Katie in his arms. What followed I couldn't hardly describe, for, tough chap though I was, I couldn't see very plainly for the tears that filled my eyes. I only know that Katie had a reception fit for a princess.

"What became of White Bess? Well, sir, she was found next morning standing, feeble and badly used up, in a gully about two miles north of the trestle; but we brought her back and turned her into Lyon's pasture, and a few weeks afterward I saw the animal and the children again playing 'circus.' As for the Indians, Major Holme struck Yellow Sky at the front, and beat off his followers, and took the old chief prisoner, while Pope chased Long Blanket and Black Calf into the northwestern hills and gave them a fine drubbing."

"What became of Katie, the heroic little girl?" I asked.

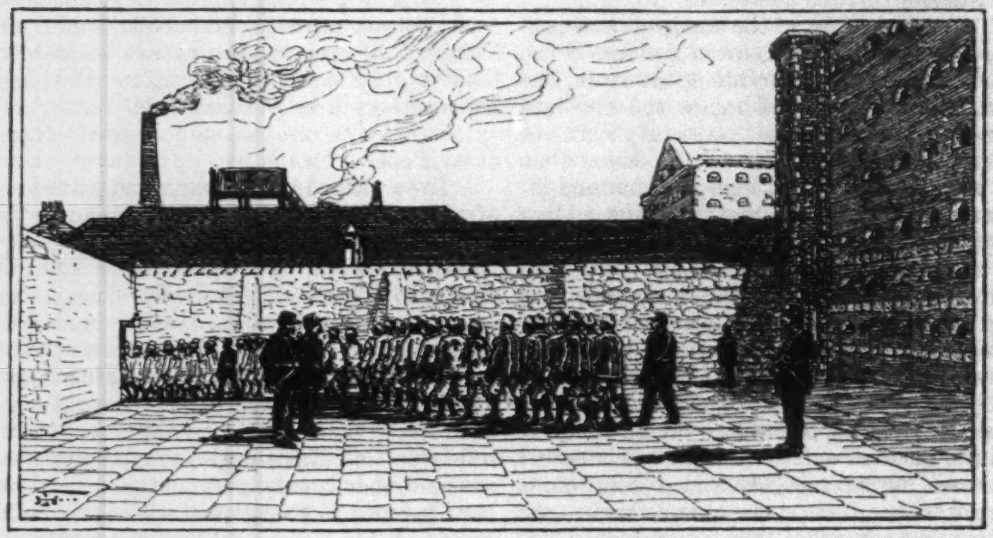
Perth smiled contentedly. "Well," he said, "if you'll come over to the house and take dinner with me, you will meet her. We've been married a good many years, and her hair is gray; but I think you will find her about the sunniest and most motherly woman that ever made a poor railroader feel equal to a millionaire."

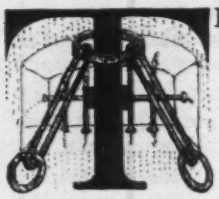
"A TALE OF A TUB."

By Tighe Hopkins,

Author of "The Master-key of Newgate," "As It Fell Out," and other stories.

THE STORY OF A LAWYER WHO BECAME A PRISONER.





THE Criminal Register of the Home Office contains, among others, this brief history:

Office Register Number.	Name and Aliases.	Description.						Offense for which Convicted.	Sentence.
		Age.	Height.	Hair.	Eyes.	Face.	Trade and Occupation.		
B 204.	Henry Spaine.	36	4.9	red.	bl.	pa.	Solicitor.	Forgery.	5 yrs.

A red-haired, pale-faced lawyer, of the grotesque stature of four feet, nine. An old lady and a will had sent him on his travels from a court off Chancery Lane to Wardlock prison, where there was a good deal of very respectable society, if the members had had leave to talk.

Mr. Spaine had never been known for a sentimental or a sensitive man. He had stood in the dock with a smile while the judge made it plain to the jury that he must be devoid of heart (for it appeared there had been other old ladies and wills in his career), and he had passed into prison without abating a jot of his good-humor. And if he did not know himself shamefaced or downcast in a position which asks some degree of mental and moral fortitude, neither did he give himself airs before the warders, or with the prisoners when he mixed with them in chapel and on parade.

Years of disreputable practice had taught him some of the foibles of his kind, and, in general, how to use them to his profit. He had entered prison with scarcely a shilling to his credit, but when he made the discovery that the warder immediately over him was

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a poor man with a young family, he thought it no harm to insinuate that "Harry" Spaine could always touch money, and that "Harry" Spaine's friends knew where to come at it. As for giving himself airs among the convicts, he could not do such a thing. He never gave himself airs anywhere. In prison, moreover, it was quite unnecessary, for he had a very kind and even a flattering reception when he first appeared at exercise, thanks to his recognition by several old clients, who made his presence known to the squad.

Briefly, the sordid little cheerful man found that the sordid environment of prison did not go ill with him. This kind of criminal is not long in learning that prison and penal servitude are penalties which depend a good deal on the way you take them. The convict who is without shame and complacent under a sentence which disgraces him has got over the worst of it when he can swallow skilly and dry bread with an appetite, sleep without feeling the plank through the mattress, put in a day's "graft" with no particular wish for a drink, and resist the awful longing to rush for the wall in the exercise yard.

Mr. Spaine was a gross little man in his way, but he had never sacrificed business to appetite, and his cravings were not severe. He liked to go to bed with a sense of rum in him, and he slept best on a late cigar; but the plain fare and extremely ordered life of prison kill the thirst in a month, and the tobacco-hunger, which is much more persistent, was not strong with him. He could sleep anywhere and on anything, and, for two reasons, the notion of escape did not tempt him: he believed it impossible, and—having been struck off the Rolls—he was temporarily without a future.

He settled down to improve the situation.

The pains of a long sentence are not realized at once. At the end of a fortnight the prisoner who has five years to serve adds up on his slate the fortnights that are left, thinks they will be shorter than the first, and begins to notch the days off on his table, day by day, just before the gas is put out at bedtime. Spaine, being a convict in knickerbockers, lived apart from the short-term men in trousers, who are politely called "convicted prisoners"; but he saw them at times, and he had been greatly struck, in his cheerful mood, by the dejected look of a young man whose sleeve-badge showed that he was "in" for a mere nine months. In Mr. Spaine's own party on the exercise ground there were ten-years men who cracked jokes in whispers; and a young murderer, reprieved from the gallows, who wore on his sleeve the "L" which stands for "Life," and which the lags call a "Seven upside down," gave excellent imitations of the judge whose summing-up had saved his neck. In this company Mr. Spaine thought nothing of five years.

Work? Yes, a convict has to work, of course. But there are many varieties of labor in prison, and the task demanded of the solicitor would scarcely have kept him even in brown bread and skilly at sweater's wages. He ought to have done his month in the oakum ward, but the doctor exempted him, and they put him instead to stitching bags for the Post Office. If the Post Office were in a hurry for bags, Mr. Spaine was not told. He put in stitches as the warders showed him, and it seemed to him that he earned quite a surprising number of marks for "industry." This toil for Government should have employed him hour after hour in his cell, with no one to speak to, and nothing to cheer his solitude; but in the afternoon he was allowed to join the "open-air party" for an hour, for the good of his health, which was excellent. The open-air party picked over the grounds with hoes, to no advantage; raked the paths in front of the chapel, without shifting a pebble; or, harnessed in fours to a cart which a child would push, drew little loads of nothing in particular to nowhere of consequence. It was mild sunny weather, the grounds which the wall enclosed were wide and green, and Mr. Spaine, from the neighborhood of Chancery Lane, had never beheld so much of peaceful nature.

The tragedy of prison meant nothing to him. He walked through it unheeding. A man in the cell next to him, sick with apprehension for his wife and children, would start from his bed at night and cry, "Oh, will no one go to them and help them!" and this disturbance was most unpleasant to Mr. Spaine, who thought every one had enough to do to help himself. The air of suspicion and distrust in which all the prison was enwrapped was rather grateful to him than otherwise. It seemed that every one was a spy upon his neighbor, that even the warders were as distrustful of one another as they were of the prisoners; and to Mr. Spaine, who had lived all his life, as it were, with his eyes and ear at a keyhole, this atmosphere was quite agreeably professional. "If you want to know a thing, sir," he whispered in the ear of his warder, "you just come to me. Harry S. don't mind doing a bit of detective for a gentleman like you."

Yet the people with whom he herded (if that term may be applied to prisoners who live for the most part in separate confinement), far from avoiding him as a "screw's nark," or warder's spy, had a whole belief in Spaine for a safe and a straight man. Out of his cell, he was always on the smirk, and no one thought him such a kind, good-natured chum as the poor broken-down creature in the next cell, whom he hated for disturbing him at night.

Men who have never faced prison before are generally good prisoners at the beginning. They are stunned and cowed by the sentence, or they are timid and eager to learn the rules, or they are tractable by nature, or they are merely indifferent and take things as they come. A man of a certain intelligence and not much feeling finds something to contemplate in the dull, mean, narrow life of the place. No other life in the world is like it; and Spaine, while no one interfered with him, was the man to relish its ignoble humor. He watched with a quiet enjoyment the shifts and struggles of old hands to ease themselves in their tasks, to wheedle out of the doctor another ounce or two of bread per diem, to coax the chaplain into taking up "my case, sir," and to sneak into the favor of some principal warder who had soft berths to allot or recommend for in the hospital, the kitchen, or elsewhere. So the weeks of Mr. Spaine's probation drew out into months.

Every convict, whatever his behavior in the prison, is in the lowest or probationer's class for the first year of his sentence. Nine months of the twelve he spends, or should spend, more or less in separate confinement, seldom quitting his cell, and debarred from all social intercourse. He has only just enough to eat, and the fare is penitential. Unless he be very sick, no one from without may visit him, or even write to him. His isolation from the world that has rejected him is complete. This is the period, in a word, in which justice seeks to make the criminal very sorry for himself, and very anxious never to do it again.

Mr. Spaine underwent five months' chastening on this wise, and was not a penny the worse for it. The chaplain, a wise old man not easily played upon, was rather puzzled by him, but thought the discipline was telling in the right direction. In truth, however, the discipline was not giving Mr. Spaine the smallest concern. He was thinking steadily that the pains and burden of prison had been overstated.

The first thing that happened to make him shift his point of view a little was the accident of meeting in a corridor a man in convict dress who was strange to him. He was a tall, big-framed man, who looked as if the flesh had dried up on him. He stood at the door of a cell, with a warder beside him; a great, dumb, fierce creature, whose aspect of hunger and hate set all the little lawyer's nerves vibrating as he passed before him. Locked in his own cell, Spaine could not rid his mind of the ugly image. He inquired of his warder. The warder could not say, but believed the stranger had been brought up for some purpose from one of the convict prisons south or west. Little Mr. Spaine had been really alarmed, the man had seemed so terrible; and even at the hour of exercise next morning he was less serene than usual. By signs and whispers it was possible to communicate and to learn a good deal while tramping the asphalt for an hour. In fine weather the convict barber often did his cropping out there, and he was very clever at talking without moving his lips. He named a prison down south, wholesomely feared by all old hands, and suggested that the man who had fluttered the nerves of Mr. Spaine had been fetched up from there. "And 'eaven 'elp you, Mr. S., if you finds yourself the wrong side o' *them* doors when you leaves this here. Lor', my dear sir, this here's a drorin'-room," he added, passing the clippers finally over the bare poll beneath him. Mr. Spaine returned to his place in the ranks less pleased with himself than he had been.

Now, as it happened, the lags in his party were exchanging notes that morning on the favorite subject of escapes. Mr. Spaine was wont to listen, but as a hearer who could smile and smile, and still retain his doubts. But mention of the stranger who, for some reason, had been suddenly transferred to Wardlock, and of the prison from which it was suggested he had come, gave the argument a lively turn; and one man said killing would be no murder to get out of *that* hell.

Then, two or three days later, Mr. Spaine beheld another sight which turned his thoughts back into the same channel—a long file of prisoners, chained together by the wrists, armed warders with them, and two omnibuses waiting in the yard. These men, having finished their "nine months' separate," were starting for a public works' prison up country, to begin the second stage of penal servitude. How happy was little Mr. Spaine that he was not a party with a bright steel

bracelet on his left wrist! For now all prisons other than Wardlock were peopled in his fancy by persons whom hunger and dire usage had made gaunt and fierce; and with this prospect, the four years and a half that lay before him lengthened to a cycle.

But, unless something pleasant intervened, Mr. Spaine in his turn would certainly find himself under marching orders before many months had passed.

His discomfort increased. They must needs remove to another part of the prison the warder—a person of his own kidney—whose favor he had bought by some little acts of sneaking which it had given Mr. Spaine much pleasure to perform. In his place came a man who did not require any lag to help him in his work, and who was very soon "down on" Mr. Spaine. When things take a wrong turn with you in prison, getting into trouble is particularly easy. Mr. Spaine learned things which surprised and pained him—as, that his cell was imperfectly scrubbed, that his bags for the Post Office were understitched, that he was too leisurely at his dinner, and so on. Prison was hardly worth living in at this rate. The warder was at him continually, and a warder's disfavor being a much more serious matter than a governor's, Mr. Spaine began to lose all sense of peace. His cheerfulness departed; he had a spite against every one.

But something came to pass which did very greatly revive his spirits, and filled the whole prison with envy and with longing. A man escaped from his cell, cleared the wall with a pole, and got away.

"Ho! ho!" thought Mr. Spaine. "So you do get out sometimes!"

They keep these exploits as quiet as can be, for the example does no good to the rest; but as far as could be learned, the prison-breaker had made a fine old-fashioned flight, squeezing through his barred window and descending by a rope of bed-clothes.

Very fine indeed, but there was a sequel; in three days they caught the man and brought him back. Presently came the director on his monthly visit, who said, "Twenty-five lashes"; and when horrid cries were heard from the oakum shed, Mr. Spaine remarked:

"H'm! Bring 'em back and flog 'em, eh?"

Nevertheless, the fact had been proved that one *might* contrive to get out. That was something worth turning over in one's mind, especially by a legal gentleman who had been rather disposed to flout the notion of escape. Consider, then, the advantages of the situation. The prison was on the edge of London, and Mr. Spaine was essentially a town mouse, a native anywhere among bricks and mortar, an alien in green places. Freed from a prison on a tract of moor, he would find no hiding, would be barren of resource; but set him just beyond these walls, with London's myriad burrows conveniently nigh, and he would make a rare bolt for one of them.

But oh, the hard way out! Mr. Spaine looked up at the little grating which served him for a window, but he knew that salvation could not lie that way, for his cell was very high up, on the third landing, and not all the stuff he was possessed of would make rope enough to lower him. He had heard of persons clever enough to pick the locks of their cells, but how did they manage to do it? Moreover, there would be a warder in the corridor, who might ask you to go back. The more he thought about it, the more clearly did he realize the limitations of his talent as a possible smasher of prisons.

Half a mile from the prison gates a band was playing on the green, a County Council band playing to free people. Even nearer seemed the whistle of a locomotive, carrying free people away to holidays. These sounds of liberty, how horrible they were in the cell on the third landing!

Then Mr. Spaine reflected that it might be better, after all, to wait for the chance of escape until his transfer to another prison. Flight from this cell was impossible. But it might be just as impossible in the other place, that other place where convicts grew less than human, as Mr. Spaine imagined. Here it must be contrived, if anywhere.

Now there are warders who can be induced to serve a prisoner in this way and that, but assisting him to escape entails a risk which is seldom worth incurring, and few flights are accomplished nowadays through an officer's connivance. Besides, one warder's help would carry a prisoner but a very little way, unless every chance were apt, for prison is full of wards. Mr. Spaine, moreover, had lost his trusty friend.

In the last shift, how would it answer to take into partnership a brother in captivity? Two might manage it where one should fail. What would be better than all, thought Mr. Spaine, would be that the partner should have the planning of it and he the profit; and on this generous conviction he proceeded to act.

They were very friendly in the open-air party, and the warder in charge was of the

easy-going sort who would stand a little talking.

Of the two likeliest men in the party, one was a tall, raw-boned man of middle age, who had been in hospital with an ague, and the other was just such a diminutive creature as Mr. Spaine; an imp of the slums, going on for thirty, who had three years to serve for house-breaking. Mr. Spaine was aware that both these men were thinking of escape. Nearly every one in prison does that, but there is all the difference between the vague aspiration toward liberty and the fixed resolve, if possible, to secure it. The long man talked like a person of resource, and was evidently a schemer who meant business; but Mr. Spaine was rather afraid of him. He looked the kind of man who might kill you if you got in his way at the critical moment. The child of the slums was of a more accommodating temper, and he besides was proud of his acquaintance with Mr. Spaine, who could often do so much for "pore innocent chaps" whom the police wouldn't let alone. He was inclined to be confidential, a habit Mr. Spaine had always made it his business to encourage.

"You know my game," said he, in the muffled half-tone which becomes the natural voice in prison. "Mine's a waiting game. No risks for H. S. He's got friends working for him outside. Now it's different with you, my lad."

"You're right, as us'l, Mr. S.," said his friend. "W'en I got a fing to do, I got to do it myself."

"Well now, my dear young friend, do be careful. Remember that poor unfortunate chap the other day."

"'E was a mug," said young Slums. "Onst let me git out, and if vey catches me agin, w'y, vey can bash me till I'm silly."

"Yes, but the getting out, my lad——"

"You two are going to get into trouble there," said the warder. "Keep farther apart. I can't have you talking all day."

"It will take some getting at, at this rate," thought Mr. Spaine.

But, though impatient, he was full of patience; watched his chance every day; got a quiet word now and again; and kept egging his man on. "Partner" suspected nothing, had not a notion he was partner at all. What Mr. Spaine wanted was the young man's plan, that he might consider how it would work. But either no plan presented itself, or it was still maturing. Mr. Spaine was getting no nearer to what he sought, while the date of his departure for some unknown place of torment drew on amain. He was thinking of trying his luck with the long man.

One afternoon the open-air party—for whom, in truth, it was not too easy to find little jobs that looked like work—were set to rolling barrels. The barrels had been emptied of molasses, and were to be shifted in readiness for the van. They were rolled from the kitchen to a trap-door at the end of the corridor, and there bestowed; a task not over-stimulating, but who knows where the open mind will find its inspiration! Mr. Spaine heard young Slums chuckling as he rolled the barrels.

"Mr. S.," he whispered, "'ow bloomin' 'igh should you reckon me?"

"Same as myself, to an inch."

"Jesso! Guess wat I'm a-finkin' of?"

"Can't say I do."

"Ah! Us little chaps 'as our charnces, after all. See the 'eight of them barrels? Now look 'ere. Vey don't lift these barrels, vey rolls 'em down. 'Tother side o' this trap there's a slopin' plank. Down I rolls on it. Twig?"

Mr. Spaine's mind was suddenly illumined. But he was crafty.

"What! Trust yourself in one of those barrels?" he whispered. "Why, the risk's awful!"

He was thinking that one of them would hold him very nicely, the mean little man.

"It's worth tryin' of," said the other. "If we could ony get the screw's back on us, I'd be in."

The warder was looking on at a distance of a few yards, and occasionally lending a hand. Young Slums trembled exceedingly; he was beside himself, he seemed ready to spring into the tub under the very eyes of the warder.

"I've see 'em fetch the bloomin' fings away," he whispered. "Vey stands the cart underneaf the slopin' plank, and just rolls 'em down. It's as easy as anyfink."

Was Mr. Spaine going to stand idly by, and see his dear young friend escape?

All at once there was a cry from the warder, who was seen to turn faint and reel against the wall. There were eight men in the open-air party, and seven of them scrambled to help the warder, who had fallen to the ground in a fit. The kitchen was close by, and in a moment the warder-cook and his convict aids were in the corridor. Other warders, thinking the lags were making a rush for it, hurried up, blowing their whistles, and the corridor was all in a fuss. What a

beautiful, an ideal chance for Mr. Spaine's young friend!

But all was apparently right, with the exception of the warder whom the heat had overcome, and he was presently being carried to the hospital on the first landing. Another warder gathered up the seven of the open-air party, inquired of each man what hall he belonged to, and very soon the seven were on the way to their respective cells; for when discipline has been deranged, even for so short a space, they think it well to have the birds in their cages at once.

Now the seven, of course, knew quite well that one was missing; but nobody blabbed, though one of them looked murder.

The eighth man lived in a hall in which he alone had the privileges of the open-air party, and as no tidings of what had happened below had reached the officer on duty there, he took no notice of the unlocked cell. By and by, however, he looked at his watch. Then he called to an officer on the lower landing: "Where's that open-air party?"

"Oh, they're in some time. Ridley was took with a fit."

"Hello! But, look here, my man ain't in. Sure of it?"

"Sure."

"Then *where's that Spaine?*"

There was only one person in the prison who could have answered that question with complete certainty, and he was a young man doing "three stretch" for house-breaking. He sat scowling over his tea, and wished his sympathetic friend might choke in the treacle tub.

The alarm was given quietly (for two escapes in six months would be an awful example to the lags), and the search was begun. They are just as clever in prison as elsewhere at looking in all places but the right one; and while the grounds were explored in every corner, and the yards, and the offices, and scouts were sent beyond the walls, nobody thought of the molasses tubs.

There was only one man who had business with those tubs, and he had not arrived. But he came. He came in the quiet evening; a dark, quiet evening; just the nice, dark, quiet evening to roll a prisoner comfortably out of prison.

Mr. Spaine's partner had, however, made one mistake.

These molasses tubs were a new kind. The man who took them away had merely to press them at the top, when they collapsed and fell together; they were so much more easily packed in that way. Thus a mere molasses tub may feel the march of progress in the arts, but the collapsible sort is not the sort in which to escape from prison.

A MANUFACTURER OF HISTORY.

By Charles Warren.

A STORY OF NEWSPAPER AND POLITICAL LIFE.

ROPES was homesick for New York, homesick for every sight, smell, and sound of that splendid, heterogeneous, misgoverned city. He longed for the jostling crowds at the City Hall station of the Elevated in the late afternoon; he longed for the electric brilliancy of Broadway when the theatres were emptying and the gay streams of pleasure-seekers were scattering to late suppers or to dances; he longed for a cozy dinner for four on the Claremont piazza on a Sunday afternoon, the river flashing below in the sun, and the Palisades grim and shadowy opposite; he longed for the superb sweep of the Great Bridge, with its constant movement and distant tumult; for the notched sky-line of the city itself as seen when on some assignment at Staten Island or Jersey City.

And instead of all this he had—what? A ceaseless roll of undulatory prairie, an untidy and pretentious town of confused wooden and brick edifices, a daily visit of the stage from Wawa Station on the Western Atlantic Railroad, the somewhat exasperating and depressing daily contact with a large proportion of the 3,000 inhabitants of the town of Erona, and with their standards, views, and tastes, representative of that Western State which considered itself the pivot of the Union. The town itself was a disappointed place. It had been founded some fifteen years before in a burst of exultation, when it was supposed that the railroad would go through it. It had grown in one year into a place of substantial and more or less dignified importance, and was made the county

seat in anticipation of its glorious future. Then, on account of various engineering difficulties, the railroad officials decided to run their line some distance to the north; and this change left Erona with the little station of Wawa, twenty miles away, as its nearest railroad connection. There was no town at Wawa, and there never would be; for the country was desolate and unfertile. The nearest town to Erona was Boscober, thirty miles off to the west. There was nothing to bring any one to Erona itself, except during the sessions of the court, and they occurred only twice a year, in the spring and in the late fall. So the "boom" burst, and the town rapidly grew shiftless in appearance and discouraged in spirit.

William Rawdon Ropes, known by the townspeople of Erona generally as "Blue-eyed Billy" Ropes, had been a reporter in New York upon a well-known newspaper of large circulation. But although he was able and original in his methods, there was in him a streak of weakness, almost of laziness, which prevented him from ever being a man to overcome obstacles. And so after several years of faithful service, he had tired of the hurry and worry, of the dirt, of the foreign-born, of the competition—of New York, in fact. In November, 1890, he had sent in his resignation, received the pay due to him, and departed for the West.

He had wandered from one place to another, gradually changing his point of view as he went, gradually realizing that New York was not the United States, and thereby becoming himself more of an American. But he had found nothing permanent to do. The West seemed filled with unemployed. His money melted away; and in exact proportion his ambition decreased. One day he drifted into the town of Erona. And there he stuck. His newspaper experience made him an invaluable addition to the town; and he soon became a combination of reporter and editor on the "Erona Battle-Cry"; "general utility man," he called himself.

For six years Ropes had been at work, and now he was homesick. He had gone from New York a Democrat. The "Erona Battle-Cry" was a Democratic paper; but Ropes hardly recognized his own Democracy in it. When he had left New York, like all Easterners he knew in a dim kind of way that there was in the West a free-silver question. But the East believed that free silver was a wild notion of some few cranks and politicians. Instead, Ropes found that it was the sober conviction of many of the best and most thoughtful men, business men as well as farmers. After some time in Erona he began to understand that "Free Silver" was hardly a financial or political question at all there. It was a religion. Every one believed in it. Even Bothwait's paper, the "Erona Star," which was Republican, was in favor of it.

One of the first tasks set to Ropes was to write a burning "sixteen to one" editorial. He had not protested; and he was far too well trained a newspaper man not to be capable of writing a most able article in opposition to his own beliefs. So he composed an unimpeachable and fiery editorial that would have done credit to Senator Stewart himself. But, as an Eastern Democrat, it rather disgusted him. And he had gone on for six years writing silver editorials, sick at heart.

Sometimes Ropes wondered why he did not pull up stakes and leave the disagreeable task. Then he would look at his bank account, and decide to remain; although his poverty did not make the taunts flung at him for his Eastern connections any easier to bear. But it is true, also, that, as often as he considered breaking away from his surroundings and returning to New York, the great, "limitless West" fever would seize upon him; and a distaste, almost a fear, of being thrown again into the crowded metropolitan struggle would come over him.

The year 1896 arrived, bringing with it a culmination of the feelings of unrest and bitterness of the Western farmers in the region of Erona, and of their sense of a gross injustice in the existing condition of affairs. Ropes had been so long away from New York that he had almost forgotten the characteristic attitude of the East—disregard for conditions outside itself. And so he was amazed at the utter ignorance shown by Eastern newspapers of the real facts in the political situation. They treated the silver question as dead. Above all, they failed to understand that the issue which was soon to be made was not merely financial; but was a social and a sectional one, which had been gradually shaping itself through years of growth, and of which "Free Silver" was the mere battle-cry.

So heated was the feeling in Erona in June, 1896, that Eastern newspapers, owing to their gold tendencies, were not allowed in the town. The few men who still subscribed to New York papers discontinued their subscriptions. Even the weekly religious papers and monthly magazines were dropped and put upon the Erona Index Expurgatorius. "Coin's

Financial School" became the Bible, household library, and newspaper in one, in each home. Strangers who alighted from westbound trains at Wawa Station were warned not to bring into the town any obnoxious "Eastern sheets." In some way or other, mail matter directed to citizens of Erona and containing gold documents never reached its destination. Eastern drummers found it wiser to avoid any topic even remotely connected with the currency question; and also to pay and to receive pay in silver dollars without comment on their weight or other disagreeable qualities. At the same time, Ropes found that a distinct coldness toward him as an Easterner was becoming prevalent; and the constant flings made at him were intensely disagreeable. At first he was angry. Then he became desperately homesick for his native city.

The Republican convention met at St. Louis and adopted a gold platform. That same day the "Erona Star" formally repudiated the convention and William McKinley; and a truce was declared between its editor, Bothwait, and his former consistently bitter enemy, Arkway, the editor of the "Battle-Cry." Soon afterward news came of the great preparation that was being made in the East to carry the Democratic convention also for gold.

And then one night, as Ropes sat in his little office waiting drearily for the forms to be made up, and longing for his old home and his old work, thoroughly embittered by what he had undergone during the past six years, an idea came to him. It was so great an idea, so audacious, so full of possibilities, that he sat up in his chair with a jerk and breathed hard. He saw the means of obtaining revenge upon a whole community for the mental strain under which it had placed him for so long. The room was close, and smelt of printer's ink and damp paper. He felt that he needed air and open space; and he went out under the starlight into the long, straight, wide street which wandered off in the darkness over the prairie to the horizon.

With the whole scheme, fair or unfair, mean or otherwise, plotted out in his mind, Ropes entered Arkway's office the next morning. "Arkway," he said, "how are you going to do the Chicago convention?"

"Do it like anything," said Arkway.

"How are you going to have it written up?" said Ropes. "Going to depend on the Press Association report, are you?"

"I suppose so," said Arkway; "what else can we do?"

Ropes paused, and screwed his mouth up with a skeptical air. "Well," he said deliberately, tapping his desk with his fingernails, "you won't get any accurate account of things as they really happened. You'll never know from that whether the silver men were treated fairly or not. It's my opinion those gold men mean to carry that convention by fraud, if they can't do it in any other way. And if this is going to be done, we people out here want to know it, don't we?"

Arkway's reply was more emphatic than explicit.

"We don't want any faked-up press despatches written by men in the employ of Wall Street. Now, how are we going to get a straight story of that convention unless we send a man there? What I propose is this: You notify the Press Association that we don't want their stuff about the convention, and that we won't take it. Then send some man on there who'll write you every night a decent, unfaked story. I don't know," he continued, "how much the old sheet can stand. We did a pretty good business last year, and can afford to throw the cash around a little. Doesn't it strike you it would boom the paper a great deal in the county if we could have a special?"

Arkway whistled. "Ropes," he said, "you've got a great head on you, even if you are an Easterner; but I don't quite see where the cash is coming from to send a man to Chicago, unless——"

"Yes?" said Ropes.

"Unless I could get Bothwait to have the 'Star' join in and divvy on the expense. I believe Bothwait would do it, too. He's hot against Bill McKinley now. I'll talk it over with him. And we'll send you, Ropes, if we send any man. You're just the man, of course. You know all those New Yorkers, and you'll hit them off to life. It's a good scheme, a mighty good scheme."

Bothwait coincided with Arkway's opinion of the idea. Arrangements were made to exclude all Press Association matter regarding the convention from the columns of both papers; and due announcement was made that the citizens of Erona and of Wawa County would have the unusual privilege of reading "unbiased accounts of the Chicago convention from the pen of our esteemed compatriot, William Rawdon Ropes."

This news was a partial recompense to the people of the locality for their great disappointment over the fact that no delegate

to the convention had been chosen from that portion of the county. As the county was over 100 miles in length, any notices or telegrams that might come from a delegate elected from the other end of the county would not be likely to reach Erona. So, in return for the generous enterprise of the editors, most of the male citizens signed a subscription paper agreeing to buy the "Star" and the "Battle-Cry," and no other paper, local or foreign, for a month.

On the 1st of July, Ropes started for Chicago amid the cheers of the citizens of Erona. They would probably have been less effusive and more suspicious, if they had known that Ropes had withdrawn the entire amount of his small deposit at the bank, had packed in his trunk all his belongings, and had presented secretly, under oath of silence, the little furniture that he owned to his good-natured landlady. Just before the departure of the train, Arkway shouted out, "Give us something hot in the reporting line, Billy; plenty of excitement."

As Ropes stood on the back platform of the car, and as the town of Erona dropped nearer and nearer the horizon, he laughed out loud, and said to himself: "They'll have all the excitement they want in that town for the next ten days. I've got six years to pay back."

In a few minutes the black blot at the far end of the track dropped out of sight, and there was nothing but prairie. And William Rawdon Ropes walked back into the car, a free man, bound for the East.

On Friday, the 3d of July, Ropes arrived in Chicago. That night, as he stood in the lobby of the Auditorium Hotel, a tall, leader-like-looking man walked briskly to the stairway, and Ropes recognized him at once. It was William C. Whitney. At the sight of a good old New York face once more, Ropes nearly shouted with pure joy, and he felt almost like rushing up to him and shaking his hand, as a castaway on a desert island flings himself upon his rescuers. One by one others of the determined, but even then hopeless, band of gold leaders who had just come on with Whitney to Chicago went past him—Flower, Grant, and Fellows of New York, Smith of New Jersey, Gray of Delaware, Russell of Massachusetts, and Harrity of Pennsylvania, Francis of Missouri, Faulkner of Georgia, and twenty or thirty others who had been quietly summoned days beforehand by urgent personal letters from Whitney. They were holding a secret meeting in the ill-omened "hoodoo" room in the Auditorium, the famous room where the Tammany delegates four years before had framed their round robin of protest and invective against the nomination of Cleveland. Ropes went over to the silver headquarters at the Sherman House, and found a very much more encouraged set of men there. The silver leaders were confident of victory. Their plans had long been determined upon. This was to be no 1892 over again. They knew that the rank and file of the delegates were pledged, and that even those unpledged could neither be bought nor argued with, and were entirely to be trusted. No compromise, no concessions—free silver or nothing, that was the sole idea of the leaders. The candidates were immaterial; and on candidates they were divided. The platform was the one essential; and upon that all their efforts were being bent.

When Ropes went to his desk in the writing-room to prepare his telegraphic letter to the "Erona Battle-Cry" and "Star" combination, he sat for some minutes thinking deeply. Then he determined that the effect of his scheme would be heightened by not putting it into effect just yet. He, therefore, wrote out a despatch describing the situation just as he saw it and just as it was.

And so it happened that the readers of the "Erona Battle-Cry" and of the "Erona Star" the next morning, far off in the West, shouted with joy as they read the graphic description in their morning papers, and remarked to each other what a clever young fellow that Ropes was; and Arkway and Bothwait congratulated themselves upon their enterprise in sending just the right kind of a representative to Chicago.

Fourth of July dawned a fine, clear day, and Ropes saw that the Western delegates and their attendant followers in crowds were already on the ground, while the Easterners and Southerners had hardly begun to arrive. At the Palmer House, masses of excited men were beginning to struggle, and scuffle, and boil up and down the lobby, the corridors, and stairs. Upstairs the various State delegations, wild silver States and solid gold States indiscriminately, had taken their rooms along the wide corridors. Here and there along the narrow hallways could be seen, vigorously and desperately pleading and arguing to impervious listeners, Whitney, Russell, Eckels the Comptroller of the Currency, Everett of Massachusetts, Don Dickinson, and many other of the gold leaders.

The rooms opening upon the stairways and

upon the balconies that overlooked the lobby below were taken by the States having Presidential candidates. In and out of these passed unbroken lines of visitors—partisans, supporters, and foes—all alike eagerly taking the buttons, badges, and campaign literature lavishly distributed by the boomers of each candidate. And above the constant shuffling and tread of the crowd was the dull roar of talk and argument, argument and talk, everywhere, around, above, and benumbing the senses with its constant impression. Lines of pictures of Boies, Bland, Blackburn, and Pennoyer of Oregon were strung everywhere across the lobby, and were stuck upon the pillars and the balustrades. Everywhere in the streets were venders of campaign emblems and buttons with 16 to 1 in every conceivable combination; and the utter hopelessness of the gold cause was in no way more clearly signified than in the almost complete lack of campaign buttons bearing gold leaders' names. That night Ropes attended the great Gold Standard mass meeting in the Auditorium theater. But he realized that it was all a waste of energy; and that no converts could be made among such earnest silver disciples as those with whom he had lived for the past six years.

On Sunday the representatives of Democracy began to take possession of Chicago in earnest. Every half-hour a distant band announced the arrival of a fresh club or delegation. Among the first to arrive and to fill the streets and hotels with noise was the Bland Silver Club of St. Louis, 500 sturdy silverites in linen suits and caps with "Bland" in silver letters upon them. "Silver Dick, the people's choice," seemed the war-cry all over the hotel portion of the city. Down the street and up, marched men bearing transparencies, "Turn the people loose and let them vote for Bland." Then later in the day the Blackburn Club of Lexington marched in, and the Matthews Club of Indianapolis, the Jacksonian Club of Omaha, and 100 members of the Bryan Club of Lincoln, and last, and unusually quietly, the Tammany Club.

In the middle of the day, Ropes heard that Bland's supporters were claiming half of the delegates. Texas already had voted to support him. The doubtful factor was the position of the Illinois delegation, which remained silent and quiescent under the thumb of the sphinx-like Altgeld. The pale Illinois governor remained all day at the Sherman House amid a swirling, surging mob, giving no sign of his position or of his preference, but calmly biding his own time. Toward evening the enthusiastic Boies "boomers," "shouters," and "rooters" began to make their presence felt. Boies's stock began to rise with the newspaper men. It was in the air that McLean of Ohio was to have the nomination for Vice-President, and Bryan, the young, ambitious Nebraska politician, was being talked of as temporary chairman.

Ropes sat at his own desk, and as he finished each sentence with zest, his face wore broad smiles, showing the pleasure and satisfaction which his work was giving him. The fulfillment of the Great Idea, of the scheme of retaliation upon the Eronites was beginning to take definite shape. He wrote fairly accurate descriptions of the streets and hotels; but every now and then he inserted a few words, the effect of which upon the Eronites he could picture to himself with ease. Then he began to draw upon his imagination for long accounts of events which had never happened. He told his Western readers how Whitney's assiduous work and that of the other Eastern leaders was beginning to tell—how he, Ropes, had met three Alabama and two Texas delegates who were weakening. He threw in a few dark hints as to promises of money and of offers that were disturbing the minds of the Indiana delegates. He described enormous clubs of Eastern business men who were arriving on every train and buttonholing every delegate. He described at length an alleged plan which the gold men on the National Committee had formed to seat a contesting gold delegation from Illinois and thus throw Altgeld out of the convention. This he showed could easily be, and was certain to be, carried out. He worked up an elaborate and exciting account of a meeting between Altgeld, Stone, Bryan, and Tillman, which, he wrote, he had happened to overhear, and which showed their anxiety over the unreliability of their followers. Then he gave a glowing description of Saturday's gold mass meeting and the number of silver delegates whom it had converted. After filing this in the telegraph office, he went to bed well satisfied; and the smile lingered on his lips even after he fell asleep, as he dreamt of the terrible denunciation which would be heard through the shiftless streets of Erona the next morning.

Monday morning, the leaders seemed to be in seclusion. The National Committee was meeting, and final plans were being laid for the various candidates. Ropes devoted the day to gathering impressions of the personality of the delegates. One fact immediately

impressed him as peculiar to this convention. The professional politicians were not in the ascendant here. But the plain, decent, small business men and farmers, hard-worked, and bitter with real and fancied grievances, had the bit in their teeth and were about to smash all previous political records to atoms.

Conflicting rumors came from all sides. One man told Ropes that Bland was nowhere; the next, that the three "B's" were the only victorious sign—"Bland, Bimetalism, or Bust"; the next, that the labor vote was all going to Boies. In the afternoon the name of Teller came like magic from every one's lips. Newspaper men dashed for the wire, and telegraphed that the convention was apparently drifting to the Colorado statesman. Then came the first, apparently accurate, information that Altgeld was for Bland. That seemed to settle the question, for every candid observer saw that Altgeld was the ruling power in this seething mass.

Ropes flashed over the wires that night a portrayal of the foregoing situation as he saw it. Then with imaginative generosity he presented the gold men with a fictitious gold Illinois delegation alleged by him to have been seated by the National Committee along with the South Dakota, Nebraska, and Michigan gold delegations, and he laid great stress on the votes of the National Committee as representative of the way in which the convention was going. He stated that already the silver men could rely on but about half the delegates; and on top of all he wrote a sentence which was calculated to strike panic into his readers at the other end of the line. It was as follows: "My Washington correspondent telegraphs me that President Cleveland, four of his cabinet, and J. Pierpont Morgan leave Washington to-night for Chicago, where they will rally the gold forces." He then described a series of bitter fights between the various silver candidates and the threats of each to throw their votes for Pattison or Russell, rather than let the other be nominated; and he stated the great possibility that they would unite, if at all, not upon a Democrat, but upon Stewart of Nevada. Ropes knew that the farmers of Erona hated Stewart, believing him a selfish mine-owner, little better than the mining and railroad stock speculators of the East. All this was written with fine detail, embellished with all the art of the old and practised newspaper man that he was.

The next morning in Erona great headlines appeared on the bulletin boards. "Traitors in the Ranks." "The Renegade Cleveland Goes to Chicago." Consternation could be seen on the faces of all the local politicians, while Arkway and Bothwait in their editorial columns tried manfully to revivify the failing confidence of their readers. A Boston drummer who arrived on the stage from Wawa Station that afternoon was firmly advised to take the next train onward; and sectional feeling was so intense that Jake McCulloch, the stage-driver, urged Andrews the station-master at lonely Wawa Station to warn strangers who alighted there proposing to visit Erona, that it would probably be pleasanter for them to come again later in the season.

Later in the afternoon a ranchman rode over from Boscober, the nearest town, thirty miles away, and seemed surprised at the political gloom at Erona. He had heard that a letter had been received in his town from a delegate at Chicago in which nothing was said of the discouraging condition of affairs of which Ropes was sending such vivid accounts. "That just shows what a corking good reporter we've got up there," said Jackson Holmes, the district attorney; and Arkway looked pleased, and treated every one to drinks.

The morning of the day of the convention, Tuesday, was again cool and cloudless. The portion of the great hall walled off for the convention, with its 20,000 seats, being but one-third of the whole great building, filled rapidly with spectators. As Ropes sat in his press seat, on all sides rose a gentle incline of packed faces, masses of black and white, back to where the girders of the great roof joined the walls. Down in the center of this great mass was a vacant, oblong, flat space looking like a brown stretch of marsh filled with bulrushes; for from every group of seats allotted to the various delegations rose a tall rod with a triangular, bright blue tip, bearing the name of the State painted vertically.

Soon the delegates began to straggle in. Whitney came in one of the first, alone, amid little excitement. Blackburn and some silver men got little applause; then Hill came slowly with a group surrounding him, like a general with his staff, and the applause was loud. Senator Jones of Arkansas, stocky and looking like a good fighter, Stone of Missouri, spare and sallow, and Altgeld, white-faced, bent, alert, with pointed black beard and close-cropped hair, were in close conference. Russell, the popular ex-Governor of Massa-

chusetts, was being surrounded by delegates from the Southern States wishing to shake hands and regretting that they could not vote for him.

Amid intense excitement, Harrity, as chairman of the National Committee, called the convention to order at 12.53. The first fight was started by the presentation of Hill's name for temporary chairman; and the expected outbreak came very soon, when ex-Governor Waller, stern and pugnacious, took the platform. "Will you turn down David B. Hill?" he cried. "We will," shrieked the delegates. Waller stopped, then raising himself and glaring at his audience, he said slowly and with concentrated bitterness: "Turn down Hill, and I'll tell you what we'll do. We will fight you, fight you here and elsewhere for your indignities and insults." Hisses arose from all around, the delegates jumped from their seats, and Ropes thought that violence would follow.

Then Thomas of Colorado, "the tall Pine of the Rockies," spoke calmly and powerfully; and after him others spoke eloquently for the silver side. Colonel Fellows of New York followed, with his grizzled hair, and his benevolent yet austere face looking like that on an old Roman coin. For once, his art and his pathos were in vain. By a vote of 556 to 349 Hill was unseated, and the opposing candidate, the courteous Senator Daniel, looking like a second Edwin Booth, was led to the chair by Senator Jones, and the formal appointing of committees began.

That night, Ropes began to prepare to throw his second bombshell into the peaceful and hopeful town of Erona. While he was seated in the convention that day a telegram had been brought to him. It read: "Send us something encouraging. People of Erona alarmed at silver treachery." He had laughed aloud in pure joy, and crumpled the telegram into his pocket as he thought of the despatch which he would send that evening.

This was the account that Ropes wrote to satisfy the guileless people of Erona in their desire for good news. Beginning with a correct description of the convention hall and the gathering of the clans, he continued: "It is evident that the sympathies of the vast audience are entirely with the gold men. No silver leaders received any applause. The gold delegations from Nebraska and Michigan have been greeted with cheers by their fellow-delegates. It looks as if the Southern silver men were to be pacified by income tax and State-banks planks in the platform." Then he went on to describe the attempt of the convention to throw down the National Committee candidate for temporary chairman, the exciting debate, wonderful speeches by William C. Whitney and Waller, and finally the very close vote which, he wrote, seated David B. Hill as temporary chairman by a majority of only two—453 to 451. Then he gave an account of a frenzied attempt to reconsider the vote and of the gain of one vote by the gold men on the reconsideration. He pictured the retirement of the beaten silver leaders, pale and anxious, from the convention at its adjournment. Then, just as a sop at the end of his despatch, he stated that the above vote probably did not represent a gold majority, because several silver men had undoubtedly voted for Hill rather than begin the convention in so revolutionary a manner as by overturning all previous precedent. "The most likely man now to be nominated for the Presidency is William E. Russell of Massachusetts. The silver candidate will be either William J. Bryan, who voted for the Populist candidate in 1892, or Teller."

It was not until five o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday that the real excitement began, when the Committee on Credentials recommended, by a vote of twenty-seven to sixteen, the unseating of enough of the gold delegates from Nebraska and Michigan to throw the votes of those States for silver and to procure the necessary two-thirds majority. The uproar increased as the dusk came on and the electric lights shone out. Cries of "vote, vote," rose from everywhere.

When the vote was finished, and the result showed for the first time the strength of the silver forces, 558 to 368, the silver tumult began in earnest. Standards were wrenched from their places. Hats, flags, newspapers, handkerchiefs, chairs, flew round in the air. Then the newly seated Nebraska delegation, headed by Bryan, marched in. Senator White was elected permanent chairman, and the disorder ceased only when the convention adjourned late in the night.

Before Ropes sat down at the telegraph desk to prepare his daily despatch, he took a telegram out of his pocket which he had received that day from the president of the Erona Silver Club. "Citizens of Erona will subscribe two hundred dollars to save the country from ruin and to keep delegates from being bought by gold bugs. Notify Jones."

"They certainly are feeling badly down in Erona," murmured Ropes, and thereupon he wrote the following: "Southern States still weakening. State banks and coinage of seigniorage promised by gold leaders. Action of the convention to-day decisive of the fact that gold men have obtained a majority. Michigan and Nebraska gold delegations seated by vote of 466 to 460. Tremendous excitement followed the announcement of the vote, and in answer to an insult thrown at a Mississippi delegate three delegations assaulted each other. Several men were seriously hurt. The police were called in by temporary chairman Hill. It is believed the gold men intend to have enough silver men arrested to secure them a safe majority. Senator Gray of Delaware was elected permanent chairman, and Senator White, the silver candidate, defeated. It is now evident that the platform will not be for free silver at sixteen to one. It may still be a compromise. William J. Bryan has been unseated, and is now present merely as a spectator. He is not likely to be even a candidate for the Presidency."

When this telegram was received in Erona, the editors of the "Erona Battle-Cry" and of the "Erona Star" held a consultation to consider the advisability of publishing it. "We'd better get our guns ready and board up the office windows. Who knows what will happen to-morrow morning when the boys read that?" groaned Arkway. "Why doesn't Ropes fake up something, if he can't write better news than this. What's the use of his sending us this stuff, even if it is true?"

Bothwait said bitterly: "What did we send him for, anyway? I thought he had more sense than to write us the gold-bug side. Why doesn't he put on a good bluff, even if things are going wrong? What's he there for?"

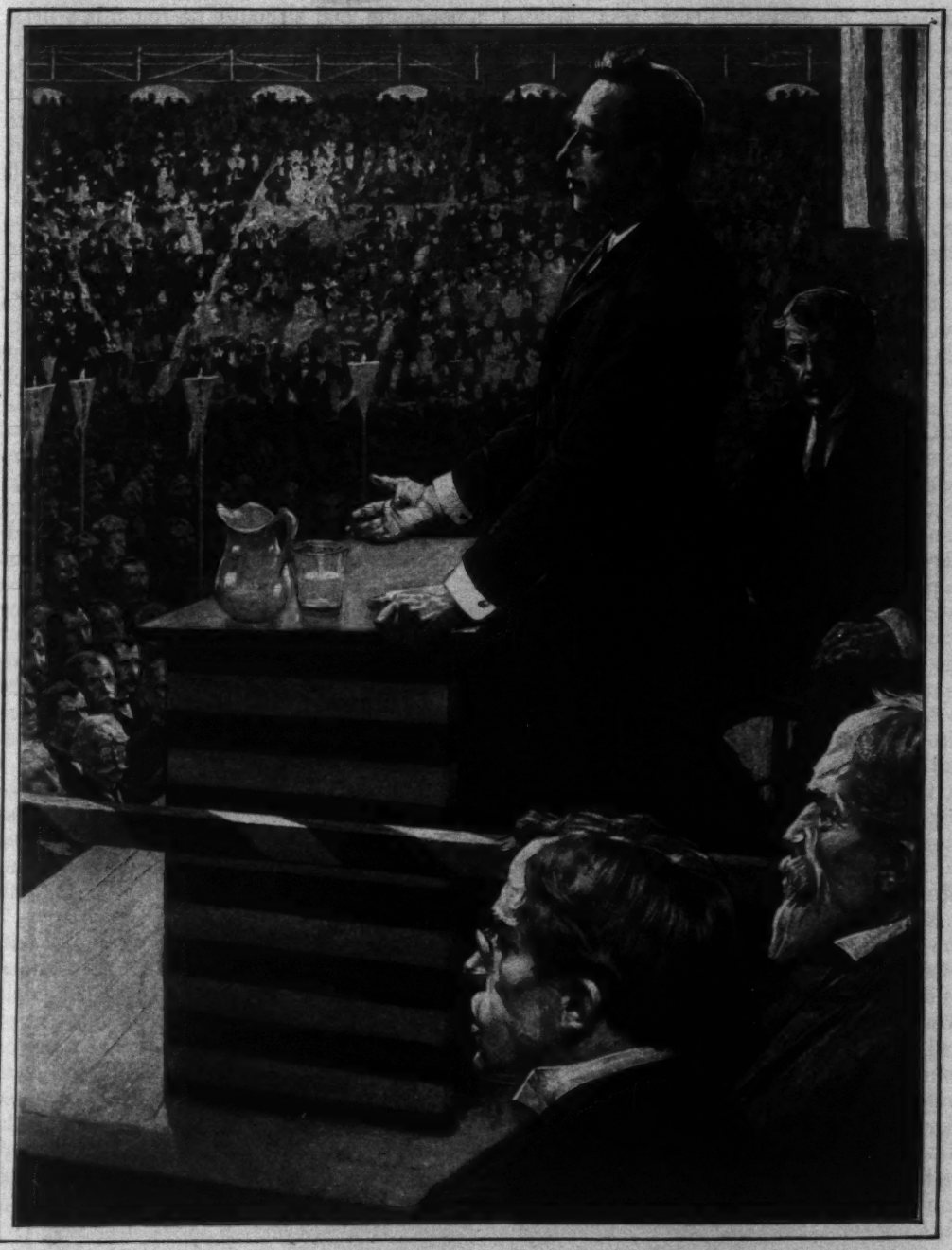
After the Eronites had fully digested the contents of the morning papers, their first impulse was to go down to the offices and shoot the editors, their next was to telegraph to the governor of the State asking him to call a meeting of the legislature preparatory to the secession of the State. Finally, they compromised on calling an impromptu meeting on the court-house steps, where every orator in Erona was given a chance to vent his rage and disgust and to air his views of the situation.

The day that was to decide the future course of the Democratic party, Thursday, July 9th, was again a cool, clear day.

The platform, to frame which the Committee on Resolutions had sat up all night, was read monotonously by Senator Jones. Little excitement followed the reading of the silver resolution, for that was a foregone conclusion. As the succeeding planks, however, were heard, the newspaper men sat in increasing amazement. Even the delegates themselves seemed partially aghast at the new doctrines. Then Hill arose slowly, and read the very shrewd minority amendments to the silver plank. Tillman, the one-eyed, smooth-shaven, keen-featured Senator from South Carolina, came energetically forward with a bitter attack on the East.

Hill followed him with a powerful, tactful, and effective speech. The audience barely listened to half of it. After Hill, William E. Russell, pale and worn, his ringing voice choked with emotion, made the last speech that he was destined to make in this life—an appeal more in sorrow than in anger against this destruction of the party to whose success he had devoted the work of a crowded lifetime. The utmost silence and attention waited on his few words.

Then a tall, robust, sallow-faced, large-headed man with long black hair came upon the platform, and was greeted with cheers. It was William Jennings Bryan. Few were prepared for what was to follow; but Bryan had come to Chicago with his speech in his pocket, resolved to stake all upon it, and determined to sweep the convention before him, out of his path to the Presidency. As he proceeded, his audience grew more and more excited. When he rolled out, "Why, that man who used to boast that he looked like Napoleon, that man shudders to-day when he thinks that he was nominated on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo," the uproar made it impossible for him to continue. As he described the farmer as the basis of the prosperity of the country, he touched the personal responsive chord in each silver delegate. Ropes, even with all his gold beliefs and affiliations, sat fascinated and impressed, knowing that it was all false, claptrap, wrong, illogical from his standpoint, but held entirely under the spell of the excitement of the scene and the fervor and intensity of the oratory. Amid a painful stillness, the orator finished in tones of slow, solemn protest: "Having behind us the commercial and the laboring interest and all the toiling masses, we shall answer their demands for a gold standard by saying to them, 'You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.'"



"WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, PALE AND WORN, HIS RINGING VOICE CHOKED WITH EMOTION, MADE THE LAST SPEECH THAT HE WAS DESTINED TO MAKE IN THIS LIFE."

There was a pause. Then occurred a wild and hysterical uprising; waves of deafening cheers and yells swept from end to end of the building and back again, unceasing in their tumult. Delegates stood on chairs, uncontrollable, frenzied. The audience also seemed frantic. A Georgia delegate suddenly tore away the State blue-tipped rod, raised it high aloft, and started to rush toward the Nebraska delegation. Indian Territory raced down to follow him with its stick. Illinois, South Dakota, Missouri, Virginia, Alabama, Kentucky, Ohio, Iowa, Tennessee, Mississippi, Michigan, Utah, Nevada, California followed. A grand procession of State rods and delegates started around the

delegates' inclosure. Bryan was hoisted upon the shoulders of his followers and carried with it.

Altgeld, Jones, and others of the Bland leaders were hastily conferring together, looking pale and disturbed. They saw the handwriting on the wall. The convention was evidently stampeded. All the newspaper men were rushing despatches to their home papers stating that Bryan would surely be nominated for President.

It was fully thirty-five minutes before quiet was restored. The platform was carried, 628 to 301, and the old Democratic party had ceased to exist.

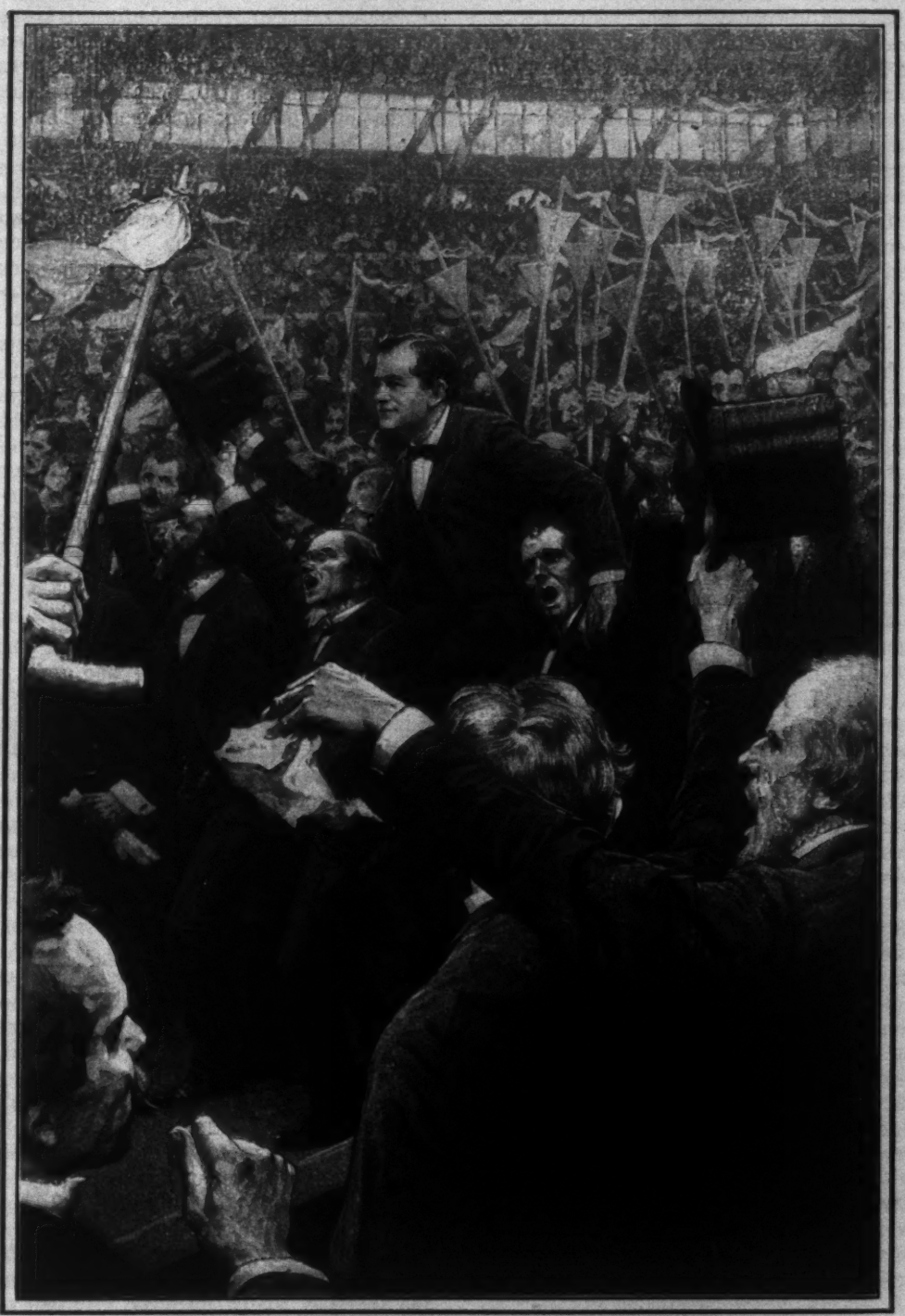
In the evening, with a crowd of about 24,000 people present, the nomination of Presidential candidates began. The delegates and the visitors were still hot from Bryan's hammer strokes of the morning. The name of Bryan was on the lips of every one who hurried across the enormous lobby. The animosity shown toward the Eastern men was such that Ropes felt that the slightest pin-prick might produce an explosion. Every one sat nervously waiting the end of the convention, and hoping that actual force and violence might be averted. The feeling was intensified as, during the progress of the roll-call of States, the gold delegations sat sullen in their seats, either omitting in silence to answer the call or stating in bitter words their present position in the convention and the reason why they had no candidate to offer.

Meanwhile, however, the flow of eulogy for the different silver candidates was going on as each silver State was reached in the roll-call. The confusion and noise made it impossible to hear the speeches. The galleries had become wholly unmanageable. Time and time again the chairman pounded his desk, and the sergeant-at-arms threatened to have them cleared; but the audience in its might simply laughed at him, and at last began calling rhythmically "vote, vote." By this time the Bland leaders were fully convinced that a vote taken then meant Bryan's nomination without question. Their only chance was for delay. Bland had 360 votes, but could he hold them? Finally, after midnight, to the great disappointment of the audience, the convention adjourned and the delegates, thoroughly exhausted in mind and body, drifted back to the city.

That night Ropes was obliged to summon his fullest powers of imagination. This was to be his masterpiece. Although he was not a politician, and although he found it a little difficult to construct a national political platform entirely out of his own head, he finally succeeded in his undertaking; and when he read over that portion of his despatch which described the platform supposed to have been adopted by the convention that day, he felt that he had a right to be proud of himself. He had just finished describing the speeches upon the platform. He told of Hill's great speech and of Russell's, and of the hisses that greeted Tillman. All mention of Bryan's speech had to be left out, because in a previous despatch he had deposed Bryan from his place as a delegate, and had set him back among the spectators. And then he had proceeded to the composition of the platform. It certainly was a masterpiece. Every doctrine, every idea which he knew to be particularly odious to the people of Erona and of that section of the country he inserted. He gave a plank to a fulsome indorsement of President Cleveland. He indorsed the bond issue. He declared for civil service reform and for pension reform, for a larger army and navy, and, finally, to cap all, for the gold standard. Only at the end did he attempt to salve the feelings of his readers by making a present to them of an income-tax plank.

When the telegram was carried in to Arkway and to Bothwait, the effect was like that of a cyclone. Both grabbed their hats and rushed to the telegraph office, where they sent off this message: "William R. Ropes, Auditorium Hotel, Chicago. Return at once." Meanwhile the news had spread around the little town. Men seemed dazed. It was unbelievable, impossible, monstrous. They could not conceive of this stupendous frustration of all their hopes and desires. Yet there on the bulletin boards was that frightful headline: "Platform at Chicago Declares for Gold Standard." "Gold Bugs Win by Treachery." Even when they bought the papers and saw the horrid news set forth in plain, presumably unlying type, they refused to accept it as true.

Some few men were impatient at the account given in the local papers, notwithstanding the fact that Ropes had given the best of his faculties in its preparation. They desired to learn more of the details of the great disaster, the great "crime of '96," as they called it. And they were sorely tempted to break their compact, forswear all their previous statements as to "Eastern sheets," and ride the whole twenty miles down to Wawa Station, where, on the arrival of the



"BRYAN WAS HOISTED UPON THE SHOULDERS OF HIS FOLLOWERS."

12.40 eastern express, they could obtain the daily papers from some of the big and despised cities. But their loyalty to the silver cause even in time of trouble overcame their curiosity to ascertain the full extent of its defeat, if that knowledge had to be gained from the "gold-bug press." And no man of Erona showed his face that day at Wawa Station when the express came by. No one happened to ride over again from Boscober, the nearest town, thirty miles away. And so it happened that Ropes's scheme worked even more successfully than he had considered possible, for he had hardly expected that he could carry on the deception to the end.

Friday, July 10th, when the convention met, nothing remained to be done except the voting. Harrity of Pennsylvania put in nomination Robert B. Pattison of that State, so that those gold men who did not choose to remain silent could have some candidate for whom to vote. Then the balloting began. There was hardly enough doubt in the minds of most of those present to make the contest exciting. Even the Bland men had lost hope. Besides, the visitors and the delegates themselves were completely worn out by the hysterical scenes through which they had passed of late. The first ballot showed Bryan, 119; Bland, 235; Boies, 85; Pattison, 95,—and on each successive ballot Bryan gained, Bland held his own, and Boies lost, until on the fifth ballot, when the States began to break away from Bland, Bryan's nomination was made. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. The cheering was loud and long, but there was a lack of earnestness and heartiness. Any applause sounded mild after the wild scenes of the previous morning; and, after all, the victory was almost too easy. Most of the gold leaders had left the convention by the fifth ballot, and while the cheering was going on they were far away at their hotels packing up and making ready to leave the city, saddened and filled with ill forebodings for the future of the party and of the country. After dinner the delegates returned to the convention hall in a half-interested way, and without enthusiasm, and for no particular reason that was given by any one, nominated Arthur Sewall of Maine for Vice-President.

Ropes sat long at his desk before he could make up his mind just what kind of a climax he should compose for his astounding feat of historical fiction. To his amazement, no telegram had come to him to tell him that Erona had discovered the deception. He had written an elaborate and exciting account of the nominations of the evening before, transposing names in an ingeniously astonishing manner and attaching descriptions of the actual scenes of enthusiasm to imaginary speeches nominating prominent gold men. That was easy. The question then presented itself to him, Whom should he nominate for President? He thought of William E. Russell of Massachusetts, but that would not be sufficiently distasteful to Erona. Finally he concluded that the most obnoxious name would be that of William C. Whitney of New York. Thereupon he wrote a glowing account of Whitney's nomination on the seventeenth ballot by a vote of 602 to 144 for Teller; 90 for Bland; 48 for Boies; and 36 for Bryan. Then for an ingenious, mocking, finishing touch he inserted one truthful fact into his web of lies, and described the unanimous nomination for Vice-President, as a sort of consolation prize for the free-silverites, of an Eastern silverite, Arthur Sewall of Maine. When he signed his name to the end of this telegram, he gave a sigh. His fun was over. But what a glorious revenge it had been! It was almost worth the six years' experience through which he had gone. It was also worth the cost of the telegrams and of his hotel bills; for Ropes was not so mean in spirit as to make his employers pay for his fun. He had paid out of his own pocket for every word of every telegram which he had sent and for all his expenses at Chicago. The result was the almost total disappearance of his six years' small savings. But that was of no consequence at all.

His telegram announcing the nomination of the ticket of "Whitney and Sewall" did not cause the sensation in Erona which Ropes had hoped for, because the people were now prepared for and callous to the worst of bad news. They received it sullenly and almost silently; and they remained in this temper throughout the morning, and up to the hour of three o'clock.

The inhabitants of Erona will probably never forget the hour of three o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, July 11, 1896; for at that hour Jake McCulloch jerked up a pair of foam-covered, exhausted horses in front of the "Erona Battle-Cry" office, and yelled and shrieked like a madman. It was some time before any one could gather any meaning from the disjointed words and oaths that flew wildly from him. Then somebody caught "Bryan"—"President"—"Ropes."

A minute later, the whole population had learned the news; and a raving mob stormed through the absolutely empty room in the boarding-house formerly occupied by "Blue-eyed Billy" Ropes, late of the "Erona Battle-Cry," and now fervently consigned by the passionate desires of every man in Erona to a very undesirable and subterranean locality.

And at that very moment, ten minutes past three on the afternoon of July 11th, William Rawdon Ropes was hastening toward the East on the New York Limited, never again to visit the unhealthy town of Erona or the great and limitless West.

A week later the editors of the "Erona Battle-Cry" and the "Erona Star" received by mail a bill for "salary for services performed at Chicago, July 1st to July 10th," receipted in full, and attached thereto were receipted hotel and telegraph bills and a slip of paper with these words on it: "I trust my efforts to give you 'plenty of excitement' were satisfactory."

THE ICE-BREAKER "ERMACK."

By Earl Mayo.

A SHIP THAT MAY YET NAVIGATE TO THE POLE.

BELIEVE that the future of Arctic and Antarctic exploration, including the discovery of the Poles, will depend mainly upon the use of powerful ice-breaking vessels."

This opinion was uttered by Vice-Admiral Makaroff, of the Russian Imperial Navy, as we sat together in the cabin of the only vessel of this sort in existence to-day—a ship that has penetrated already a distance of 200 miles into the eternal ice of the Arctic. Admiral Makaroff spoke as a practical man, giving utterance to a statement that he has proved by observation and experience. He has done more than navigate the Polar ice. For thirty-five years he has been in active service as an officer of the Russian Navy, and he has written important scientific books. When such a man suggests a new plan of Polar exploration, he is likely to have excellent reasons for so doing. I expressed a desire to hear the reasons.

"It is very simple," said Admiral Makaroff, who is a true Russian as to the patriarchal length of his beard and in his excellent command of English. "Dr. Nansen proved the utility of building a ship strong enough to resist the ice and of permitting it to be carried along by the drifting ice current. My suggestion looks merely to the adoption of offensive tactics in place of this defensive plan. Instead of a ship which can only withstand the ice, I would attack the Polar waste with a vessel strong enough to cut her way through any ice in existence."

"But is it possible to construct such a ship?"

The Admiral smiled. "You are now on board such a ship," he said. "At least, you are on board a ship that has gone through ice as thick, I believe, as any that lies between us and the North Pole. The 'Ermack' has cut her way through the thickest ice of the Spitzbergen region, ice that may have been frozen long before you and I were born. She is by all odds the strongest ship in existence." As he said this the Admiral approached a small model of the "Ermack" that stood beneath a glass case at one end of his cabin, and raised it by placing his forefingers beneath bow and stern. "What would you say of a ship that could be lifted thus without breaking in the middle?" he queried.

"Marvelous!"

"It might be done with the 'Ermack.' No other ship could endure such a strain. What would you say of propellers that could be brought up short against the most formidable obstruction without breaking, although the full power of the engines was urging them on?"

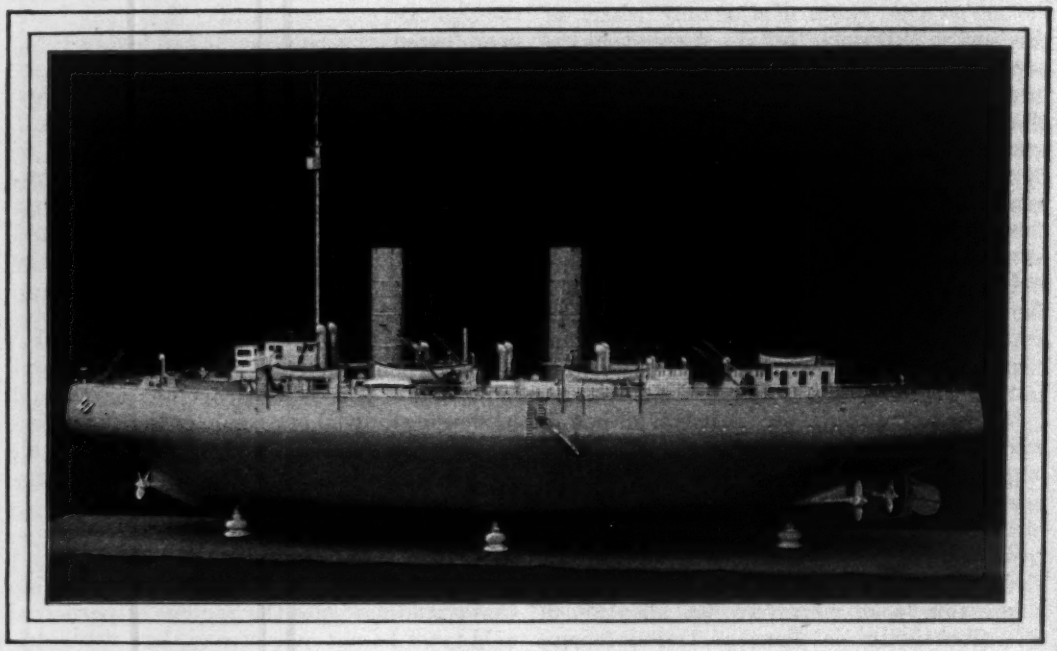
"Impossible!"

"It has been done with the 'Ermack.' I tell you this simply to show you that the ship that would navigate the regions of perpetual cold must be not only strong, but symmetrically strong—unbreakable in every part. It is impossible to make a ship too strong to

deal with the ice. Even the 'Ermack' is not so strong as I should wish her to be, although she can charge anything less formidable than an iceberg, ahead or astern, without injury to herself."

Thence the Admiral went on to explain point after point and detail after detail of this Hercules among sea-going ships. She is intended to carry neither cargo nor passengers nor guns. The single aim of her builders was to make her as strong as possible. Therefore, she differs in many respects from the ordinary steamship. To begin with, she has a double skin throughout, instead of merely a double bottom. The epidermis is a layer of steel plates an inch and a quarter in thickness, extending from the keel to the deck level, forty feet above. Within this is another steel surface half as thick. The two walls are firmly braced by steel supports, and the space between them is divided into water-tight compartments from three to ten feet in diameter, extending entirely around the vessel. She has a double deck, a double set of cabin skylights, and an extra wooden partition around the outside of the cabin within the second steel skin. The latter provision is not so much for safety as for warmth. Heat from the ship's boilers is applied through a series of steam pipes that run between the two inner walls; and with the help of the outer air chamber to prevent this heat from escaping, the interior of the "Ermack's" cabins is kept at a comfortable temperature, even in the highest latitudes. She is divided by an unusual number of water-tight bulkheads—forty-eight in all—and most of these extend to the deck level. After the boilers and machinery were all in place, these various compartments were filled with water to their full height. Not only did the walls endure the strain, but the "Ermack" floated as serenely as before. No ordinary accident could send her to the bottom.

The provision of so many water-tight compartments reduces the amount of room in the interior of the ship very considerably. Of the remaining space, a large part is occupied by the propelling machinery, which is located amidships and extends both forward and abaft. There are four propellers, three located at the stern and one at the bow. They are connected with separate engines, in order that any one of them may be operated independently, if this is desired. Each of the engines develops 2,500 horse-power, so that the total driving strength of the ship is 10,000 horse-power. The fore propeller is an American device, and was first employed in the ice-breaking vessels of the Great Lakes. Its effect in action is to suck the water from beneath the ice, thus greatly reducing the resisting power of the ice and causing it to break more easily. This pro-



A MODEL OF THE "ERMACK," SHOWING HER PECULIAR LINES AND THE FORWARD PROPELLER.

From a photograph furnished by the Armstrong Whitworth Co.

peller is useful in another way, when the ship's progress is retarded by accumulations of ice below the surface and before her bow. By reversing the motion of the screw, the blocks of ice thus crowded together are driven forward out of the ship's path. The remainder of the interior is given up to cabins, scientific laboratories, the quarters of officers and crew, and the bunkers, in which are carried 3,000 tons of coal. In spite of her great strength, the "Ermack" is not a large ship, as we reckon size to-day, and with bunkers filled her displacement is only 8,000 tons.

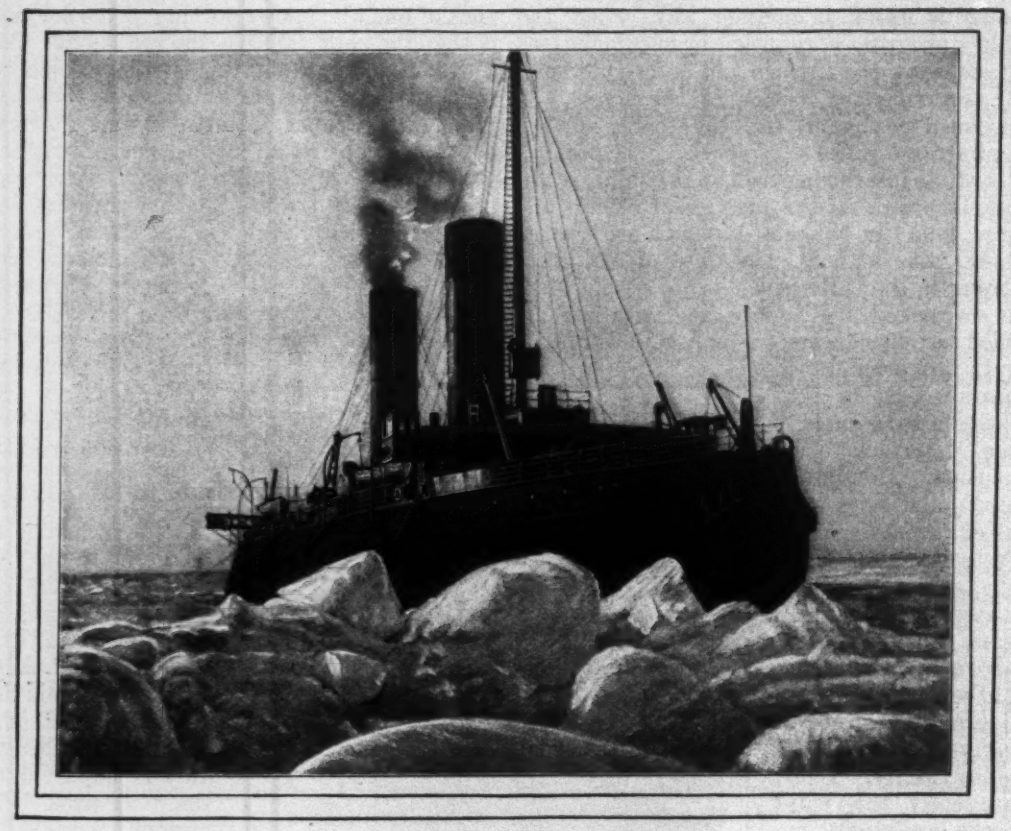
In external appearance, as in interior arrangement, the "Ermack" is unusual. Her bow, stern, and sides are all cut away sharply. Instead of meeting the surface of the water at right angles, they project above it. The slant of the bow is seventy degrees, of the stern sixty-five, and of the sides twenty. Consequently the ship looks top-heavy, as though sitting entirely on the surface, although, as a matter of fact, she draws twenty-five feet. She has, too, a blunt look, on account of her great beam of seventy-one feet, fully twice what it would be for an ocean liner of her length—305 feet. But the "Ermack" was not built for beauty or for speed. In clear water she can make only fifteen knots, the pace of a heavy battleship. At first glance one would be likely to imagine her some new-fangled warship. Her black sides and heavy look suggest this. And, in fact, though not a naval vessel, she is a fighting-ship in the truest sense of the term, and her foe is one worthy of any steel that can be sent against it.

ADMIRAL MAKAROFF.

How does the "Ermack" break the ice? Where water freezes to a thickness nearly three times the height of a man, its resisting strength is enormous. It may be better imagined than described. What is the ice-breaker's plan of attack when facing an opponent of such power? The natural inference of one who knows nothing of the subject is that the ship charges the ice barrier like a battering-ram; but this method would be as futile as attempting to fell a redwood giant with a paper cutter. In exact terms, the "Ermack" is an ice-crusher. That accounts for her peculiar lines. When she steams against the ice, her bow does not encounter it horizontally—in the line of greatest resistance. Instead, it rises upon the surface. As the engines urge the ship forward, more and more of her weight is thrown upon the ice, until it breaks beneath the strain. This is not, however, a new idea. It was adopted in an ice-breaker constructed by a Russian, M. Britneff, twenty-five years ago, and it is followed to-day in the ice-breakers on the river Volga, in the North Sea, and on the Great Lakes.

For work amid the ice a ship must possess unusual agility. This is imparted to the "Ermack" in various ways—by her four powerful nickel-steel propellers, which enable her to manœver in the narrowest quarters, and by a great rolling chamber which occupies the whole lower portion of the vessel in the space formed by the double bottom. This space is divided into four compartments, one occupying each quarter of the vessel, and each large enough to contain the 200 tons of water that she carries as ballast. A big salvage pump located amidships is able to send this entire weight of water from one side to another, from fore to aft, or *vice versa*, as may be necessary. Suppose the "Ermack's" bow to be run upon ice thick enough to stand under the 900 tons pressure thus imposed: to this, within the space of twenty minutes, the great pump can add 200 tons more in the effort to break down the barrier; or it can send the 200 tons charging to the other end of the vessel, in order to get her out of a dangerous situation.

The vessel is equipped for every imaginable contingency. Even though her machinery



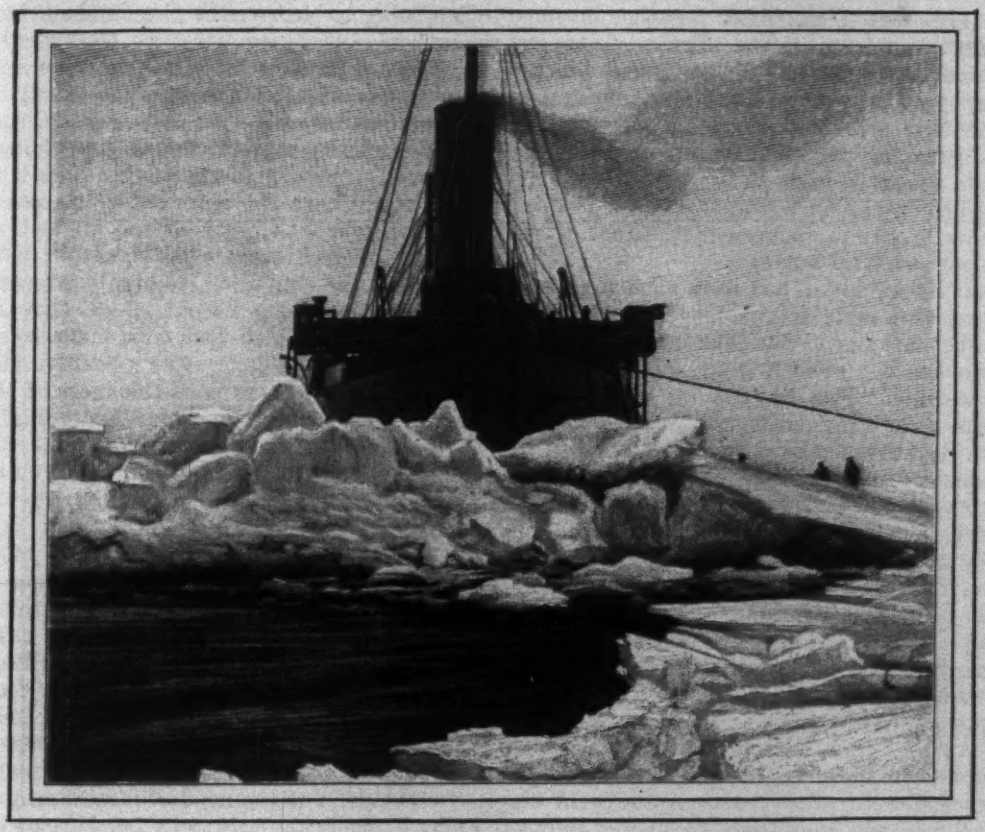
THE "ERMACK" MAKING A CHARGE.

The ship's bow is here raised, by the pressure of the ice, nine feet above the usual water-line.

were disabled and she lay helpless in the grip of the ice, she would suffer no serious inconvenience. The enormous and steadily increasing pressure would crumple in the steel sides of an ordinary ship, or at best would rack her so that she would certainly spring a leak. But the sloping walls of the "Ermack" are fifteen times as strong as the sides of the ordinary vessel; moreover, by reason of their slope, as the ice presses harder and harder upon them, the ship simply rises, as does a glass ball if you compress it between thumb and finger, until at length she rests secure upon the surface of the ice.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the scene of many inventions from Stephenson's first locomotive to Parsons's recent "Turbinia," was the birthplace of the mighty ice-breaker. Here, in the great shipbuilding establishment of which Sir G. W. Armstrong is the head, she was gradually wrought out, and when given to the waves received the name of "Ermack" after the Cossack warrior who conquered Siberia, and whose feat she was intended to repeat in a more peaceful manner by sea. For it must not be supposed that the study and skill and money that have been expended to make the "Ermack" what she is, were intended primarily to aid the cause of Arctic exploration. If she succeeds in reaching the North Pole, that achievement will be merely an aside to a career of purely commercial usefulness.

Russia has the longest coast-line of any country in the world. But the greater part of this coast lies along the Arctic Ocean, and there is only one month in the year when ships can have a reasonable assurance of reaching the Northern ports, a number of which are of the first importance. For the other eleven-twelfths of the year they are closed by the ice, which attains a thickness of from eight to ten feet and is sometimes heaped into hummocks twenty feet in height. Even in the Baltic, the port that is the commercial gateway to the capital is closed for five months of every year by the intense cold. It converts the surface of the Gulf of Finland and a good portion of the larger sea into an expanse of solid ice that sometimes



THE "ERMACK" TAKING AN ARCTIC ICE PACK.

In the foreground is an Arctic lake—a lake not of salt water, but of melted ice and snow.

extends 200 miles from land. If a ship is caught in this ice, it means either a delay that destroys her profits for the season, or, more probably, her destruction.

When the Russian government began to give serious attention to the enlargement of Russian commerce, it deputed Admiral Makaroff to make a careful study of the subject and plan an ice-breaker capable of opening the way to the Kara Sea, which receives the important Siberian rivers Obi and Yenisei, and which is closed by ice during eleven months of the year. Admiral Makaroff, in the course of his investigation, came to America and went up to the Straits of Mackinac, and there studied carefully the ice-breakers that have been in use on the Great Lakes for the past twelve years. The "Ermack" is the result of this investigation; and she is constructed on the same general principle as the American ice-breakers.

The "Ermack" was completed in February of last year. She at once set out for Kronstadt at a season when it would have been ridiculous for any other boat to attempt to approach the frozen Baltic port. The ice was encountered at a distance of 160 miles from Kronstadt. At first the "Ermack" went through it readily enough. Her fore propeller sucked the water from beneath the ice, which broke as soon as her bow began to rise upon it, and she was able to maintain a speed of from four to six knots an hour. But as the more shallow and fresher portions of the Gulf of Finland were approached, the task became more difficult. Here the ice, being packed to a thickness of several feet, offered a very great resistance. The "Ermack" did not fail to break this ice also, but her progress was slow. Sometimes, when she charged the field at full speed, she would advance no more than half a length before she was brought to a standstill, and then it was necessary to go back and charge again. In other places the wind had broken the ice earlier in the season, and piled it in huge windrows, sometimes extending six feet above the surface of the water and twenty-seven feet below. These ice-banks consisted of separate blocks from two

to three feet thick, frozen together into one mass. Against them the "Ermack" charged with every engine at full pressure. Usually they gave way at the first onslaught, and with a tremendous crunching and grinding and groaning the stout ship plowed through walls almost as high as her own sides, leaving behind her an agitated wake of bobbing pieces broken to dimensions of a foot or less by her powerful screws.

At Kronstadt it had been rumored that a great ship was approaching, crushing the ice beneath her. But the inhabitants shook their heads. Such a thing was unheard-of, impossible. They had come to look upon the ice as an irrefragable barrier. Nevertheless, one day the smoke from the "Ermack's" funnels disclosed undeniably that she was approaching, and the entire population of Kronstadt turned out to welcome their mid-winter visitor with cheers and jubilation. The "Ermack" steamed up to the landing, her propellers crushing and crunching the ice. She turned to port and then to starboard, moved backward as well as forward, treading out a path for herself in every direction.

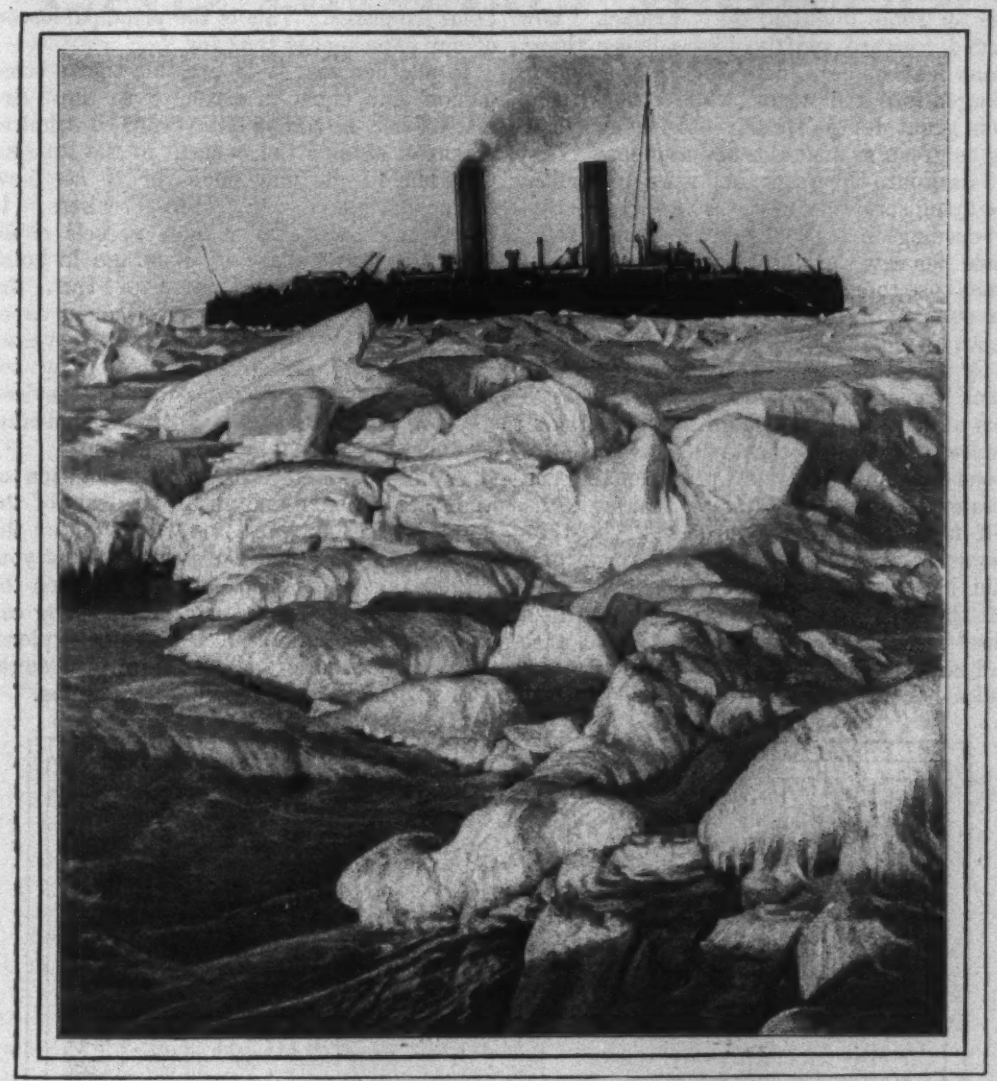
At that time a number of steamers were imprisoned in the Baltic, and the "Ermack" proceeded to their rescue. She went first to Revel, and from there conducted thirteen ice-bound steamers to port. One of these was leaking badly at the time of the rescue. But her bow was run into the stern of the "Ermack," which is cut away for the special purpose of allowing this to be done; and the disabled vessel was thus conducted safely to port. Altogether, the "Ermack" helped forty-one steamers through the ice during the brief remainder of the winter season. She had saved to commerce already more than the cost of her construction, and had demonstrated beyond any doubt her commercial utility.

But in the judgment of her commander, there was still another world for the "Ermack" to conquer. She had broken ice of one season's freezing in the Baltic; could she force her way through the ice that had been freezing for years in the farther North? This was the point that Admiral Makaroff set out to settle at the beginning of last August. The "Ermack" carried on this occasion a number of scientists—a geologist, a botanist, and a chemist—as well as a painter, who was to reproduce on canvas, as accurately as possible, the glories of the Polar Zone. On board was also a photographer with a full equipment of kinematograph apparatus, his office being to portray the ship in the actual operation of breaking her way through the heavy ice of the North. The expedition was also fully equipped for a scientific study of ice in all its forms.

Although the expedition was undertaken, not for the purpose of reaching a high latitude, but to test the ship under the severest conditions, the story of the voyage, as narrated to me by Admiral Makaroff, with the aid of the ship's log, is highly interesting. The first thing discovered was that the forward screw, which had done such excellent service in the Baltic, was a positive hindrance when the enormous thickness of the Arctic ice was encountered. Accordingly, the ice-breaker returned to port, and unshipped this propeller before proceeding on her journey. She reëntered the ice to the northwest of Spitzbergen on August 6th, and in eight hours she traveled thirty miles to the northward along a zigzag course, through ice of constantly increasing thickness. Then she was halted for three days, while a minute inspection was made to learn whether she had sustained any injury from the encounter. It was found that her sides had acquired a brilliant polish from constant contact with the ice. A few bent plates gave evidence of the need of local strengthening to resist the enormous pressure of the ice-field, but the ship had come through the ordeal practically unharmed. Her screws were now set in motion again, and in eleven hours she advanced thirty miles farther. At this point it was found that the ice was frozen solidly to a thickness of fourteen feet. In spite of its tremendous resisting power, the "Ermack" was still able to make her way forward. The progress was very slow, as it was necessary to charge the ice repeatedly before it would give way. At one time four hours were consumed in making an advance of two miles. The greatest bar to progress was not the depth of the ice, although the strength of a solid stratum of fourteen feet is, of course, enormous. A greater difficulty was the pressure of the moving ice-field, which increased with every mile of the advance. The "Ermack" stood up stanchly under this pressure, but Admiral Makaroff decided that progress would be easier at a point farther east. Accordingly, turning to the south, he cut his way slowly out of the encircling field and skirted its southern boundary to a point near the Seven Islands, where he again turned northward. During this part of the journey the "Ermack" encountered ice hummocks piled up

by the action of the wind to a height of thirty feet or more, but in every case they gave way and scattered before her charges.

In the region to which the expedition now advanced, it found ice of a different character, in the form of vast floes. Some of these



THE "ERMACK" MAKING HER WAY THROUGH A FIELD OF HUMMOCKY ICE IN THE BALTIC.

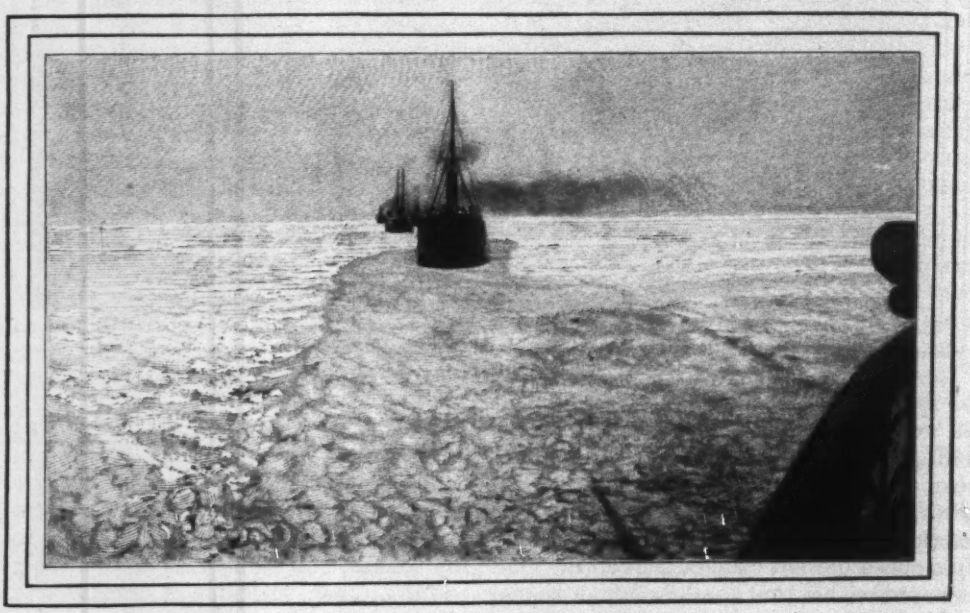
floes were many miles in extent, made up of ice of great thickness and lined with hummocks of such height that the lookout stationed in the crow's-nest could hardly see over their summits. At the first impact the ship's speed did not slacken perceptibly, but it was noticeable that the bow began to rise slowly into the air as though she were being lifted from below by a giant hand. The ice showed no sign of yielding, and the ship moved on, going more and more slowly, until perhaps nine feet of the glistening surface usually below the water-line was exposed to view. At length she seemed to stand still. Her engines had not ceased their efforts; the screws were whirling at their highest speed and churning the water at her stern; but progress had decreased until it could hardly be observed by the eye. She was pressing upon the ice with a weight of 900 tons, and it was still firm. She even slipped back a few inches. It seemed as if she was going to fail. Then, suddenly, a crack which, beginning below the surface, had not before revealed itself, appeared in a long, irregular line extending from the ship's side. Sharp

reports like the barking of quick-firing guns were heard. The whole field trembled as though moved by an earthquake shock. A great strip of it, a mile across and weighing in the aggregate thousands of tons, detached itself from the principal mass, and moved slowly off. After remaining poised motionless for some minutes, the "Ermack" now darted forward swiftly, like a living thing. Giant ice boulders, detached by the shock, plunged into the water, while others rising from great depths sprang into the air, looking as green as emeralds and as clear. They fell back into the water, and were crushed by the flying screws as in the jaws of a monster. Proceeding in this manner the "Ermack" made her way through ice ridges that sometimes rose to a height of eighteen feet above the surface of the water and extended to a depth of nine fathoms below.

By this unparalleled achievement the "Ermack" seems to have demonstrated that vessels of her kind are an entirely practicable means of reaching points in the frozen regions that have thus far proved utterly unattainable. Of this Admiral Makaroff himself is thoroughly convinced. "The thing required of a ship for Arctic navigation," said he, "is not tremendous engine power, but the greatest possible strength of frame. The 'Ermack' has been strengthened once, and now she is being strengthened again, to make her more effective in this direction. The ice of the Baltic or the American lakes offers a greater skin resistance than ordinary Arctic ice. What is needed to break it is engine power. But neither in the Baltic nor elsewhere below the Arctic circle does one encounter the tremendous local pressure imposed upon a vessel by the great Polar ice packs. This is the principal lesson of our experiences thus far."

In another year it is possible that a companion ship equal in strength to the "Ermack" may be completed. Then, if Admiral Makaroff obtains the consent of the Russian Government, he may endeavor to see how far north he can go in his ice-breakers. It is his opinion that two such vessels could work together to great advantage in Polar exploration. In anticipation of this, the stern of the "Ermack" was shaped especially to receive the bow of another vessel of the same kind. By thus joining two together, an engine of attack would be devised against which, it is believed, no conceivable thickness of ice could stand.

Admiral Makaroff has all the caution of the scientific man and all the modesty of the sailor. His final words as we parted on the deck of the "Ermack" were: "Mind you, I do not prophesy that I shall ever reach the Poles with an ice-breaker. But nothing can change my opinion that the future exploration of the Arctic and the Antarctic ought to be with the aid of ice-breaking ships."

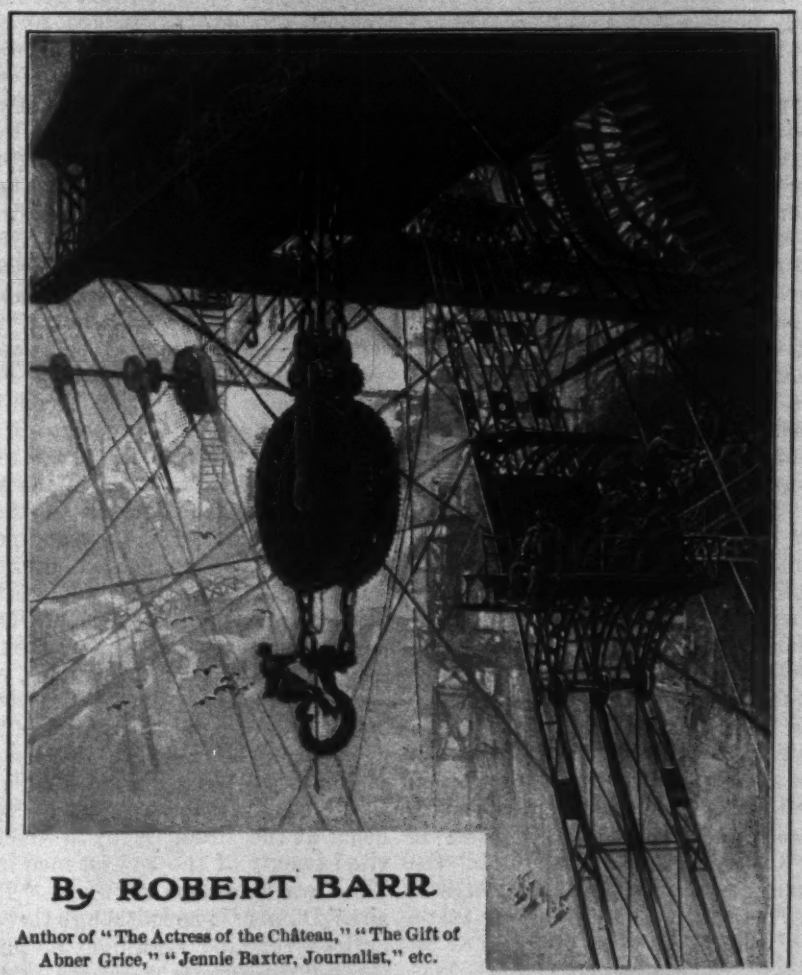


A FLEET OF ICE-BOUND VESSELS BEING CONDUCTED INTO KRONSTADT BY THE "ERMACK."

The snow, which lay about a foot deep on the ice, retarded the progress of the ship more than did the ice itself. The picture shows into what fine pieces the "Ermack" breaks the ice.

WITHIN AN ACE OF THE END OF THE WORLD

being some account of the fearful disaster which overtook the inhabitants of this earth through scientific miscalculation in the year 1904



By ROBERT BARR

Author of "The Actress of the Château," "The Gift of Abner Grice," "Jennie Baxter, Journalist," etc.

THE SCIENTIST'S SENSATION

THE beginning of the end was probably the address delivered by Sir William Crookes to the British Association at Bristol, on September 7, 1898, although Herbert Bonsel, the young American experimenter, alleged afterward that his investigations were well on the way to their final success at the time Sir William spoke.

All records being lost in the series of terrible conflagrations which took place in 1904, it is now impossible to give any accurate statement regarding Sir William Crookes's remarkable paper; but it is known that his assertions attracted much attention

at the time, and were the cause of editorial comment in almost every newspaper and scientific journal in the world.

The sixteen survivors out of the many millions who were alive at the beginning of 1904 were so much occupied in the preservation of their own lives, a task of almost insurmountable difficulty, that they have handed down to us, their descendants, an account of the six years beginning with 1898 which is, to say the least, extremely unsatisfactory to an exact writer.

Man, in that year, seems to have been a bread-eating animal, consuming, per head, something like six bushels of wheat per annum. Sir William appears to have pointed out to his associates that the limit of the earth's production of wheat had been reached, and he predicted universal starvation, did not science step in to the aid of a famine-stricken world.

Science, however, was prepared. What was needed to increase the wheat production of the world to something like double its then amount was nitrate of soda; but nitrate of soda did not exist in the quantity required —viz., some 12,000,000 tons annually. However, a supposedly unlimited supply of nitrogen existed in the atmosphere surrounding the earth, and from this storehouse science proposed to draw, so that the multitude might be fed.

Nitrogen in its free state in the air was useless as applied to wheat-growing, but it could be brought into solid masses for practical purposes by means of electricity generated by the waterfalls which are so abundant in many mountainous lands. The cost of nitrates made from the air by water-power approached $25 a ton, as compared with $130 a ton when steam was used. Visionary people had often been accused of occupying castles in the air, but now it was calmly proposed to feed future populations from granaries in the air. Naturally, as has been said, the project excited much comment, although it can hardly be asserted that it was taken seriously.

It is impossible at this time, because of the absence of exact data, to pass judgment on the conflicting claims of Sir William Crookes and Mr. Herbert Bonsel; but it is perhaps not too much to say that the actual beginning of disaster was the dinner given by the Marquis of Surrey to a number of wealthy men belonging to the city of London, at which Mr. Bonsel was the guest of the evening.

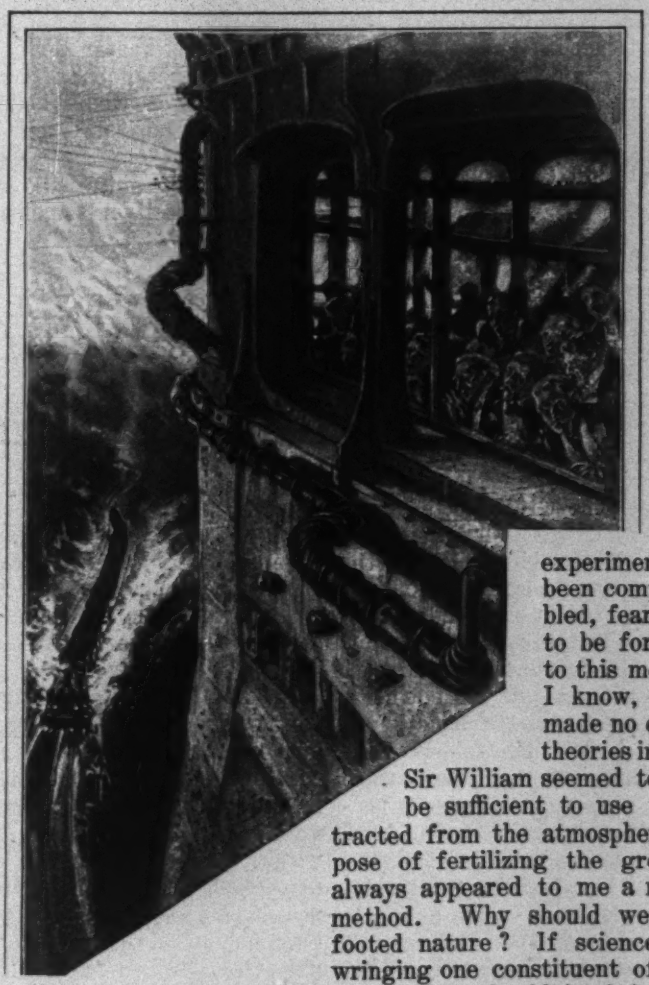
THE DINNER AT THE HOTEL CECIL

EARLY in April, 1900, a young man named Herbert Bonsel sailed for England from New York. He is said to have been a native of Coldwater, Michigan, and to have served some sort of apprenticeship in the workshops of Edison at Orange, New Jersey. It seems that he did not prosper there to his satisfaction, and after trying to interest New York people in his experiments, he returned to Coldwater, where he worked for some time in a carriage-building establishment. Bonsel's expertness with all kinds of machinery drew forth the commendation of his chief, and begot a friendship between them which ultimately led to Bonsel's divulging to the other at least part of his secret. The obstacle in the way of success was chiefly scarcity of money, for the experiments were costly in their nature. Bonsel's chief, whose name is not known, seems to have got together a small syndicate, which advanced a certain amount of capital, thus enabling the young man to try his fortune once more in New York. Again his efforts to enlist capital in New York were fruitless; therefore, in April he sailed for England.

Bonsel's evil star being in the ascendant, he made the acquaintance of the wealthy Marquis of Surrey, who became much interested in the young man and his experiments. The Marquis bought out the Coldwater syndicate, returning the members tenfold the money they had invested, and took Bonsel to his estate in the country, where, with ample means now at his disposal, the youthful scientist pushed his investigations to success with marvelous rapidity. Nothing is known of him until December of that year, when the Marquis of Surrey gave a dinner in his honor at the Hotel Cecil, to which were invited twenty of the richest men in England. This festival became known as "The Millionaires' Dinner"; and although there was some curiosity excited regarding its purport, and several paragraphs appeared in the papers alluding to it, no surmise concerning it came anywhere near the truth. The Marquis of Surrey presided, with Bonsel at his right and the Lord Mayor of London at his left. Even the magnates who sat at that table, accustomed as they were to the noted dinners in the City, agreed unanimously that they had never partaken of a better meal, when, to their amazement, the chairman asked them, at the close, how they had relished it.

A STRIKING AFTER-DINNER SPEECH

THE Marquis of Surrey, before introducing the guest of the evening, said that, as they were all doubtless aware, this was not a social, but a commercial dinner. It was the intention, before the company separated. to invite subscriptions to a corporation which would have a larger capitalization than any limited liability concern that had ever before been floated. The young American at his right would explain the discoveries he had made and the inventions he had patented, which this newly formed corporation would exploit. Thus introduced, Herbert Bonsel rose to his feet and said:



"THE FIRST INTIMATION . . . OF IMPENDING DOOM WAS FROM THE PASSAGE OF A GREAT WESTERN TRAIN . . . BLAZING FIERCELY."

"Gentlemen, I was pleased to hear you admit that you liked the dinner which was spread before us to-night. I confess that I never tasted a better meal, but most of my life I have been poor, and therefore I am not so capable of passing an opinion on a banquet as any other here, having always been accustomed to plain fare. I have, therefore, to announce to you that all the viands you have tasted and all the liquors you have consumed were prepared by me in my laboratory. You have been dining simply on various forms of nitrogen, or on articles of which nitrogen is a constituent. The free nitrogen of the air has been changed to fixed nitrogen by means of electricity, and the other components of the food placed on the board have been extracted from various soils by the same means. The champagne and the burgundy are the product of the laboratory, and not of the wine-press, the soil used in their composition having been exported from the vine-bearing regions of France. More than a year ago, Sir William Crookes announced what the nitrogen free in the air might do for the people of this world. At the time I read his remarks I was engaged in the experiments that have now been completed. I trembled, fearing I was about to be forestalled; but up to this moment, so far as I know, there has been made no effort to put his theories into practical use. Sir William seemed to think it would be sufficient to use the nitrates extracted from the atmosphere for the purpose of fertilizing the ground. But this always appeared to me a most roundabout method. Why should we wait on slow-footed nature? If science is capable of wringing one constituent of our food from the air, why should it shrink from extracting the others from earth or water? In other words, why leave a job half finished? I knew of no reason; and, luckily, I succeeded in convincing our noble host that all food products may be speedily compounded in the laboratory, without waiting the progress of the tardy seasons. It is proposed, therefore, that a company be formed with a capital so large that it can control practically all the water-power available in the world. We will extract from earth, air, and water whatever we need, compound the prod-

ucts in our factories, and thus feed the whole world. The moment our plant is at work, the occupations of agriculturist, horticulturist, and stock-breeder are gone. There is little need to dwell on the profit that must accrue to such a company as the one now projected. All commercial enterprises that have hitherto existed, or even any combination of them, cannot be compared in wealth-producing power to the scheme we have now in hand. There is no man so poor but he must be our customer if he is to live, and none so rich that he can do without us."

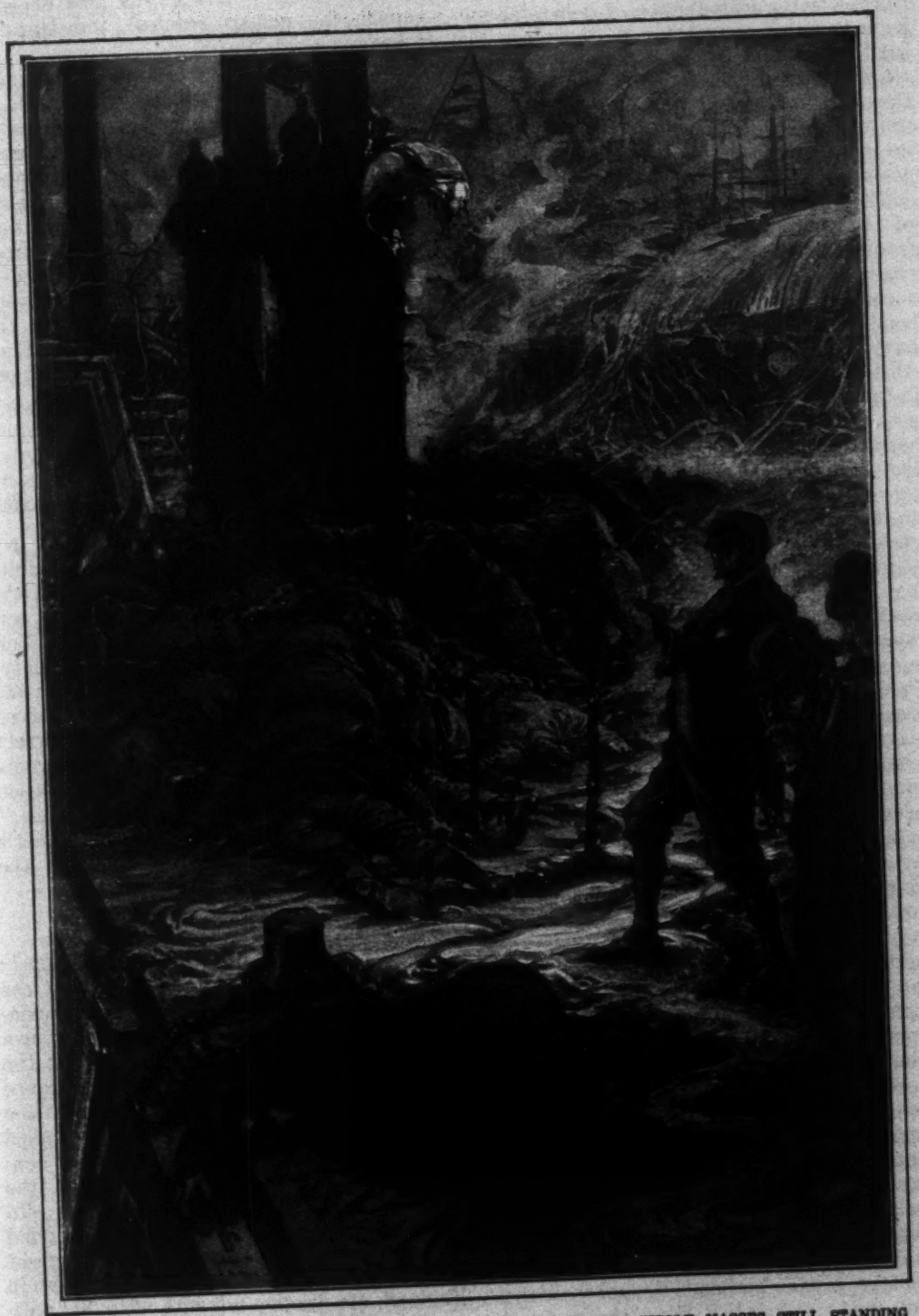
THE GREAT FOOD CORPORATION (Limited)

AFTER numerous questions and answers, the dinner party broke up, pledged to secrecy, and next day a special train took the twenty down to the Marquis of Surrey's country place, where they saw in operation the apparatus that transformed simple elements into palatable food. At the mansion of the Marquis was formed The Great Food Corporation (Limited), which was to have such an amazing effect upon the peoples of this earth. Although the company proved one of the most lucrative investments ever undertaken in England, still it did not succeed in maintaining the monopoly it had at first attempted. In many countries the patents did not hold, some governments refusing to sanction a monopoly on which life itself depended, others deciding that, although there were certain ingenious novelties in Bonsel's processes, still the general principles had been well known for years, and so the final patents were refused. Nevertheless, these decisions did not interfere as much as might have been expected with the prosperity of The Great Food Producing Corporation (Limited). It had been first in the field, and its tremendous capitalization enabled it to crush opposition somewhat ruthlessly, aided by the advantage of having secured most of the available water-power of the world. For a time there was reckless speculation in food-manufacturing companies, and much money was lost in consequence. Agriculture was indeed killed, as Bonsel had predicted, but the farmers of Western America, in spite of the decline of soil-tilling, continued to furnish much of the world's food. They erected wind-mills, with which electricity was generated, and, drawing on the soil and the air, they manufactured nourishment almost as cheaply as the great water-power corporation itself. This went on in every part of the world where the Bonsel patents were held invalid. In a year or two every one became accustomed to the chemically compounded food, though a few old fogies kept writing to the newspapers proclaiming that the former manner of cultivation was better, and that they would never forsake the ancient wheaten loaf for its modern equivalent; yet nobody paid any attention to these conservatives, looking on them as harmless enthusiasts; and presently even they could not get the wheaten loaf of bygone days, as grain was no longer grown except as a curiosity in some botanist's garden.

REMARKABLE SCENE IN THE GUILDHALL

THE first three years of the twentieth century were notable for the great increase of business confidence all over the world. A reign of universal prosperity seemed to have set in. Political questions appeared easier of solution. The anxieties that hitherto had oppressed the public mind, such as the ever-present poverty problem, provision for the old age of laborers, and so forth, lifted like a rising cloud, and disappeared. There were still the usual number of poor people; but, somehow, lack of wealth had lost its terror. It was true that the death-rate increased enormously; but nobody seemed to mind that. The episode at the Guildhall dinner in 1903 should have been sufficient to awaken the people, had an awakening been possible in the circumstances; but that amazing lesson, like others equally ominous, passed unheeded. When the Prime Minister who had succeeded Lord Salisbury was called upon to speak, he said:

"My Lord Mayor, Your Royal Highnesses, Your Excellencies, Your Graces, My Lords and Gentlemen: It has been the custom of Prime Ministers from time immemorial to give at this annual banquet some indication of the trend of mind of the Government. I propose, with your kind permission, to deviate in slight measure from that ancient custom (*cheers*). I think that hitherto we have all taken the functions of government rather more seriously than their merits demanded,



"THE LANDING-STAGE WAS PACKED WITH LIFELESS HUMAN BEINGS, WHOLE MASSES STILL STANDING UP, SO TIGHTLY WERE THEY WEDGED."

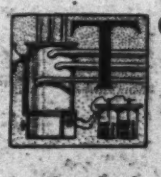
and a festive occasion like this should not be marred by the introduction of debatable subjects (*renewed cheering*). If, therefore, the band will be good enough to strike up that excellent tune, 'There will be a hot time in the old town to-night,' I shall have the pleasure of exhibiting to you a quick-step I have invented to the rhythm of that lively composition (*enthusiastic acclaim*)."

The Prime Minister, with the aid of some of the waiters, cleared away the dishes in front of him, stepped from the floor to his chair, and from the chair to the table, where, accompanied by the energetic playing of the band, he indulged in a break-down that would have done credit to any music-hall stage. All the applauding diners rose to their feet in the wildest excitement. His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Alluria placed his hands on the shoulders of the Lord Mayor, the German Ambassador placed his hands on the shoulders of the Crown Prince, and so on down the table, until the distinguished guests formed a connected ring around the board on which the Prime Minister was dancing. Then all, imitating the quick-step, and keeping time with the music, began circling round the table, one after the other, shouting and hurrahing at the top of their voices. There were loud calls for the American Ambassador, a celebrated man, universally popular; and the Prime Minister, reaching out a hand, helped him up on the table. Amidst vociferous cheering, he said that he took the selection of the tune as a special compliment to his countrymen, the American troops having recently entered a conquered city to its melodious strains. His Excellency hoped that this hilarious evening would cement still further the union of the English-speaking races, which in fact it really did, though not in the manner the honorable gentleman anticipated at the time of speaking. The company, headed by the band and the Prime Minister, then made their way to the street, marched up Cheapside, past St. Paul's, and along Fleet Street and the Strand, until they came to Westminster. Every one along the route joined the processional dance, and upward of 50,000 persons were assembled in the square next to the Abbey and in the adjoining streets. The mob was exuberant in its approval of the proceedings. The Prime Minister, waving his hands toward the Houses of Parliament, cried, "Three cheers for the good old House of Commons!" These being given with a tiger appended, a workingman reared, "Three cheers for 'is Lordship and the old duffers what sits with 'im in the 'Ouse of Lords." This was also cheered —until the echoes reached the Mansion House.

The "Times" next morning, in a jocular leading article, congratulated the people of England on the fact that at last politics were viewed in the correct light. There had been, as the Prime Minister truly said, too much solidity in the discussion of public affairs; but, linked with song and dance, it was now possible for the ordinary man in the street to take some interest in them, etc., etc. Foreign comment, as cabled from various countries, was entirely sympathetic to the view taken of the occurrence by all the English newspapers, which was that we had entered a new era of jollity and good will.

A WARNING FROM OXFORD

I HAVE now to speak of my great-grandfather, John Rule, who, at the beginning of the twentieth century, was a science student at Balliol College, Oxford, aged twenty-four. It is from the notes written by him and the newspaper clippings which he preserved that I am enabled to compile this imperfect account of the disaster of 1904 and the events leading to it. I append, without alteration or comment, his letter to the "Times," which appeared the day after that paper's flippant references to the conduct of the Prime Minister and his colleagues:



TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'TIMES':

"*Sir*,—The levity of the Prime Minister's recent conduct; the levity of your own leading article thereon; the levity of foreign reference to the deplorable episode, indicate but too clearly the crisis which mankind is called upon to face, and to face, alas, under conditions which make the averting of the greatest calamity well-nigh impossible. To put it plainly, every man, woman, and child on this earth, with the exception of eight persons in the United States and eight in England, are drunk—not with wine, but with oxygen. The numerous factories all over the world which are working night and day, making fixed nitrates from the air, are rapidly depleting the atmosphere of its nitrogen. When this disastrous manufacture was be-

gun, 100 parts of air, roughly speaking, contained 76.9 parts of nitrogen and 23.1 parts of oxygen. At the beginning of this year, the atmosphere round Oxford was composed of nitrogen 53.218, oxygen 46.782. And here we have the explanation of the largely increased death-rate. Man is simply burning up. To-day the normal proportions of the two gases in the air is nearly reversed, standing nitrogen, 27.319, oxygen 72.681, a state of things simply appalling: due in a great measure to the insane folly of Russia, Germany, and France competing with each other in raising mountain ranges of food products as a reserve in case of war, just as the same fear of a conflict brought their armies to such enormous proportions a few years ago. The nitrogen factories must be destroyed instantly, if the people of this earth are to remain alive. If this is done, the atmosphere will gradually become nitrogenized once more. I invite the editor of the 'Times' to come to Oxford and live for a few days with us in our iron building, erected on Port Meadow, where a machine supplies us with nitrogen and keeps the atmosphere within the hut similar to that which once surrounded the earth. If he will direct the policy of the 'Times' from this spot, he may bring an insane people to their senses. Oxford yesterday bestowed a degree of D.C.L. on a man who walked the whole length of the High on his hands; so it will be seen that it is time something was done.

"I am, sir, yours, etc.,

"JOHN RULE.

"BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD."

The "Times" in an editorial note said that the world had always been well provided with alarmists, and that their correspondent, Mr. Rule, was a good example of the class. That newspaper, it added, had been for some time edited in Printing House Square, and it would continue to be conducted in that quarter of London, despite the attractions of the sheet-iron house near Oxford.

THE TWO NITROGEN COLONIES

THE coterie in the iron house consisted of the Rev. Mr. Hepburn, who was a clergyman and tutor; two divinity students, two science students, and three other undergraduates, all of whom had withdrawn from their colleges, awaiting with anxiety the catastrophe they were powerless to avert. Some years before, when the proposal to admit women to the Oxford colleges was defeated, the Rev. Mr. Hepburn and John Rule visited the United States to study the working of co-education in that country. There Mr. Rule became acquainted with Miss Sadie Armour of Vassar College on the Hudson, and the acquaintance speedily ripened into friendship, with a promise of the closer relationship that was yet to come. John and Sadie kept up a regular correspondence after his return to Oxford, and naturally he wrote to her regarding his fears for the future of mankind, should the diminution of the nitrogen in the air continue. He told her of the precautions he and his seven comrades had taken, and implored her to inaugurate a similar colony near Vassar. For a long time the English Nitrogenists, as they were called, hoped to be able to awaken the world to the danger that threatened; and by the time they recognized that their efforts were futile, it was too late to attempt the journey to America which had long been in John Rule's mind.

Parties of students were in the habit of coming to the iron house and jeering at the inmates. Apprehending violence one day, the Rev. Mr. Hepburn went outside to expostulate with them. He began seriously, then paused, a comical smile lighting up his usually sedate face, and finally broke out into roars of laughter, inviting those he had left to come out and enjoy themselves. A moment later he began to turn somersaults round the iron house, all the students outside hilariously following his example, and screaming that he was a jolly good fellow. John Rule and one of the most stalwart of the divinity students rushed outside, captured the clergyman, and dragged him into the house by main force, the whirling students being too much occupied with their evolutions to notice the abduction. One of the students proposed that the party should return to Carfax by hand-springs, and thus they all set off, progressing like jumping-jacks across the meadow, the last human beings other than themselves that those within the iron house were to see for many a day. Rule and his companions had followed the example set by continental countries, and had, while there was yet time, accumulated a small mountain of food products inside and outside of their dwelling. The last letter Rule received from America informed him that the girls of Vassar had done likewise.

THE GREAT CATASTROPHE

HE first intimation that the Nitrogenists had of impending doom was from the passage of a Great Western train running northward from Oxford. As they watched it, the engine suddenly burst into a brilliant flame, which was followed shortly by an explosion, and a moment later the wrecked train lay along the line blazing fiercely. As evening drew on, they saw that Oxford was on fire, even the stonework of the colleges seeming to burn as if it had been made of wax. Communication with the outside world ceased, and an ominous silence held the earth. They did not know then that London, New York, Paris, and many other cities had been consumed by fire; but they surmised as much. Curiously enough, the carbon dioxide evolved by these numerous and widespread conflagrations made the outside air more breathable, notwithstanding the poisonous nature of this mitigant of oxygenic energy. For days they watched for any sign of human life outside their own dwelling, but no one approached. As a matter of fact, all the inhabitants of the world were dead except themselves and the little colony in America, although it was long after that those left alive became aware of the full extent of the calamity that had befallen their fellows. Day by day they tested the outside air, and were overjoyed to note that it was gradually resuming its former quality. This process, however, was so slow that the young men became impatient, and endeavored to make their house movable, so that they might journey with it, like a snail, to Liverpool, for the one desire of each was to reach America and learn the fate of the Vassar girls. The moving of the house proved impracticable, and thus they were compelled to remain where they were until it became safe to venture into the outside air, which they did some time before it had reached its normal condition.

It seems to have been fortunate that they did so, for the difficulties they had to face might have proved insurmountable had they not been exhilarated by the excess of oxygen in the atmosphere. The diary which John Rule wrote showed that within the iron house his state of depression was extreme when he remembered that all communication between countries was cut off, and that the girl to whom he was betrothed was separated from him by 3,000 miles of ocean, whitened by no sail. After the eight set out, the whole tone of his notes changed, an optimism scarcely justified by the circumstances taking the place of his former dismay. It is not my purpose here to dwell on the appalling nature of the foot journey to Liverpool over a corpse-strewn land. They found, as they feared, that Liverpool also had been destroyed by fire, only a fringe of the river front escaping the general conflagration. So enthusiastic were the young men, according to my great-grandfather's notes, that on the journey to the seaport they had resolved to walk to America by way of Behring Straits, crossing the English Channel in a row-boat, should they find that the shipping at Liverpool was destroyed. This seems to indicate a state of oxygen intoxication hardly less intense than that which had caused the Prime Minister to dance on the table.

A VOYAGE TO RUINED NEW YORK

HEY found the immense steamship "Teutonic" moored at the landing-stage, not apparently having had time to go to her dock when the universal catastrophe culminated. It is probable that the city was on fire when the steamer came in, and perhaps an attempt was made to board her, the ignorant people thinking to escape the fate that they felt overtaking them by putting out to sea. The landing-stage was packed with lifeless human beings, whole masses still standing up, so tightly were they wedged. Some stood transfixed with upright arms above their heads, and death seemed to have come to many in a form like suffocation. The eight at first resolved to take the "Teutonic" across the Atlantic, but her coal bunkers proved nearly empty, and they had no way of filling them. Not one of them knew anything of navigation, and Rule alone was acquainted with the rudiments of steam-engineering. They selected a small steam yacht, and loaded her with the coal that was left in the "Teutonic's" bunkers. Thus they started for the West, the Rev. Mr. Hepburn acting as captain and John Rule as engineer. It was fourteen days before they sighted the coast of Maine, having kept much too far north. They went ashore at the ruins of Portland; but embarked again, resolved to trust rather to their yacht than undertake a long land journey through an unknown and desolated country. They skirted the silent shores of America until they came to New York, and

"BROOKLYN BRIDGE WAS NOT ENTIRELY CONSUMED, AND THE COLLAPSED REMAINS HUNG FROM TWO PILLARS OF FUSED STONE."

steamed down the bay. My great-grandfather describes the scene as somber in the extreme. The Statue of Liberty seemed to be all of the handiwork of man that remained intact. Brooklyn Bridge was not entirely consumed, and the collapsed remains hung from two pillars of fused stone, the ragged ends of the structure which once formed the roadway dragging in the water. The city itself presented a remarkable appearance. It was one conglomerate mass of gray-toned, semi-opaque glass, giving some indication of the intense heat that had been evolved in its destruction. The outlines of its principal thoroughfares were still faintly indicated, although the melting buildings had flowed into the streets like lava, partly obliterating them. Here and there a dome of glass showed where an abnormally high structure once stood, and thus the contour of the city bore a weird resemblance to its former self —the likeness that the grim outlines of a corpse over which a sheet has been thrown might bear to a living man. All along the shore lay the gaunt skeletons of half-fused steamships. The young men passed this dismal calcined graveyard in deep silence, keeping straight up the broad Hudson. No sign of life greeted them until they neared Poughkeepsie, when they saw, flying above a house situated on the top of a hill, that brilliant fluttering flag, the Stars and Stripes. Somehow its very motion in the wind gave promise that the vital spark had not been altogether extinguished in America. The great sadness which had oppressed the voyagers was lifted, and they burst forth into cheer after cheer. One of the young men rushed into the chart-room, and brought out the Union Jack, which was quickly hauled up to the mast-head, and the reverend captain pulled the cord that, for the first time during the voyage, let loose the roar of the steam whistle, rousing the echoes of the hills on either side of the noble stream. Instantly, on the veranda of the flag-covered house, was seen the glimmer of a white summer dress, then of another and another and another, until eight were counted.

AND FINALLY

THE events that followed belong rather to the region of romance than to a staid, sober narrative of fact like the present; indeed, the theme has been a favorite one with poets and novelists, whose pens would have been more able than mine to do justice to this international idyl. America and England were indeed joined, as the American Ambassador had predicted at the Guildhall, though at the time his words were spoken he had little idea of the nature and complete accord of that union. While it cannot be denied that the unprecedented disaster which obliterated human life in 1904 seemed to be a calamity, yet it is possible to trace the design of a beneficent providence in this wholesale destruction. The race which now inhabits the earth is one that includes no savages and no war lords. Armies are unknown and unthought of. There is no battleship on the face of the waters. It is doubtful if universal peace could have been brought to the world short of the annihilation of the jealous, cantankerous, quarrelsome peoples who inhabited it previous to 1904. The Lord destroyed humanity once by flood, and again by fire; but whether the race, as it enlarges, will deteriorate after its second extinguishment, as it appears to have done after its first, must remain for the future to determine.

AN ARCTIC DAY AND NIGHT.

By Walter Wellman,

Commander of the Wellman Arctic Expedition of 1898-1899.

SOME OF THE NOVELTIES OF DOMESTIC LIFE AND DAILY WORK UP UNDER THE NORTH POLE.

A DAY and a night up near the North Pole compass a year. At the Pole itself there is but one sunrise and one sunset in a twelvemonth. About March 20th sunlight reaches the spot which marks the northern termination of the axis of our earth, and it does not go away till about September 20th. When it goes, it goes for good; the six-months day is followed by the six-months night. It was at Cape Tegetthoff, Franz Josef Land, that the Wellman Polar Expedition spent an Arctic day and night. That was 600 geographical miles south of the Pole, and there the sun rose above and disappeared below the horizon each twenty-four hours during about seven weeks in the spring and a like period in the fall. But practically we had only one day and one night. Every part of the earth's surface receives theoretically the same amount of sunlight as every other part. Nature makes no discriminations in this respect. The North Pole has just as many hours of sunlight in a year as the equator, and at Cape Tegetthoff we had the satisfaction of knowing that not even sunny Italy was basking in the great orb's favor to a greater extent than we. The difference is that in the Arctic regions we get our sunlight—and also our darkness—in a lump. At the Pole the lumps are six months long. At the eightieth parallel of latitude, where we were, we had the midnight sun in the heavens for 127 nights, that being the long day; and later we had no sun at all, not even at noon, for 127 days, and that was the long winter night of our discontent.

". . . a veritable avalanche of flesh and fur, that roared as it rolled."

Tuesday, August 2, 1898, was a busy day with our party of four Americans and five Norwegians. We had just arrived in Franz Josef Land aboard the good steamer "Frithjof," which was now anchored off the Cape, where we had decided to establish our headquarters. Lying upon the bleak shore were all our stores and equipment, and the materials of which to build a hut. Ashore we ourselves were to go in the morning, and then the ship was to steam back to Norway. This, therefore, was letter day, and every man of us was writing—writing letters to family and friends at home. It is not often one sits down to write the last words that can be despatched for at least a year; and it is astonishing how many people one wishes to write to at such a moment, and what a lot he has to say to certain persons.

It was not exactly a joyful moment, that morning when we stood upon the wind-swept plateau of Cape Tegetthoff and watched the "Frithjof" steam away. To go with her meant return to home, family, friends, all the comforts of life. To stay meant a long struggle against cold, darkness, and storm, lonely hours, weary tramps through slush and snow. Yet not one of us wished to be upon the ship. Already we were under the influence of the Arctic spell. Its glamour was in our eyes, its fever in our blood. We were in the mood to appreciate the beauties which nature had lavishly strewn about our future home. This far-off northern world was bathed in the most brilliant sunlight, glistening upon sea and icebergs and glaciers, and illumining the somber cliffs of the mountains. None of us had ever seen a more entrancing picture than the immense glacier of McClintock Island, fifteen miles to the west. It rose from the ice-strewn, shimmering sea a perfect sheen of purest white, studded with billions upon billions of refracting crystals, to a height of some 2,000 feet. At the crest two eminences appeared, side by side, each in its way characteristic of this region: one, bold, rugged, and black, as if by a mighty effort the rocks had shaken themselves loose from the grip of the ice-king, standing forth in sullen independence, a landmark for forty miles around; the other, more graceful, submissive but still proud, lifting its head toward the sky, erect and majestic, though wearing the white robes of its frigid conqueror to the very summit.

In the foreground were the cliffs of Cape Tegetthoff, showing black where the snow and frost had fallen from their precipitate sides, and the glaciers debouching into the little valleys melting in the heat of this midsummer sun and pouring musically gurgling streams down to the sea. Out over the waters were to be seen a number of low, rounded, white islands, and near the southern margin of one of them we knew the exploring ship "Tegetthoff" had a quarter of a century before been abandoned by the Austrians who, through the accident of an ice-bound, aimless drift, had discovered this land. To the northeast several capes rose darkly from the marble-sheeted land, guide-posts along our route to the unexplored regions beyond.

We at once began our task of house-building, and in four or five hours we ate our first meal in the most northerly inhabited house in the world, and, in fact, the most northerly of all habitable dwellings excepting only two—the Greely house in Grinnell Land and the hut which the Wellman Expedition of 1894 erected out of the timbers of the ice-crushed steamer, the "Ragnvald Jarl," at Walden Island, Spitzbergen.

Perhaps this was about the queerest sort of house that human beings ever passed an Arctic winter in. It was made in England, in sections all ready to be fitted together. For three years it had stood at Cape Flora, where the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition had used it as a storehouse, and Mr. Jackson had said it was not fit for human occupation. It really was a poor thing in comparison with the Russian-built log-house in which he had passed his three winters. The Russians know how to build for cold weather. In Archangel we had seen the richest citizens living in great, massive houses like our "frame" structures in America, but each one surrounded by tight walls of dressed and closely matched logs, with an air-space left between the inner and outer shells. We proceeded to borrow one idea from the Russians. Indeed, our collapsible house was designed upon the same principle, but its two walls were very thin, merely three-quarter-inch boards. There were ten sections of these boards, all fitting together with bolts, and they also matched the floor, which was likewise in ten pieces. Over this structure of decagonal shape were stretched two thicknesses of oiled canvas, again with the highly desirable air-space between them.

Good enough for a summer house it was, but we knew it would never do in that condition for an Arctic winter. So we proceeded to build another shell around it by means of

EDITOR'S NOTE.—See McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for February and March, 1900, for Mr. Wellman's account of other features and experiences of his expedition.

planks well braced and converging round the stove-pipe at the apex of the roof. Thus we had three walls with two air-spaces around us, and as the art of keeping warm, whether in house or clothing, is not to keep the cold out, but to hold the heat within, we extended this principle in two ways: first, we stretched over the roof an old mainsail which had been discarded from the "Windward," giving us three layers of cloth and two air-spaces overhead; second, we built a snow wall around the entire structure. Then we put up a storehouse of planks at one side of the decagonal structure, and added a vestibule outside that. We built double doors, "chinked" the walls with moss, and covered the whole with a layer of "Arctic marble," as we called the slabs of frozen snow which were sawed out of an old drift and to any desired shape or size. When the storms came later in the fall the whole camp, living-room, store-shed, vestibule and all, was buried under a snow-drift. The windows were closed with five-feet walls of snow, and as winter came on, about all one could see reminding him of a human habitation was the dark little hole in the snow-bank through which we crawled in going in and out, and the diminutive black stove-pipe working away for dear life at the top of the white heap.

"I suddenly dropped straight down in the snow to my arm-pits."

We built an observatory of "Arctic marble," too, and in it sheltered our thermograph and other meteorological instruments, as well as the magnetic instruments, with which during the winter we made some interesting studies of the influence of the aurora borealis upon the magnetic needle. We have automatic thermograph and barograph records of the temperature and air pressure during every minute of our year's sojourn in Franz Josef Land.

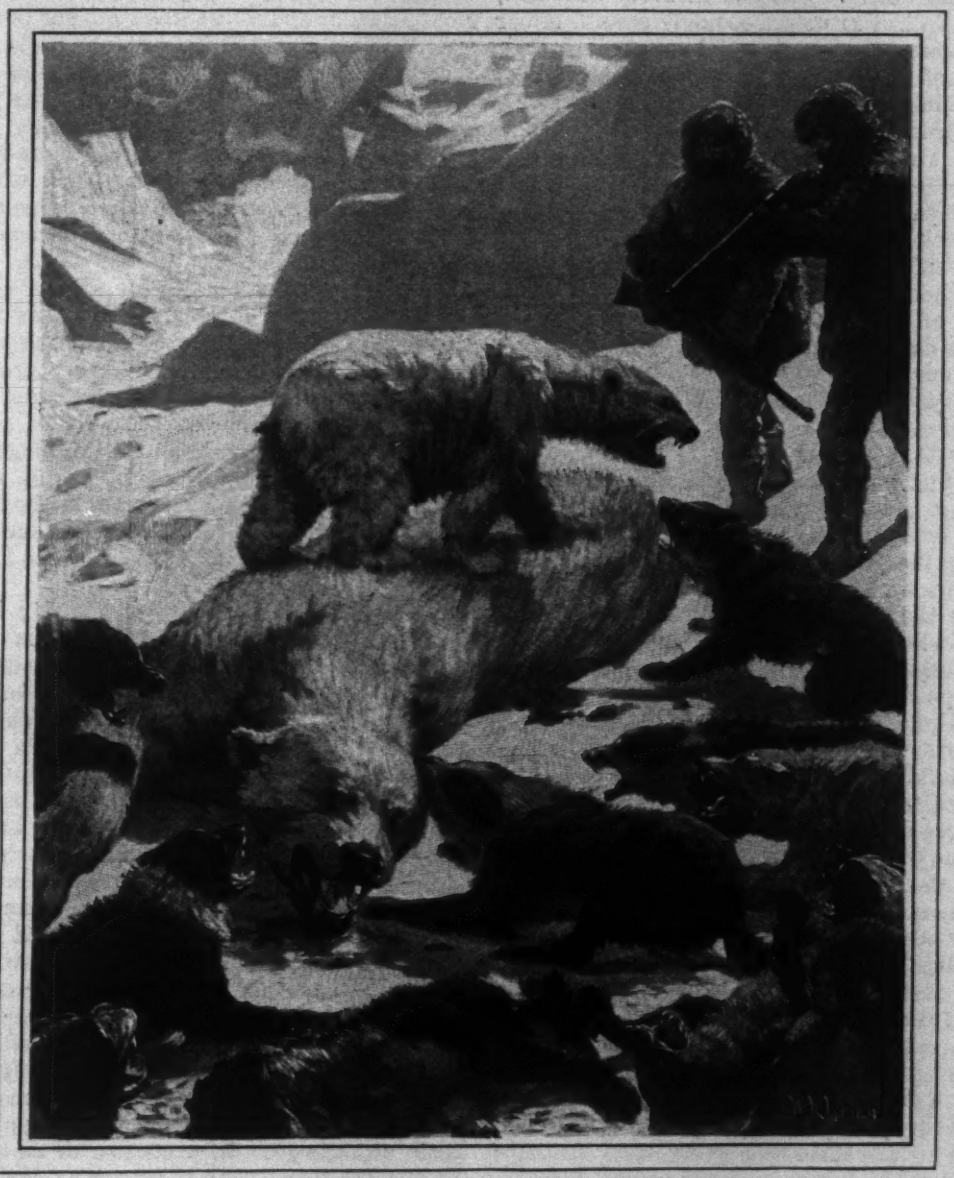
In this house we passed a very comfortable winter. Our stove was a small one, only fifteen inches in diameter, and it never burned more than fifty pounds of coal in a day; but we sank it through the floor to lower the fire-box, and so got all the heat out of it that was possible. True, the temperature often sank below zero in our living apartment, and frost formed not only upon the ceiling, but upon the walls against which we reclined with our backs as we sat each in his own "corner." But in such a life men speedily accustom themselves to slight inconveniences of that sort. Indeed, familiarity breeds contempt of cold. At home we used to think it cold out of doors if the temperature dropped much below the freezing point, and heavy overcoats and warm gloves were in order, while Americans think they cannot endure a temperature lower than sixty-five degrees in their houses. But up here at Cape Tegetthoff we habitually wrote letters, sewed at our clothing, played cards, read books, and ate our meals in temperatures hovering about the freezing point, and never suspected that it was cold. When the temperature outside was no lower than fifteen or twenty minus, and not much wind blowing, we let the fire go out after supper in order to save coal.

We had our regular baths, too, even in the coldest weather. As one of the few rules of the house was "no bathing indoors," on account of the condensation of moisture, the bather took his tub of warm water out into the storehouse, stripped to the skin, and enjoyed himself, even though the temperature out there was usually from fifteen to twenty-five below. This we did without taking cold. In fact, such a thing as a cold the writer has never had in the Arctic regions, though he has bathed in the open sea, diving from an iceberg, where a seal was disporting himself curious to know what manner of animal the amphibious stranger was. I once took a bath in a natural bath-tub formed of ice, walls and floor, and rather enjoyed it, though I did not stay in long. Worse than the cold water was walking barefooted in the snow to and from the place of disrobing. One day in early December, I had been hard at work for an hour or two testing the traction of various sledges, pulling a 200-pound load up the hill and through the deep snow. Perspiring at every pore, it occurred to me to make a test of whether or not it was possible to take cold up there. Though attired only in ordinary clothing, such as one wears at home in mild winter weather, I sat down in the snow for thirty minutes by the watch, and woolly dogs came and climbed all over me in excess of affection. The temperature was nearly thirty below, and though it did grow a bit chilly before the half hour was up, no "cold" was taken. In order to inure myself to cold, I always washed face and hands in snow before breakfast, no matter how great the cold, and have often washed my feet in the same way, out-doors, in low temperatures. It is refreshing, but in amusing himself this way one must look sharp or he may get a frost-nip—our pampered feet are so sensitive to cold.

Wool is far and away the best fabric for Arctic wear. Even wool will gather moisture, but it is infinitely better than fur. Wool permits the moisture of the body to pass through the fabric and congeal outside, where it can be brushed or shaken off, while furs retain it within. Two, three, or more thicknesses of wool are better than one of equal weight. I used to wear two pairs of woolen mittens; the outer pair were stiff with frost, while the inner pair were nearly dry and quite warm. But one had to be careful what he did with his mittens, when he took them off, for in a few moments they would freeze so stiff that it was torture to put them on again. Of course, one needs plenty of clothing, but wool is the thing. Upon our dash northward, in temperatures from ten to forty-eight below zero, I wore no furs except a pair of reindeer-skin moccasins upon my feet. But within these moccasins I had from three to five pairs of thick woolen stockings; and outside the stockings was loose dry grass, to absorb the moisture. I never once had cold feet, and even after I had met with an accident which practically stopped all circulation of the blood below the knee in my injured leg, I suffered no frost-bites. Upon my body I wore four suits of woolen underclothing, and a jacket outside. In this attire I was warmer than my Norwegian companions in big, cumbersome "kooletahs" of reindeer-skin.

It is not always cold in the Arctic regions.

Many people do not understand that the summers in the polar zones are comparatively mild. When the sun shines brightly in July and August, and often far into September, thawing is rapid, and the snow disappears from exposed places. The summer temperature, in the shade, ranges pretty steadily about the freezing point. In the sun, I have seen the mercury go up to eighty in a Fahrenheit thermometer. Just such weather as this, without any doubt, will be found up to the Pole itself. The North Pole lacks a good deal of being the coldest place in the world. It is colder in Siberia, and in the northern part of our continent. A sunny summer day up near the Pole is altogether delightful, provided the wind does not blow. Many times have I lain down in the snow on such days and gone to sleep without so much as a blanket over me.



"The cub climbed upon her body and bravely attempted to defend himself."

What may be done in summer is well shown by an adventurous trip which two of us made up the coast of Nordenskiold Bay. We had with us a sledge and five dogs, but no tent or sleeping-bags, as we did not expect to remain out over night. Having crossed a big

glacier about a mile and a half in extent, we found ourselves upon lower and very rough and broken ice. It was almost as if we were upon a stretch of rocky country that had been split into fragments by an earthquake. Fissures and cracks ran in every direction, and we had to be exceedingly careful in our movements. The dogs did not at all like this sort of traveling, with its imminent risk of tumbling at any moment down a crevasse a hundred or two hundred feet deep, and it was interesting to note how, amid these surroundings, they appeared to place implicit trust in their masters. Ordinarily they like to pick the road themselves, rushing along pell-mell, pulling their drivers after them. But here they would not budge a foot unless one of us led the way. They followed us with confidence, though not without watching our steps with the most alert eyes. Up to this time the beasts had been doing a good deal of skylarking and fighting, but now they were as sober as judges. They did just what we told them to do, too, something new in our experience, and here for the first time we were able to teach them to obey the good American "Whoa!" Theretofore we had been compelled always to employ the Samoyede synonym, "Sass!"

At length, while leading the team through a suspicious bit of broken ice, I suddenly dropped straight down in the snow to my arm-pits, and had the unpleasant feeling that there was nothing but air under my feet. I had fallen through a snow-bridge, and was sustained by my outstretched arms. Somewhere down below I could hear a dislodged piece of ice striking and echoing on its way to the depths. Fainter and fainter the echoes came, and then ceased altogether. For all I know, that piece of ice is dropping to this day. The interesting question with me at that particular moment was whether or not the crumbling bridge of snow would support my weight till my companion could manage to get me out of the danger of taking a drop too much myself.

Shortly afterward a storm blew up, and as the air was filled with flying snow, making it impossible to see a sledge-length ahead, it was simple suicide to go on. If we did not fall down a crevasse, we should be in danger of losing our way and falling over the edge of the glacier into the sea. So we made the best sort of camp we could, and managed to boil a little coffee over our petroleum lamp. But how the wind did whistle and the snow fly down the surface of that glacier! It was as much as one could do to stand on his feet. As there appeared to be no prospect of getting away before morning, the problem which confronted us was how we were to get a little sleep. It was solved in a novel manner. Each of us had brought along a "kooletah," a big, sack-like coat of reindeer-skin, and so we took off our boots and lay down upon the ice with our backs to the wind and our heads pointed in opposite directions. Then we telescoped ourselves together as far as we could, each running his feet under the other's coat. My comrade's toes were in the small of my back, while mine were snug and comfortable on his abdomen. Lapping the skirts of our coats, and pulling the hoods over our faces, we were quite comfortable so far as the cold was concerned. The chief trouble was the hardness of the ice, and the numbness and cramps in the legs and hips due thereto. But despite all drawbacks we managed to get both rest and sleep. To help us out, the dogs came and snuggled up as close to us as they could get, and though it was scarcely fair of them to persist in shoving their noses up under our hoods and kissing our faces, we could not well object so long as they helped to keep us warm.

In August, after our advance party had gone, we tried to use our small boats in forwarding more provisions toward the north. But the sea beat heavily upon the beach nearly all the time, and we had to watch for chances to launch our tiny craft. On one occasion Olaf and Daniel, with Dr. Hofma, started across Nordenskiold Bay in a small wooden rowboat, towing a canvas scow heavily laden with stores. The bay was comparatively smooth when they started; but a storm blew up with incredible suddenness, and kicked up such a heavy sea that the waves were soon rolling over the gunwales of both boats and threatening to swamp them. With quick decision the Norwegian boatmen turned and ran with the wind toward an ice-floe near by, and, reaching it, tied up the scow, leaving Dr. Hofma in charge, and made for the shore to unload their own cargo. In a quarter of an hour Dr. Hofma found himself in a most dangerous situation. His ice-floe was rearing and plunging in the waves, and the canvas scow was liable to go down at any moment. Surf was beating over him and his goods, and the half-dozen dogs which had been left with him were howling in terror. Worse than all, he was drifting straight toward a glacier-face from fifty to seventy feet perpendicular, against which the sea was beating with ter-

"The dogs . . . leaped to the rescue."

rific force, churning up and down in wildest fashion the accumulated *débris* of ice-floes. To drive into this maëlstrom meant instant destruction.

The brave Norwegian youths put off from the shore in the teeth of the storm. They bent their sturdy backs, and rarely have oarsmen worked closer to the last notch of endurance than our boys did this day. In the nick of time they reached the Doctor, who was imperturbably baling out his nearly waterlogged scow; and, taking that craft in tow, they made once more for the shore. Now followed another struggle, and for a time a doubtful one. The wind appeared determined to add the two boats to the chaos it had kicked up at the foot of the glacier, while the oarsmen were bent upon cheating the elements of their prey. At last muscle and courage won the battle, greatly to the joy of my companion and myself, who had run over from the house and stood now watching the struggle. By this time the ice was running in at a frightful pace, and at

one moment it looked as if the boats were surely caught and destroyed between two heavy floes crashing together; but by a dexterous movement the boatmen slipped through a narrow channel and into safe water. Fortunately, the beach there was shelving sand, for the shoal prevented the heavy ice coming close inshore and formed a protecting pier three or four rods out. The boats could not get quite in either, and the only way in which we could unload them was by wading out in the surf and carrying things in, piece by piece. At first plunge these ice-water baths are not so very pleasant; but the plunge once taken, one doesn't mind them at all.

During the winter we had many auroral displays of great beauty, and one in particular on December 8th. It was a perfect specimen of the true corona aurora, a form not often seen. From near the horizon at all points of the compass great white and colored streams of light shot toward the zenith, and there mingled their rays in a common center. It was just as if all the steam power of the world had been multiplied a million-fold, all of it turned to the generation of electricity, and all this voltaic energy were poured through the lenses of vast search-lights placed in every city, town, and village the world round; and then, at a preconcerted signal by telegraph, all were set playing and dancing upon the very apex of the heavens.

One night we had an auroral display and an alarm of bear together; and beautiful as was the celestial skirt dance, candor compels me to admit that it was in the bear that the most general and keenest interest was displayed. Take it all in all, I think we had more fun out of bears than anything else during our day and night up near the Pole. Forty-seven, altogether, fell before our rifles, and the amount of sport involved in this slaughter would almost make a book of itself. For the day the sun disappeared for a little matter of eighteen weeks—October 19th—I find this record in my journal:

"The loss of the sun to-day was compensated for by a most extraordinary bear-hunt. Dr. Nansen said his Siberian dogs would not attack bears: we wish Dr. Nansen could have been with us to-day to see our pack of twenty loose dogs pursue and attack the big white fellow who came shuffling leisurely over the hill. As usual, Ursus, our black bear-dog, was the first to approach the enemy. Bruin simply looked at him in a half-conscious, half-indifferent sort of way, as much as to say: 'You're the biggest fox I've seen in Franz Josef Land, but I am not afraid of you.' Then he proceeded in dignified fashion on his way, turning neither to the right nor the left, and hastening not his gait—a line of conduct altogether becoming to one of the lords of the isles. But when Ursus was reënforced by a half-dozen, and then a dozen and a half of his comrades, and the whole pack gathered round the bear, yelping and dancing and showing their teeth, but never quite getting hold of him, the bear concluded that, after all, he might have a serious job on his hands. But he made a fatal mistake in his tactics. If he had simply run away, as fast and as far as his great legs could have carried him, he would have been quite safe, for dogs alone cannot kill a full-grown bear, even if it is fifty to one. Instead, he showed fight at once, and tried to reach the tormentor nearest him. First a savage lunge this way, now the other, the frothing mouth wide open, displaying tusks which needed only one chance to plant death in the vitals of the toughest dog that ever stood on four legs. But the pesky beasts were always just out of his reach. A dog can run faster than a bear, and move about more agilely, and that is the sum total of his superiority. At each onslaught the bear made a break in the circle about him, as the dogs had no wish to come in contact with those terrible incisors; but a fire in the rear always caused him to wheel round, and thus the circle closed up again. The war-dance continued till the poor bear was beside himself with rage and fatigue. Now the swirling, yelping mass had reached the base of the sharp incline that led up to the basalt mountain peak. Up its steep, icy surface the bear now attempted to escape his pursuers. With prodigious strength he crept rapidly upward, but the dogs were constantly at his side. They were in front of him, behind him, all around him; and though some of them lost their footing and slipped to the bottom of the glacier, others took their places, and the luckless brute found no peace.

"Suddenly the bear's huge paws slipped their grip, and down he came—a veritable avalanche of flesh and fur, that roared as it rolled. Fully 250 feet he slid, most of the way at an angle of forty degrees, and by the time he struck the nearly level plateau he had an impetus which carried him rolling, bounding, ricochetting among the rocks, plowing through the snow, fully a hundred feet farther. His course lay directly over the spot where we stood waiting for him, and we politely and rather hastily stood aside

to give him right of way. Some of the dogs had been carried down with the rush, and the others were too eager to wait to run down, and so did a bit of tobogganing on their own account. Before the bear could get upon his feet the dogs were all about him once more. We were there, too, and a few Winchester 45.90s brought this most sensational bear-hunt to an end."

A rather pathetic bear-hunt was one we had a few days later. Mother and cub came ambling along the plateau side by side, and of course the dogs soon had the pair surrounded. When we arrived upon the scene, after a sharp run of a mile, the battle was in full course, with the dogs getting decidedly the best of it. The poor dam had been harried almost into a state of exhaustion. Still she kept up the desperate struggle, and never once permitted her young hopeful to get five feet from her side. After each lunge at the nearest dog she quickly returned to her baby, and this fat, graceful little fellow did his best, you may be sure, to keep close under mamma's protecting paws. It seemed impossible to shoot without hitting a dog, but I decided to risk it, and sent a Krag-Jorgensen bullet clean through her body. With the blood streaming from both sides she continued to fight for her cub, and as more bullets crashed into her vitals and she felt her hour at hand, her last instinctive movement was to gather the little fellow to her breast with her forepaws, that her tusks might give him protection to the last. Then she died.

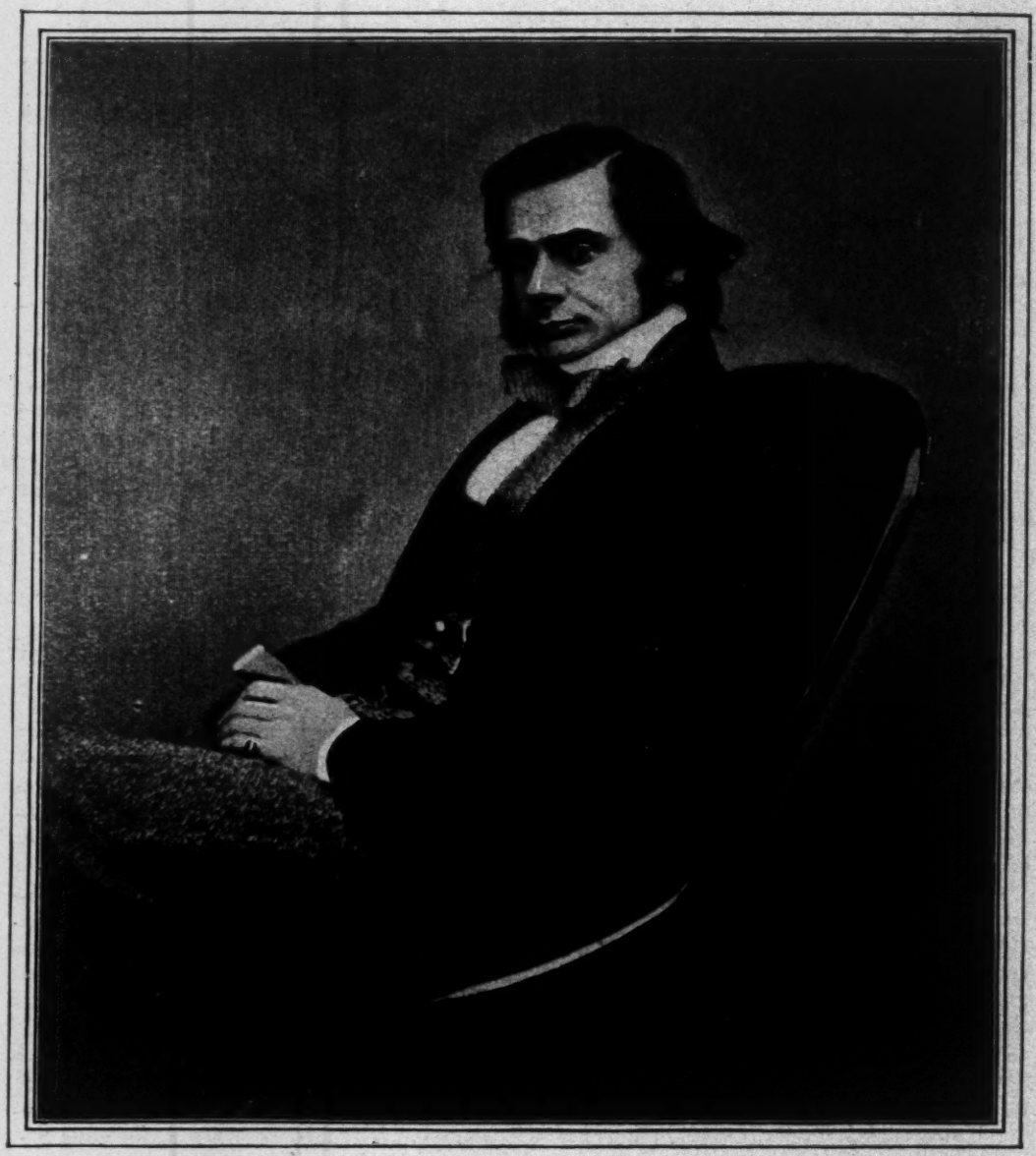
Feeling his mother's grip upon him relax, the cub climbed upon her body and bravely attempted to defend himself. We were not yet so hardened in the stern life of this region that we could step up and put a bullet through the heart of that trusting youngster without suffering qualms of conscience. Soon mother and son were blending their blood there upon the ice. Two of our best dogs had this she-bear killed in her fierce defense of her young.

The day before Christmas a lank, lean, hungry bear came near evening up some of the score against his tribe. Though the day was very dark and stormy, I took my usual walk out-doors, to and from the beach. The bear sneaked stealthily after me, and when I turned to walk back toward the sea once more, there he was in the path only a dozen feet away, crouching to spring. For an instant only did I hesitate, and that moment the bear and I stood looking one another in the eye. There was something about his personal appearance I did not like the looks of, and instinctively I resented any closer acquaintance with him. Then I raised my arms and shouted at him, and for answer he leaped at me. I sprang to one side, toward a spot where I knew half a dozen dogs had been lying out of the wind in the lee of a packing-box. Two seconds later I felt a heavy blow upon my shoulder, and as I fell into the snow I had the weight of a big paw on my body. "In another moment," I said to myself, "he will have my head in his mouth." But he didn't. At that most interesting juncture I heard the welcome bark of the dogs; they had scented the enemy, and leaped to the rescue. That heavy paw was lifted from my back, and as I scrambled up there was the bear, six or eight feet away, with the precious dogs yelping about him. As luck would have it, things turned out a good deal worse for the bear than they did for me. I had only a lame shoulder and a scratch on the neck, while that bear's skin, made into a rug, lies under my feet as I write.

A night of 3,000 hours between sunset and sunrise is rather long, but the Arctic night is not as black as it has been painted. December 21st, when at noon the sun was so far below the horizon that in order to see him one would have had to go up in a balloon several hundred miles, it was just possible to detect a bit of brightness in the southern sky. The days are never dark if the stars are out, as there is no verdure to absorb the light, and every ray is refracted from crystal to crystal. The Arctic moon is a glorious institution. Some of the best photographs of our camp were taken by her brilliant light.

Best of all, good fellowship abode with us in the little hut. It is an Arctic axiom that exploring parties should be of but one nationality. Though we were Americans and Norwegians, living all together in one room, day and night, throughout the long darkness, not a word of discord between Yankees and Norsemen marred the novel experience. There is something in the steady pressure of a life like this that brings out of men the best or the worst that is in them, and the world breeds no truer men than the young Norwegians who passed a day and a night with me in camp and field up near the Pole.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY IN 1856. AGE 31.
Photograph by Maull and Polybank.



PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S START IN LIFE.

By Leonard Huxley.

HIS EARLY STRUGGLES TO WIN A LIVELIHOOD BY SCIENCE.

THE following extracts from the forthcoming "Life of T. H. Huxley," by Leonard Huxley, his son, describe part of the long struggle Huxley underwent in trying to win a livelihood out of science and to make a home for his future wife, to whom he had become engaged at Sydney in 1847. He was then an assistant surgeon on the exploring

frigate, H.M.S. "Rattlesnake," with nothing but his scanty pay and the Admiralty's promise of early promotion for assistant surgeons who should distinguish themselves in scientific research. Returning to England at the end of 1850, he found that while his already published memoirs had brought him into the front rank of naturalists, a parsimonious administration forbade him the means of publishing the bulk of his researches.

Elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1851 at the age of twenty-six, and awarded the Royal Medal in the following year, Huxley was greatly encouraged in his resolution to adopt the scientific career in which his whole being was wrapped up. But from 1851 to 1854 his efforts to obtain a professorship at Toronto, at Aberdeen, at Cork, at King's College, London, were all unavailing, and in his despair he was sometimes tempted to abandon his scientific aspirations, in which lay all his hopes of intellectual satisfaction, and take up physic or brewing or storekeeping in Australia.

A long letter to his eldest sister, Mrs. Scott, then settled in Tennessee, gives a good idea of his hopes and aims immediately after his return to England.

41 NORTH BANK, REGENT'S PARK,
November 21, 1850.

My dearest Lizzie.—We have been at home now nearly three weeks, and I have been a free man again twelve days. Her Majesty's ships have been paid off on the 9th of this month. Properly speaking, indeed, we have been at home longer, for we touched at Plymouth and trod English ground and saw English green fields on the 23d of October, but we were allowed to remain only twenty-four hours, and to my great disgust were ordered round to Chatham to be paid off. The ill-luck which had made our voyage homeward so long (we sailed from Sydney on the 2d of May) pursued us in the Channel, and we did not reach Chatham until the 2d of November; and what do you think was one of the first things I did when we reached Plymouth? Wrote to Eliza K. asking news of a certain naughty sister of mine, from whom I had never heard a word since we had been away—and if perchance there should be any letter, begging her to forward it immediately to Chatham. And so, when at length we got there, I found your kind long letter had been in England some six or seven months; but hearing of the likelihood of our return, they had very judiciously not sent it to me.

Your letter, my poor Lizzie, justifies many a heart-ache I have had when thinking over your lot, knowing, as I well do, what emigrant life is in climates less trying than that in which you live. I have seen a good deal of bush life in Australia, and it enables me fully to sympathize with and enter into every particular you tell me—from the baking and boiling and pigs squealing, down to that ferocious landshark Mrs. Gunther, of whose class Australia will furnish fine specimens. Had I been at home, too, I could have enlightened the good folks as to the means of carriage in the colonies, and could have told them that the two or twenty thousand miles over sea is the smallest part of the difficulty and expense of getting anything to people living inland; as it is, I think I have done some good in the matter; their meaning was good, but their discretion small. But the obtuseness of English in general about anything out of the immediate circle of their own experience is something wonderful.

I had heard here and there fractional accounts of your doings from Eliza K. and my mother—not of the most cheery description—and therefore I was right glad to get your letter, which, though it tells of sorrow and misfortune enough and to spare, yet shows me that the brave woman's heart you always had, my dearest Lizzie, is still yours, and that you have always had the warm love of those immediately around you, and now, as the doctor's letter tells us, you have one more source of joy and happiness, and this new joy must efface the bitterness—I do not say the memory, knowing how impossible that would be—of your great loss.* God knows, my dear sister, I could feel for you. It was as if I could see again a shadow of the great sorrow that fell upon us all years ago.

Nothing can bind me more closely to your children than I am already, but if the christening be not all over, you must let me be godfather; and though I fear I am too much of a heretic to promise to bring him up a good son of the church—yet should ever the position which you prophesy, and of which I have an *Ahnung* (though I don't tell that to anybody but Nettie), be mine, he shall (if you will trust him to me) be cared for as few sons are. As things stand, I am talking half nonsense, but I mean it—and you know of old, for good and for evil, my tenacity of purpose.

Now, as to my own affairs—I am not married. Prudently, at any rate, but whether wisely or foolishly I am not quite sure yet, Nettie and I resolved to have nothing to do with matrimony for the present. In truth, though our marriage was my great wish on many accounts, yet I feared to bring upon her the consequences that might have occurred had anything happened to me within the next few years. We had a sad parting enough, and as is usually the case with me, time, instead of alleviating, renders more disagreeable our separation. I have a woman's element in me. I hate the incessant struggle and toil to cut one another's throat among us men, and I long to be able to meet with some one in whom I can place implicit confidence, whose judgment I can respect, and yet who will not laugh at my most foolish weaknesses and in whose love I can forget all care. All these conditions I have fulfilled in Nettie. With a strong natural intelligence, and knowledge enough to understand and sympathize with my aims, with the firmness of a man, when necessary, she combines the gentleness of a very woman and the honest simplicity of a child, and then she loves me well, as well as I love her, and you know I love but few—in the real meaning of the word, perhaps, but two—she and you. And now she is away, and you are away. The worst of it is I have no ambition, except as means to an end, and that end is the possession of a sufficient income to marry upon. I assure you I would not give two straws for all the honors and titles in the world. A worker I must always be—it is my nature—but if I had £400 a year I would never let my name appear to anything I did or shall ever do. It would be glorious to be a voice working in secret and free from all those personal motives that have actuated the best. But, unfortunately, one is not a *vox et præterea nihil*, but with a considerable corporality attached which requires feeding, and so, while my inner man is continually indulging in these anchorite reflections, the outer is sedulously

* The death of her little daughter Jessie.

elbowing and pushing as if he dreamed of nothing but gold medals and professors' caps.

I am getting on very well—better I fear than I deserve. One of my papers was published in 1849 in the "Philosophical Transactions," another in the "Zoölogical Transactions," and some more may be published in the "Linnæan," if I like—but I think I shall not like. Then I have worked pretty hard, and brought home a considerable amount of drawings and notes about new or rare animals, all particularly nasty slimy things, and they will most likely be published as a separate work by the Royal Society.

Owen, Forbes, Bell, and Sharpey* (the doctor will tell you of what weight these names are) are all members of the committee which disposes of the money, and are all strongly in favor of my "valuable researches" (cock-a-doodle-doo ! !) being published by the Society. From various circumstances I have taken a better position than I could have expected among these grandees, and I find them all immensely civil and ready to help me on, tooth and nail, particularly Professor Forbes, who is a right good fellow, and has taken a great deal of trouble on my behalf. Owen volunteered to write to the "First Lord" on my behalf, and did so. Sharpey, when I saw him, reminded me, as he always does, of my great contest with Stocks † (do you remember throwing the shoe ?), and promised me all the assistance in his power. Professor Bell, who is secretary to the Royal and has great influence, promised to help me in every way, and asked me to dine with him and meet a lot of nobs. I take all these things quite as a matter of course, but am all the while considerably astonished. The other day I dined at the Geological Club and met Lyell, Murchison, de la B[eche], Horner,‡ and a lot more, and last evening I dined with a whole lot of literary and scientific people.

Owen was, in my estimation, great, from the fact of his smoking his cigar and singing his song like a brick.

I tell you all these things to show you clearly how I stand. I am under no one's *patronage*, nor do I ever mean to be. I have never asked, and I never will ask, any man for his help from mere motives of friendship. If any man thinks that I am capable of forwarding the great cause in ever so small a way, let him just give me a helping hand and I will thank him ; but if not, he is doing both himself and me harm in offering it ; and if it should be necessary for me to find public expression to my thoughts on any matter, I have clearly made up my mind to do so, without allowing myself to be influenced by hope of gain or weight of authority.

There are many nice people in this world for whose praise or blame I care not a whistle. I don't know and I don't care whether I shall ever be what is called a great man. I will leave my mark somewhere, and it shall be clear and distinct [T. H. H., his mark.] and free from the abominable blur of cant, humbug, and self-seeking which surrounds everything in this present world—that is to say, supposing that I am not already unconsciously tainted myself, a result of which I have a morbid dread. I am perhaps overrating myself. You must put me in mind of my better self, as you did in your last letter, when you write.

But I must come to the close of my epistle, as I have one to enclose from my mother. My next shall be longer, and I hope I shall then be able to tell you what I am doing. At any rate I hope to be in England for twelve months.

I am very much ashamed of myself for not having written to you for so long—open confession is good for the soul, they say, and I will honestly confess that I was half puzzled, half piqued, and altogether sulky at your not having answered my last letter containing my love story, of which I wrote you an account before anybody. You must not suppose my affection was a bit the less because I was half angry. Nettie, who knows you well, could tell you otherwise. Indeed, now that I know all, I consider myself a great brute, and I will give you leave, if you will but write soon, to scold me as much as you like. All the family are well. My father is the only one who is much altered, and that in mind and strength, not in bodily health, which is very good. My mother has lost her front teeth, but is otherwise just the same amusing, nervous, distressingly active old lady she always was.

Our cruisers visit New Orleans sometimes, and if ever I am on the West India station, who knows, I may take a run up to see you all. Kindest love to the children. Tell Florry that I could not get her the bird with the long tail, but that some day I will send her some pictures of copper-colored gentlemen with great big wigs and no trousers, and tell her her old uncle loves her very much and never forgets her nor anybody else.

God bless you, dearest Lizzie. Write soon.—Ever your brother, TOM.

Thus within a month of landing in England, Huxley had secured his footing in the scientific world. He was freed for the time from the more irksome part of his profession ;* his service in the navy had become a stepping-stone to the pursuits in which his heart really was. He had long been half in despair over the work which he had sent out like the dove from the ark, if haply it might find him some standing ground in the world ; no news of it had reached him till he was about to start on his homeward voyage, but he returned to discover that at a single stroke it had placed him in the front rank of naturalists.

* PROFESSOR (afterwards SIR RICHARD) OWEN, the distinguished comparative anatomist and paleontologist, was born in 1804 and died in 1892. He was at this time Hunterian professor of comparative anatomy and physiology at the Royal College of Surgeons, London. EDWARD FORBES (born 1815—died 1854) was at this time paleontologist on the Ordnance Geological Survey, and the next year (1851) became professor of natural history at the Royal School of Mines, London. In the few years preceding his death, he and Professor Huxley became close friends. THOMAS BELL, dental surgeon and zoölogist, was born in 1792 and died in 1880. In 1850 he was professor of zoölogy at King's College, London, and one of the secretaries of the Royal Society. WILLIAM SHARPEY (born 1802—died 1880) was especially eminent as a physiologist. At the date of the letter he held the chair of anatomy and physiology at University College, London, a position which he filled for the unusual term of thirty-eight years ; he was, at this time, also a member of the Council, and, a little later, one of the secretaries, of the Royal Society.

† His chief competitor in a botanical examination, the first examination he ever went in for, occurring when he was hardly more than a boy.

‡ SIR CHARLES LYELL, the distinguished geologist, was at this time fifty-three years old, and president of the English Geological Society. His famous "Principles of Geology" had first appeared twenty years before, in 1830. He lived until 1875, dying at the age of seventy-eight. SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON was born in 1792, five years before Lyell. In 1850, when Huxley met him, he had lately passed the presidency of the Geological Society along to Lyell, and within a few years was to succeed de la Beche as director-general of the Ordnance Geological Survey. SIR HENRY THOMAS DE LA BECHE (born 1796—died 1855) was at this time directing the Geological Survey, and helping to organize the Royal School of Mines, opened in London early the next year—1851.

* By his nominal appointment to H. M. S. "Triguard" at Woolwich, whereby he was enabled to live in London and see to the publication of his papers.

41 NORTH BANK, REGENT'S PARK,
January 3, 1851.

My progress (he writes) * must necessarily be slow and uncertain. I cannot see two steps forwards. Much depends upon myself, much upon circumstances. Hitherto all has gone as well as I could wish. I have gained each object that I had set before myself—that is, I have my shore appointment, I have found a means of publishing what I have done creditably, and I have continued to come into communication with some of the first men in England in my department of science. But, as I have found to be the case in all things that are gained, from money to friendship, it is not so much getting as keeping. It is by no means difficult, if you are decently introduced, have tolerably agreeable manners, and some smattering of science, to take a position among these folks, but it is a mighty different affair to keep it and turn it to account. Not like the man who, at the Enchanted Castle, had the courage to blow the horn, but not to draw the sword, and was consequently shot forth from the mouth of the cave by which he entered with most ignominious haste—one must be ready to fight immediately after one's arrival has been announced or be blown into oblivion.

I *have* drawn the sword, but whether I am in truth to beat the giants and deliver my princess from the enchanted castle is yet to be seen.

From a worldly point of view, it was too soon clear that science was sadly unprofitable. There seemed no speedy prospect of making enough to marry on. As early as March, 1851, he writes:

The difficulties of obtaining a decent position in England in anything like a reasonable time seem to me greater than ever they were. To attempt to live by any scientific pursuit is a farce. Nothing but what is absolutely practical will go down in England. A man of science may earn great distinction, but not bread. He will get invitations to all sorts of dinners and conversaziones, but not enough income to pay his cab fare. A man of science in these times is like an Esau who sells his birthright for a mess of pottage. Again, if one turns to practice, it is still the old story—wait; and only after years of working like a galley-slave and intriguing like a courtier is there any chance of getting a decent livelihood. I am not at all sure if . . . it would not be the most prudent thing to stick by the Service: there at any rate is certainty in health and in sickness.

Nevertheless, he was mightily encouraged in the work of bringing out his "Rattlesnake" papers by a notable success in a quarter where he scarcely dared to hope for it. The Royal Society had for some time set itself to become a body of working men of science; to exclude for the future all mere dilettanti, and to admit a limited number of men whose work was such as to deserve recognition. Thanks to the initiative of Forbes, he now found this recognition accorded to him on the strength of his "Medusa" paper. He writes in February:

The F.R.S. that you tell me you dream of being appended to my name is nearer than one might think, to my no small surprise. . . . I had no idea that it was at all within my reach, until I found out the other day, talking with Mr. Bell, that my having a paper in the "Transactions" was one of the best of qualifications.

My friend Forbes, to whom I am so much indebted, has taken the matter in hand for me, and I am told I am sure of getting it this year or the next. I do not at all expect it this year, as there are a great many candidates, far better men than I. . . . I shall think myself lucky if I get it next year. Don't say anything about the matter till I tell you. . . . As the old proverb says, there is many a slip twixt the cup and the lip.

There were thirty-eight candidates; of these the Council would select fifteen, and submit their names for election at a general meeting of the Society. He was not yet twenty-six years of age, and certainly the youngest and least known of the competitors. Others probably had been up before—possibly many times before; nevertheless, on this, his first candidature, he was placed among the selected. The formal election did not take place till June 5th, but on a chance visit to Forbes he heard the great news. The F.R.S. was a formal attestation of the value of the work he had already done; it was a token of success in the present, an augury of greater success in the future. No wonder the news was exciting.

To-day (he writes on April 14) I saw Forbes at the Museum of Practical Geology, where I often drop in on him. "Well," he said, "I am glad to be able to tell you you are all right for the Royal Society; the selection was made on Friday night, and I hear that you are one of the selected. I have not seen the list, but my authority is so good that you may make yourself easy about it." I confess to having felt a little proud, though I believe I spoke and looked as cool as a cucumber. There were thirty-eight candidates, out of whom only fifteen could be selected, and I fear that they have left behind much better men than I. I shall not feel certain about the matter until I receive some official announcement. I almost wish that until then I had heard nothing about it. Notwithstanding all my cucumbery appearance, I will confess to you that I could not sit down and read to-day after the news. I wandered hither and thither restlessly half over London. . . . Whether I have it or not, I can say one thing, that I have left my case to stand on its own strength; I have not asked for a single vote, and there are not on my certificate half the names that there might be. If it be mine, it is by no intrigue.

Again, on May 4th:

I am twenty-six to-day . . . and it reminds me that I have left you now a whole year. It is perfectly frightful to think how the time is slipping by, and yet seems to bring us no nearer.

What have I done with my twenty-sixth year? Six months were spent at sea, and therefore may be considered as so much lost; and six months I have had in England. That, I may say, has not been thrown away

* When not otherwise specified, the extracts are from letters to his future wife.

altogether without fruit. I have read a good deal and I have written a good deal. I have made some valuable friends, and have found my work more highly estimated than I had ventured to hope. I must tell you something, because it will please you, even if you think me vain for doing so.

I was talking to Professor Owen yesterday, and said that I imagined I had to thank him in great measure for the honor of the F.R.S. "No," he said, "you have nothing to thank but the goodness of your own work." For about ten minutes I felt rather proud of that speech, and shall keep it by me whenever I feel inclined to think myself a fool, and that I have a most mistaken notion of my own capacities. The only use of honors is as an antidote to such fits of the "blue devils." Of one thing, however, which is by no means so agreeable, my opportunities for seeing the scientific world in England force upon me every day a stronger and stronger conviction. It is that there is no chance of living by science. I have been loth to believe it, but it is so. There are not more than four or five offices in London which a zoölogist or comparative anatomist can hold and live by. Owen, who has a European reputation, second only to that of Cuvier, gets as Hunterian Professor £300 a year! which is less than the salary of many a bank clerk. My friend Forbes, who is a highly distinguished and a very able man, gets the same from his office of Paleontologist to the Geological Survey of Great Britain. Now, these are first-rate men, men who have been at work for years laboriously toiling upward—men whose abilities, had they turned them into the many channels of money-making, must have made large fortunes. But the beauty of Nature and the pursuit of Truth allured them into a nobler life—and this is the result. . . . In literature a man may write for magazines and reviews, and so support himself; but not so in science. I could get anything I write into any of the journals or any of the Transactions, but I know no means of thereby earning five shillings. A man who chooses a life of science chooses not a life of poverty, but, so far as I can see, a life of *nothing*, and the art of living upon nothing at all has yet to be discovered. You will naturally think, then, "Why persevere in so hopeless a course?" At present I cannot help myself. For my own credit, for the sake of gratifying those who have hitherto helped me on—nay, for the sake of truth and science itself, I must work out fairly and fully complete what I have begun. And when that is done, I will courageously and cheerfully turn my back upon all my old aspirations. The world is wide, and there is everywhere room for honesty of purpose and earnest endeavor. Had I failed in attaining my wishes from an overweening self-confidence, had I found that the obstacles after all lay within myself, I should have bitterly despised myself, and, worst of all, I should have felt that you had just ground of complaint.

So far as the acknowledgment of the value of what I have done is concerned, I have succeeded beyond my expectations, and if I have failed on the other side of the question, I cannot blame myself. It is the world's fault and not mine.

A few months more, and he was able to report another and still more unexpected testimony to the value of his work—another encouragement to persevere in the difficult pursuit of a scientific life. He found himself treated as an equal by men of established reputation, and the first-fruits of his work ranked on a level with the maturer efforts of veterans in science. The Royal Medal, which he just missed in 1851, he received in 1852. On November 7, 1851, he writes as follows:

I have at last tasted what it is to mingle with my fellows—to take my place in that society for which nature has fitted me, and whether the draught has been a poison which has heated my veins or true nectar from the gods, life-giving, I know not, but I can no longer rest where I once could have rested. If I could find within myself that mere personal ambition, the desire of fame, present or posthumous, had anything to do with this restlessness, I would root it out. But in those moments of self-questioning, when one does not lie even to oneself, I feel that I can say it is not so—that the real pleasure, the true sphere, lies in the feeling of self-development—in the sense of power and of growing *oneness* with the great spirit of abstract truth.

Do you understand this? I know you do; our old oneness of feeling will not desert us here. . . .

To-day a most unexpected occurrence came to my knowledge. I must tell you that the Queen places at the disposal of the Royal Society once a year a valuable gold medal to be given to the author of the best paper upon either a physical, chemical, or anatomical or physiological subject. One of these branches of science is chosen by the Royal Society for each year, and therefore for any given subject—say anatomy and physiology—it becomes a triennial prize, and is given to the best memoir in the "Transactions" for three years.

It happens that the Royal Medal, as it is called, is this year given in anatomy and physiology. I had no idea that I had the least chance of getting it, and made no effort to do so. But I heard this morning from a member of the Council that the award was made yesterday, and that I was within an ace of getting it. Newport,* a man of high standing in the scientific world, and myself were the two between whom the choice rested, and eventually it was given to him, on account of his having a greater bulk of matter in his papers, so evenly did the balance swing. Had I only had the least idea that I should be selected they should have had enough and to spare from me. However, I do not grudge Newport his medal; he is a good and a worthy competitor, old enough to be my father, and has long had a high reputation. Except for its practical value as a means of getting a position I care little enough for the medal. What I do care for is the justification which the being marked in this position gives to the course I have taken. Obstinate and self-willed as I am . . . there are times when grave doubts overshadow my mind, and then such testimony as this restores my self-confidence.

To let you know the full force of what I have been saying, I must tell you that this "Royal Medal" is what such men as Owen and Faraday are glad to get, and is indeed one of the highest honors in England.

To-day I had the great pleasure of meeting my old friend Sir John Richardson (to whom I was mainly indebted for my appointment in the "Rattlesnake"). Since I left England he has married a third wife, and has taken a hand in joining in search of Franklin (which was more dreadful?) like an old hero as he is, but not a feather of him is altered, and he is as gray, as really kind, and as seemingly abrupt and grim, as ever he was. Such a fine old polar bear!

In spite of all, a fatality seemed to dog

* He was distinguished as a physiologist.

his efforts; nevertheless he writes at the end of this year:

Among my scientific friends the monition I get on all sides is that of Dante's great ancestor to him—

A te sequi la tua stella.

If this were from personal friends only, I should disregard it; but it comes from men to whose approbation it would be foolish affectation to deny the highest value. I find myself treated on a footing of equality ("my proud self," as you may suppose, would not put up with any other) by men whose names and works have been long before the world. My opinions are treated with a respect altogether unaccountable to me, and what I have done is quoted as having full authority. Without canvassing a soul or making use of any influence, I have been elected into the Royal Society at a time when that election is more difficult than it has ever been in the history of the Society. Without my knowledge I was within an ace of getting the Royal Society medal this year, and if I go on I shall very probably get it next time.

In 1852 he was not only to receive this coveted honor, but also to be elected upon the Royal Society Council. He writes to his future wife:

November 13, 1852.

Going last week to the Royal Society's library for a book, and like the boy in church "thinkin' o' naughten," when I went in, Weld, the Assistant Secretary, said, "Well, I congratulate you." I confess I did not see at that moment what any mortal man had to congratulate me about. I had a deuced bad cold with rheumatism in my head, it was a beastly November day and I was very grumpy, so I inquired in a state of mild surprise what might be the matter. Whereupon I learnt that the Medal had been conferred at the meeting of the Council on the day before. I was very pleased . . . and I thought you would be so too, and I thought moreover that it was a fine lever to help us on, and if I could have sent a letter to you immediately I should have sat down and have written one to you on the spot. As it is, I have waited for official confirmation and a convenient season.

And now . . . shall I be very naughty and make a confession? The thing that a fortnight ago (before I got it) I thought so much of, I give you my word I do not care a pin for. I am sick of it and ashamed of having thought so much of it, and the congratulations I get give me a sort of internal sardonic grin. I think this has come about partly because I did not get the official confirmation of what I had heard for some days, and with my habit of facing the ill side of things I came to the conclusion that Weld had made a mistake, and I went in thought through the whole enormous mortification of having to explain to those to whom I had mentioned it that it was quite a mistake. I found that all this when I came look at it was by no means so dreadful as it seemed—quite bearable in short—and then I laughed at myself and have cared nothing about the whole concern ever since. In truth . . . I do not think that I am in the proper sense of the word ambitious. I have an enormous longing after the highest and best in all shapes—a longing which haunts me and is the demon which ever impels me to work, and will let me have no rest unless I am doing his behests. The honors of men I value so far as they are evidences of power, but with the cynical mistrust of their judgment and my own worthiness, which always haunts me, I put very little faith in them. Their praise makes me sneer inwardly. God forgive me if I do them any great wrong.

. . . I feel and know that all the rewards and honors in the world will ever be worthless for me as soon as they are obtained. I know that always, as now, they will make me more sad than joyful. I know that nothing that could be done would give me the pure and heartfelt joy and peace of mind that your love has given me, and please God shall give for many a long year to come, and yet my demon says work! work! you shall not even love unless you work.

Not blinded by any vanity, then, I hope . . . but viewing this stroke of fortune as respects its public estimation only, I think I must look upon the award of this medal as the turning-point of my life, as the finger-post teaching me as clearly as anything can what is the true career that lies open before me. For whatever may be my own private estimation of it, there can be no doubt as to the general feeling about this thing, and in case of my candidature for any office it would have the very greatest weight. And as you will have seen by my last letter, it only strengthens and confirms the conclusion I had come to. Bid me God-speed then . . . it is all I want to labor cheerfully.

Earlier in 1852, when standing for Toronto, he describes how Colonel Sabine, then secretary of the Royal Society, dissuaded him from the project, saying that a brilliant prospect lay before him in England if he would only wait.

"Make up your mind to get something fairly within your reach, and you will have us all with you." Professor Owen again offers to do anything in his power for me; Professor Forbes will move heaven and earth for me if he can; Gray, Bell, and all the leading men are, I know, similarly inclined. Fate says wait, and you shall reach the goal which from a child you have set before yourself. On the other hand, a small voice like conscience speaks of one who is wasting youth and life away for your sake.

Other friends, who, while recognizing his general capacities, were not scientific, and had no direct appreciation of his superlative powers in science, thought he was following a course which would never allow him to marry, and urged him to give up this unequal battle with fate, and emigrate to Australia. Of this he writes on August 5, 1852, to Miss Heathorn:

I must make up my mind to it if nothing turns up. However, I look upon such a life as would await me in Australia with great misgiving. A life spent in a routine employment, with no excitement and no occupation for the higher powers of the intellect, with its great aspirations stifled and all the great problems of existence set hopelessly in the background, offers to me a prospect that would be utterly intolerable but for your love. . . . Sometimes I am half mad with the notion of bringing all my powers in a surer struggle for a livelihood. Sometimes I am equally wild at thinking of the long, weary while that has passed since we met. There are times when I cannot bear to think of leaving my present pursuits, when I feel I should be guilty of a piece of cowardly desertion from my duty in doing it, and there come intervals when I would give

truth and science and all hopes to be folded in your arms. . . . I know which course is right, but I never know which I may follow; help me . . . for there is only one course in which there is either hope or peace for me.

These repeated disappointments deepened the fits of depression which constantly assailed him. He was torn by two opposing thoughts. Was it just, was it right, to demand so great a sacrifice from the woman who had entrusted her future to the uncertain chances of his fortunes? Could he ask her to go on offering up the best years of her life to aspirations of his which were possibly chimerical, or perhaps merely selfishness in disguise, which ought to yield to more imperative duties? Why not clip the wings of Pegasus, and descend to the sober, everyday jog-trot after plain bread and cheese like other plain people? Time after time he almost made up his mind to throw science to the winds; to emigrate and establish a practice in Sydney; to try even squatting or storekeeping. And yet he knew only too well that with his temperament no life would bring him the remotest approach to lasting happiness and satisfaction except one that gave scope to his intellectual passion. To yield to the immediate pressure of circumstances was perhaps ignoble, was even more probably a surer road to the loss of happiness for himself and for his wife than the repeated and painful sacrifices of the present. With all this, however, and the more when assured of her entire confidence in his judgment, he could not but feel a sense of remorse that she willingly accepted the sacrifice, and feared that she might have done so rather to gratify his wishes than because reason approved it as the right course to follow.

Here is another typical extract from his correspondence. Hearing that the professorship at Toronto is likely to go to a relative of a Canadian minister, he writes:

I think of all my dreams and aspirations, and of the path which I know lies before me if I can only bide my time, and it seems a sin and a shameful thing to allow my resolve to be turned; and then comes the mocking suspicion, is this fine abstract duty of yours anything but a subtlety of your own selfishness? Have you not other more imperative duties?

You may fancy whether my life is a very happy one thus spent without even the satisfaction of the sense of right-doing. I must come to some resolution about it, and that shortly. I was talking seriously with Fanning* the other night about the possibility of finding some employment of a profitable kind in Australia, storekeeping, squatting, or the like. As I told him, any change in my mode of life must be *total*. If I am to change at all, the change must be total and complete. I will not attempt my own profession. I should only be led astray to think and to work as of old, and sigh continually for my old dear and intoxicating pursuits. I wish I understood brewing, and I would make a proposition to come and help your father. You may smile, but I am as serious as ever I was in my life.

January 2, 1852.

* Miss Heathorn's brother-in-law.

The distance between them made it doubly difficult to keep in touch with one another, when the post took from four and a half to five or even six months to reach England from Australia. The answer to a letter would come when the matter in question was long done with. The assurance that he was doing right at one moment seemed inadequate when circumstances had altered and hope sunk lower. It was all too easy to suspect that she did not understand his aims, his thirst for action, nor the fact that he was no longer free to do as he liked, whether to stay in the navy, to go into practice, or follow his own pursuits and pleasure. Yet it made him despair to be so hedged in by circumstances. With all his efforts, he seemed as though he had done nothing but earn the reputation of being a very promising young man. How much easier to continue the struggle if he could but have seen her face to face, and read her thoughts as to whether he were right or wrong in the course he was pursuing. He appeals to her faith that he is choosing the nobler path in pursuing knowledge, than in turning aside to the temptation of throwing it up for the sake of their speedier union. Still she was right in claiming a share in his work; but for her his life would have been wasted.

The clouds gathered very thickly about him when in April, 1852, his mother died, while his father was hopelessly ill. "Belief and happiness," he writes, "seem to be beyond the reach of thinking men in these days, but courage and silence are left." Again the clouds lifted, for in October he received Miss Heathorn's "noble and self-sacrificing letter, which has given me more comfort than anything for a long while," the keynote of which was that a man should pursue those things for which he is most fitted, let them be what they will. He now felt free to tell the vicissitudes of thought and will he had passed through this twelvemonth, and how the idea of giving up all had affected him. "The spectre of a wasted life has passed before me—a vision of that servant who hid his talent in a napkin and buried it."

Early in 1853 he writes how much he was cheered by his sister's advice and encourage-

ment to persist in the struggle; but the darkest moment was still to come. His hopes from his candidatures crumbled away one after the other; his leave from the Admiralty was coming to an end, and there was small hope of renewing it; the grant from Government remained as unattainable as ever; the long struggle had taught him the full extent of his powers, only to end by denying him all opportunity for their use.

And so the card house I have been so laboriously building up these two years with all manner of hard struggling will be tumbled down again, and my small light will be ignominiously snuffed out like that of better men. . . . I can submit if the fates are too strong. The world is no better than an arena of gladiators, and I, a stray savage, have been turned into it to fight my way with my rude club among the steel-clad fighters. Well, I have won my way into the front rank, and ought to be thankful and deem it only the natural order of things if I can get no further.

And again in a letter of July 6, 1853:

I know that these three years have inconceivably altered me—that from being an idle man, only too happy to flow into the humors of the moment, I have become almost unable to exist without active intellectual excitement. I know that in this I find peace and rest such as I can attain in no other way. From being a mere untried fledgling, doubtful whether the wish to fly proceeded from mere presumption or from budding wings, I have now some confidence in well-tried pinions, which have given me rank among the strongest and foremost. I have always felt how difficult it was for you to realize all this—how strange it must be to you that though your image remained as bright as ever, new interests and purposes had ranged themselves around it, and though they could claim no preëminence, yet demanded their share of my thoughts. I make no apology for this—it is man's nature and the necessary influence of circumstances which will so have it; and depend, however painful our present separation may be, the spectacle of a man who had given up the cherished purpose of his life, the Esau who had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage and with it his self-respect, would before long years were over our heads be infinitely more painful. Depend upon it, the trust which you placed in my hands when I left you—to choose for both of us—has not been abused. Hemmed in by all sorts of difficulties, my choice was a narrow one, and I was guided more by circumstances than my own free will. Nevertheless the path has shown itself to be a fair one, neither more difficult nor less so than most paths in life in which a man of energy may hope to do much if he believes in himself, and is at peace within.

My course in life is taken. I will *not* leave London—I *will* make myself a name and a position as well as an income by some kind of pursuit connected with science, which is the thing for which nature has fitted me if she has ever fitted any one for anything. Bethink yourself whether you can cast aside all repining and all doubt, and devote yourself in patience and trust to helping me along my path as no one else could. I know what I ask, and the sacrifice I demand, and if this were the time to use false modesty, I should say how little I have to offer in return. . . .

I am full of faults, but I am real and true, and the whole devotion of an earnest soul cannot be overprized. . . . It is as if all that old life at Holmwood had merely been a preparation for the real life of our love—as if we were then children ignorant of life's real purpose—as if these last months had merely been my old doubts over again, whether I had rightly or wrongly interpreted the manner and the words that had given me hope. . . .

We will begin the new love of woman and man, no longer that of boy and girl, conscious that we have aims and purposes as well as affections, and that if love is sweet, life is dreadfully stern and earnest.

As time went on and no permanency offered—although a good deal of writing fell in his way—the strain told heavily upon him. In the autumn he was quite out of sorts, body and mind, more at war with himself than he ever was in his life before. All this, he writes, had darkened his thoughts, had made him once more imagine a hopeless discrepancy between the two of them in their ways of thinking and objects in life. It was not till November, 1853, that this depression was banished by the trust and confidence of her last letter. "I wish to Heaven," he writes, "it had reached me six months ago. It would have saved me a world of pain and error." But with this, the worst period of mental suffering was over, and every haunting doubt was finally exorcised. His career was made possible by the steady faith which neither separation nor any misgiving nor its own troubles could shake. And from this point all things began to brighten. His health had been restored by a trip to the Pyrenees with his brother George, in September. He had got work that enabled him to regard the Admiralty and its menaces with complete equanimity; a "Manual of Comparative Anatomy," for Churchill the publisher, regular work on the "Westminster," and another book in prospect, "so that if I quit the Service to-morrow, these will give me more than my pay has been." And on December 7th he writes how he has been restored and revived by reading over her last two letters, and confesses, "I have been unjust to the depth and strength of your devotion, but will never be so again." Then he tells all he had gone through before leaving England in September for his holiday—how he had resolved to abandon all his special pursuits and take up chemistry, for practical purposes, when first one publisher and then another asked him to write for them, and hopes were held out to him of being appointed to deliver the Fullerian lectures at the Royal Institution for the next three years; while, most important of all, Edward Forbes was likely, before long, to leave his

post at the Museum of Practical Geology, and he had already been spoken to by the authorities about filling it. This was worth some £200 [$1,000] a year, while he calculated to make about £250 [$1,250] by his pen alone. "Therefore it would be absurd to go hunting for chemical birds in the bush when I have such in the hand."

This was his first firm foothold; a few weeks later, he was further appointed naturalist on the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and thus found himself in a position to marry. It happened that Miss Heathorn and her parents had just settled to return to England, where they arrived in May, 1855, and the wedding took place on July 21st.

Miss Heathorn was in very bad health; one leading physician, indeed, only allowed her six months of life. Happily, another held a much more favorable opinion, and prophesied truly that with care her strength would come back, slowly but surely. This was the *atra cura* of the following letter—the black care, lurking in the backgound, which still troubled the joy of reunion.

14 WAVERLEY PLACE, *Wednesday.*

*My dear Hooker.**—My wife and I met again on Sunday last, and I have established herself, her father and mother, close by me here at 8 Titchfield Terrace, Regent's Park, and whenever you and Mrs. Hooker are in this part of the world, and can find time to call there, you will find her anything but surprised to see you.

God help me! I discover that I am as bad as any young fool who knows no better, and if the necessity for giving six lectures a week did not sternly interfere, I should be hanging about her ladyship's apron-strings all day. She is in very bad health, poor child, and I have some reason to be anxious, but I have every hope she will mend with care.

Oh this life! "Atra cura," as old Thackeray has it, sits on all our backs and mingles with all our happiness. But if I go on talking in this way you will wonder what has come over my philosophership.—Ever yours.

T. H. HUXLEY.

For forty years they faced life together; not in the mere happiness of repose, but in the strong fellowship of strenuous effort, of difficulties surmounted, of common joys and sorrows, of utter confidence each in the other. No words of mine can so well describe this relationship as a few verses, of husband to wife and wife to husband, taken from a privately printed volume of poems.†

* The eminent botanist, now Sir J. D. Hooker, G.C.S.I., his oldest and closest friend.

† Poems by T. H. and H. A. Huxley. Privately printed.

Dear wife, for more than thirty years
Have you and I, hand clasped in hand,
Sometimes all smiles, sometimes in bitter tears,
Wended our way through the strange land
Of living men; until with silvering hair,
And graver mien, and steps more slow,
Adown the strand of age we fare
To the still ocean, out beyond time's flow.

True wife, house-mother, worn with many cares,
Love's afterglow shall brighten all the years
That yet are ours; and closer still shall be our clasp
Of hands, until they nerveless fall and cease to grasp.

Dearest and best! we both begin to feel
The weight of years lie heavy on our lives,
A little slower turns our pulses' wheel,
And in thy hair shines many a silver thread;
But this, belovéd, this one thing I know,
That our true love doth show no tint of gray,
But is as golden as that far-off day
In the long past, when soul with soul did wed,
And all the world was roseate with their glow.

THE CONTRAST.

How hushed it is! How very still,
That even the pulses in my ears
With loud and strong determined will
Beat time unto my coward fears.

The long dull day is nearly gone,
The air is chill with heavy rain,
And gloomy clouds, as night comes on,
Foregather. Nature wears a stain.

Ah me! It was the same last night,
And yet not such the gloomy view
I took of things, for then my sight
Saw different, if it saw not true.

Then sank the quiet on my soul,
Sweetly as slumber after pain,
Fair were the clouds, I could extol
The freshness of the falling rain.

And would you know the difference
Between this eve and yesterday,
That so hath changed my every sense,
And hued all things in sober gray?

It is—that he's away to-night,
Friend, lover, husband, all in one,
Who makes this home a place of light;
Ah me! 'tis dark without the sun.

ON THE TERRACE.

Here in the sunset glow,
Shed from the western hill,
On the terrace, to and fro,
We pace, true lovers still!

Pale with life's snows of the north,
Scarred with fate's sad surprise,
Yet love in our hearts looks forth,
Looks out from spectacled eyes,

With the faith of the bygone years,
With the trust of the few to come,
Till the day of anguish and tears,
With one of us silent and dumb!

THE WINNING OF THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL.

By William McLeod Raine.

A STORY OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

As Jim Messiter walked down River Front Avenue and tasted the salt Chinook which swept across the bay and mingled with the odor of the new-sawn fir, it struck him with a sharp glow of pleasure that life had never before held so much of interest for him. He looked over the town which he had done so much to make, and it seemed to him that his work was good. The distinguishing features of the town were its rawness and rustle, but to Jim it had the germ of perfection. Its very newness and crudeness were proof of its vitality and quick life. It was typical of the West—pushing, self-assertive, public-spirited. Fortunes were to be made and lost in a month. Already it was almost cosmopolitan in its citizens, and it was just six months old.

Surely Messiter liked the town no less because it liked him. He had deserved well of the town, had pushed it insistently in season and out of season, and had stood by it manfully when the rival "city" across the bay had been backed by a certain coast railroad company and had almost beaten Willapa Bend out of existence. He had been the spokesman of the delegation which had waited on the president and board of directors of the great Trans-Continental Railroad to show them why Willapa Bend should be the terminus of their line, and he had done his work so well that he had shaken the president's already formed verdict in favor of Inverness. When the committee filed into the room, Willapa Bend had not one chance in a thousand; but before they left, Messiter knew that the matter would not be decided without a more thorough investigation. Partly on account of what he had done for the town and partly because of his native qualifications, the Board of Trade had asked him to stand for the nomination for State senator.

Jim viewed the town very much as a young father views his first-born. Never was such a town, in Jim's opinion. Every evidence of young and vigorous activity filled him with a sense of personal pride and pleasure.

Up the river, a mile above him, the giant dredger "Anaconda" was working like a thing alive, tearing from the river bottom the accumulated sand and mud of ages and dropping it on flatboats, which were towed by wheezy little tugs across the tide flats to deposit their loads on the flats and thereby snatch from the sea another bit of ground valuable for mills and warehouses. At the water's edge great pile-drivers pounded away with a steady thump—thump—thump on the cedar posts which were to form the groundwork for a big ocean wharf. A hundred men were at work on the "Willapa," a hundred-thousand-dollar hotel in process of erection, and from it drifted the busy hum of hammer and saw. Behind the hotel a big hill was succumbing to hydraulic pressure, and a steady stream of mud and water poured down into the tide flats below.

All around him and up the street, which ran parallel with the river, houses, stores, hotels, and warehouses were going up as fast as their owners could send them. Some hundred yards below, two saw-mills were running night and day in a vain attempt to supply the needs of the growing town. Below the mills, a salmon-canning factory was already in operation. Some dories just in were unloading at the factory wharf; a ship floating the Union Jack was coming into the harbor two miles out, while a Dutch lumber schooner passed her on the way out to sea.

The town was still in the midst of its first "boom," but every man, woman, and child there took pride in it, and believed loyally that the town was to be a big city in the near future. Men were passing to and fro quietly, buying and selling in a business-like way. Not a man who was not busy; not one who did not believe he was on the high road to fortune; everywhere rustle, life, and hope: a new country in the making. At least that was how Messiter saw it as he turned into the offices of the company, and his opinion went for a good deal among people who knew him.

He was a well-set-up young fellow, and worth a second look, not because he was pretty or handsome—for he was neither. His mouth was too large, and his features were altogether too irregular. The thing that impressed a stranger was his clean-blooded vitality. He showed alertness and vigor in every movement of his healthy, athletic body. There was something about the lines of his mouth and the expression of his shrewd, humorous eyes that showed determination and fertility of resource. Altogether, the kind of fellow who is never more dangerous than when he is apparently beaten.

On his desk were a dozen letters from people in the East who wanted to know all about Willapa Bend, from the average summer temperature to the altitude of the bay at that point. But Jim Messiter tossed these aside, and settled himself expectantly to read a letter in a square envelope bearing the monogram "E. D." on the seal. One paragraph he read over several times. Like its writer, it was as direct and frank as a man:

If I seem to put the case brutally, you will pardon me, and will remember that you have insisted on my speaking frankly. I do not see how the situation has changed since I answered you before. I cannot help feeling that you deliberately ran away from your responsibilities and duties when you buried yourself in the West. You had an honorable career awaiting you here, and you threw it up to go wandering. I do not see any reason to modify my previous judgment in regard to your present course. Leaving out entirely the morality of it, speculating in "boom" towns cannot be regarded as a serious business in life, worthy of a man who has the opportunities that you have had and still have. So far as I can judge, your philosophy of life seems to be about the same that it used to be when you were at college, and then you regarded it as a huge joke.

Believe me, I do not intend to hurt you needlessly, but frankness is better for us both, as you say. Unless you can convince me that you are honestly and seriously grappling with the work of life, my resolution must remain unchanged. If you can show me I am mistaken, none of your friends will be so quick to rejoice with you as I.

Sincerely,

EDITH DELAFIELD.

Messiter strolled to the door, an anxious, harassed look on his square-jawed, boyish face. Again his eye wandered over the place, and again it seemed to him that he was doing something worth while. He was in the thick of life—in the heart of a big thing, he admitted to himself impartially, with an air of satisfaction. He had an American's appreciation of the man who does things, and he did not attempt to deny to himself that he was proud of what he was doing. He had got to make Edith see it in that way, even if he had to go to New York to do so. Through the lines of the letter he could read the admission that she cared for him, if only her conscience would approve of him and his course of life.

He sat down at his desk, and wrote an immediate answer. First he told her of what he was doing and of the busy life around him. Then he read over what he had written, and proceeded to justify himself. In conclusion he wrote:

The world is not bounded by the State lines of New York, and a man can get as much work to do in the West as he can well handle, notwithstanding the prevailing impression in the Empire State that a resident of the West is practically out of the world.

I certainly am not "booming" this town for the money there is to be made in fleecing innocent buyers. You know me better than that. If I were following the career you suggest for me, I should be at the present time a member of a firm of corporation lawyers. To open up a new and rich country is a more serviceable work in my opinion. The country out here is rough and raw, but it contains wonderful possibilities, and I do not think that the pioneers who are giving themselves to its development can be said to be skulkers in life's battle. I believe in this country and this town. I intend to stay here, and I am not trying to induce working people to invest their money in what I know to be a cheat and a lie.

I cannot hope to make you feel about this as I who am in the thick of it do; but if you could see the progress we have made, the tide flats that have been reclaimed, the forests that have been cleared, and the homes that are being built, I feel sure that you would not think it useless and futile. It is, of course, rank, material progress; but may it not also be that we are founding another great State for the nation?

I have been asked to stand for the State senate. For the next week we shall be straining every nerve to get the terminus of the Trans-Continental for our town. Whatever else I am doing, I am not trifling. It is the work I am best fitted for. Yet if I do not get one little girl in New York to believe in it and me——

You have *got* to believe in me and the town, for we are both tremendously in earnest. I cannot leave my work now, but may I not come later, say next month? May I not, dear?

JAMES MESSITER.

He was just finishing the address when two visitors dropped into the office. One of them was the man who wanted to be governor. He introduced his companion as "Mr. Roberts, looking for a site for some mills. Thought he ought to see your town, Mr. Messiter."

"It's the only town he needs to see. A lumberman has a better chance here than in any other place in the State, and that means in the world," retorted Messiter promptly and as a matter of course.

"Aren't you too modest about your town?" asked the politician dryly. Throughout the day he continued to speak of Willapa Bend as "your town," and Messiter accepted

the compliment as an evidence of the politician's discernment.

Presently, as they bowled over the planked roads in a surrey, Messiter found himself reeling out by the yard facts, figures, and prophecies as to the town and surrounding country. The politician occasionally helped him out with a remark, for he wanted Messiter's help in a political way at the coming convention; but the mill-owner smoked his cigar stolidly, except for an occasional sharp, pertinent question.

"I tell you, sir, this town is bound to grow; nothing can keep it back. The proposition is just this: we have practically the only good harbor between 'Frisco and Puget Sound. Why, sir, the 'City of Panama' got caught in that February storm just at the mouth of the Columbia River; tried to cross the bar, and was nearly beaten to pieces; beat her way up to the bay here, and came in handy as you please. No, sir, Portland isn't in it as a seaport town. Then we tap one of the richest lumber districts in the world—and practically untouched. The lumber is easy of access, and can be floated down the river. You saw it right on the water's edge, load it from your own wharves, and send it all over the world. The supply of lumber is practically unlimited, too. I don't need to talk to you about the salmon industry or our farming resources, because they talk for themselves. And the climate——"

"I am not coming for my health," laughed Roberts. Then he flicked the ashes from his cigar and said tentatively: "I think of locating at Inverness."

"Inverness! Well, if you're looking for a quiet, healthful sort of sanitarium, where your nerves will get a chance to rest, that's the place for you. It's dead—dead and buried. The only live things they have there are mills and promoters."

Roberts eyed him with an amused smile as he said slowly: "Willapa Bend's got a few promoters too."

Messiter laughed quietly at the hit. "Oh, yes, I'm a promoter all right; but it happens I've got something to promote. This town will be a city of 50,000 inhabitants in five years. I may be a promoter, but I am the kind that means to stay by the town. Generally speaking, the difference between us and Inverness is that they believe in their town because they are pushing it, and we push ours because we believe in it."

"Well, if I decide to locate here I hope your town will grow," said Roberts doubtfully.

"I don't think there is any doubt about that," answered Messiter. "Inverness is going to grow, too, but nothing like as fast as Willapa Bend. If I told you what I really thought, I should say one hundred thousand would be about our size in five years."

"That's the advantage of having an imagination. You can prophesy without being hampered by facts," said the other dryly.

"That's all right. The facts are going to justify me. You wait and see. Six months ago this town consisted of one lone cabin and a cow-path leading to it through the timber. That was the whole outfit. You see it now—two saw-mills, canning factory, ten-thousand-dollar school projected, hundred-thousand hotel being built, lots anywhere from two hundred to a thousand apiece. If we can do that in six months, what can we do in ten years?"

"Well! I confess I like the outlook. I believe you'll make a town out of it. But I want to go slow. I've seen boom towns before. They're all right for the promoter, but they're pretty rough on the settler."

"I hope you are not going to liken us to those mushroom prairie towns on the rainless desert. This Washington immigration movement has come to stay. We've got here the finest country on the face of God's green earth, and people have just begun to find it out. The development of Washington has just started, and we are in on the ground floor. I think Willapa Bend and Seattle are going to be *the* cities on the northern coast. I've got a big slice in this town, and I don't mind admitting that I think I'm a rich man, as men go in the West. All I have got to do is to hold on and rustle. It takes two things to make a town—one is natural advantages, and the other is git-up-and-git, and we have got them both."

They were back in the office by this time, and the President of the Willapa Bend Land and Development Company leaned forward persuasively, and touched the other man's knee with his lead pencil.

"See here, Mr. Roberts, I don't usually talk about private affairs, but I'll tell you one thing: our company has taken in more than twelve hundred dollars a day this summer on an average—in cash, that is."

"That's more apt to mean inflated values than legitimate development. I'd rather hear that the Trans-Continental was coming this way."

The two men looked at each other for a moment, and both smiled a little. They had got to the controlling lever at last. Presi-

dent Eaton of the Trans-Continental was married to a sister of Roberts, and it was beyond doubt that the latter would locate in the town selected by the railroad company for its terminus. What Messiter hoped for was that the mill-owner would be impressed with the advantages of Willapa Bend and throw the weight of his influence in favor of that town. Presently Messiter asked boldly: "Which way is the Trans-Continental going?"

"I don't think the matter is officially decided," answered Roberts cautiously, "but I guess Inverness has it pretty well corralled."

Messiter knew quite well that at present Inverness was a better town than Willapa Bend. It was a larger, older town, and to the Michigan man, fresh from the neat towns of his own State, presented a much more attractive appearance than Willapa Bend, rich in charred stumps and blackened hillsides where the forest fires had run not three months before. To him the whole town looked terribly bleak and crude. But Messiter saw it with the eyes of faith, and he meant that the other man should also see it so. Messiter's point of view was that there ought to be a good town here; therefore it was his business to make one. He reopened the attack from another side.

"Inverness is an older town than this, and it looks a good deal prettier just now. It's getting past the stump age. They are getting the timber cleared out of there pretty fast. But that isn't what you want, I take it. You are after a place that has a big stumpage yet."

The Michigan man smiled a little in appreciation of the pun, and said, "There's lots of timber round Inverness yet."

"Yes, there is a lot of timber there, but there are a dozen big mills, and they either own or have an option on the most desirable timber lands. If you go there, you take your chances, and they won't be of the best, because you are last in the field."

It was Messiter's one valid point, and he knew it had scored. The mill man smoked in silence for a minute before he spoke again. "And if I come here?"

"If you come here, you are practically first in the field. I don't count these two mills already here, because they are small, single-barreled affairs, running without much capital. There is plenty of timber all round here. What's the matter with your sending agents out to buy up big quantities of the most desirable timber land? You can get it almost at your own price now."

Messiter waited for the other to speak; but as he did not appear to intend to make a beginning, Jim continued:

"There is a lot of timber yet in the Sound country, but they have to go back from salt water to get it now. You will not find a place on earth where timber is handier than here. Assuming that we get the Trans-Continental"—Roberts smiled at the calmness with which Messiter assumed the point at issue—"the bulk of your carrying will be done by water on account of the saving in expense. If ships from Sydney and Calcutta can drop in here and get their lumber, it does not stand to reason that they will try to make the difficult Straits passage into Puget Sound. Those tramp schooners aren't taking extra risks for the pleasure there is in adventure."

Again the president of the W. B. L. & D. Company had scored a hit. He knew the arguments that counted most with Roberts, and no matter how much he might diverge, he always came back in the end to the fine harbor and the abundance of timber within easy reach.

When Roberts left for Seattle a few days later, Messiter knew that what influence the mill man had with his brother-in-law would be exerted in favor of Willapa Bend, but that whichever town was selected by the railroad company for its terminus would also be the town to get the large mills of the Michigan man.

It was two or three days later that Jim got his answer from New York. It bade him come to her after he had secured the Trans-Continental for his town.

"Guess I bragged too much about what I was doing," reflected Jim with a grin; "but I've got to get the railroad now if I have to hold up the president for it."

As events turned out, that was about what he did, though the president never suspected it. When Messiter got the telegram in cipher from Chicago announcing the departure of President Eaton for Inverness, he tossed it over to his partner with the remark, "Gay outlook, isn't it?"

"I should remark. Lets us out good and plenty," answered Barry after he had read it.

Messiter sat drumming with his fingers on the desk in front of him, a thoughtful frown on his abstracted face. He knew very well that, if Inverness got hold of the president first, it would be all up with his chances. At all cost, Eaton must be kept away from Inverness for a time. He thought about it quite a while, casting over various plans in

his mind, and the immediate result of his thinking was that he rose with a smile on his face, and said easily, "Oh, I don't know. We'll see about that. Send for Heaton, and let's have a pow-wow."

There had been heavy rain in western Washington for weeks, and temporary, but vicious, rivers were running all over the land seeking what they could devour. It was one of these that ditched the express. Still, it is a little strange that the track had held for miles against a heavy pressure and should finally be swept away by a stream not six inches deep nor ten feet wide. That is, it would be strange if it were not so easily explainable.

President Eaton felt the train slow down. Then it stopped with a jar that sent him forward heavily against the chair in front of him. He looked out of the window, and saw the train hands gathered round the engine. He divined at once that there had been a washout, and strolled forward to see the extent of the damage. The engineer was explaining excitedly how it had happened. "I slowed down pretty slow at the curve here, knowin' there was a bad place jest this side. Soon as I got round, I seen there was a washout, and threw on the emergency brakes; but the' wa'ant time to stop, and she waltzed right in."

The damage was very slight, but it would be impossible to proceed for many hours; in fact, until after the arrival of a wrecking crew. The railroad magnate was not in a particular hurry; still, he did not view with particular equanimity the prospect of a long wait in the dreary forests. At this opportune moment, Jim Messiter and his surrey came in sight. The engineer saw him first, and deliberately winked at Jim.

"Most harmless accident you ever saw, Mr. Messiter," suggested the conductor with a grin.

Messiter was, of course, surprised to meet Mr. Eaton, but had a way to suggest out of the difficulty. "Jump into my surrey, Mr. Eaton, and I'll take you to Willapa Bend. You can look over our town, and to-morrow I'll take you across the bay to Inverness in my launch."

The railroad president reflected that this would save him from making a special trip to Willapa Bend. He could take it in on his way to Inverness, and then he could tell Roberts that he had seen the town, which the latter gentleman had strongly urged him to do.

The Belt Line passed fully eight miles from Willapa Bend, so that Messiter had plenty of time to size up his man before they reached town. During the past few weeks he had omitted no opportunity to find out all he could about the man who held the fate of Willapa Bend in his hand. As a result of his inquiries, he had learned that Eaton was a quiet, reserved man, who hated above all things fuss and pompous display. He dressed quietly, but well, and liked a good dinner as well as most men, though he sometimes suffered from it afterward.

Messiter knew too much to consign his guest to the tender mercies of any of the hotels in the young town. He drove straight to the office, where Barry met them and insisted on their dining with him. Mrs. Barry was a housekeeper among a thousand, but that day she fairly outdid herself. Eaton admitted to himself that a town six months old able to furnish an impromptu dinner like the one he was eating wasn't so far out of the world after all.

After dinner, Barry and Messiter took him round to the club, and again the railroad man opened his eyes. The appointments and service were in excellent taste, and the few men he met were altogether different from the men he had expected to meet. Presently he found himself at whist with three men who knew the game as well as he did himself. They attended strictly to their game, and seemed to have forgotten that there was such a railroad in existence as the Trans-Continental. He was very fond of whist, and it was a genuine pleasure to meet people in this dropping-off place who knew enough to play by rule.

Messiter's fine hand was in evidence throughout the evening. Of the dozen men who knew that the president of the Trans-Continental was in town, not one of them mentioned the town except incidentally, and then not by way of business. One of them grumbled about it to Heaton of the "Journal": "Seems to me we're losing valuable time. We ought to talk the town up when we have the chance," he said.

"Jim Messiter is running this show. He'll pull us through if anybody can, I guess. All we have to do is to take our cue and play up to him. There's lots of time to talk business to-morrow. What we want to do to-night is to give Eaton a good time," replied the journalist.

When Eaton left with Messiter in the launch next day, he was surprised to find that he left the town with some regret. In-

stead of the anticipated bore, his visit had been quite a pleasure. He didn't care much for the town itself, but there were some nice people in it, he thought.

The rain began about the time the launch reached Inverness, and continued in torrents for several days. Eaton and Messiter put up at the nearest hotel, where the rain kept them pretty close prisoners. The cooking was wretched, and at the end of the second day Eaton was suffering badly from dyspepsia.

About this time the mayor of Inverness, a large, effusive man with a bad manner, who had been haunting the depot for a day or two in a vain search for Mr. Eaton, discovered their presence at the hotel. Without the knowledge of the railroad president, he ordained for him a public reception. The railroad owner was dragged off to meet a few friends, and three hours later found himself still limply shaking hands with men he never expected to meet again and listening to inane banalities.

The mayor of Inverness, good, amiable man, was in his element, and believed he was making an impression. He certainly made one at the close of the reception, when he attempted a confidential whisper and trod heavily on Eaton's gouty toe. Messiter, in a far corner, smiled blandly, and repeated to himself softly, "He's digging a grave—he's digging a grave—and I think Inverness is going to be the corpse."

Very few men can judge dispassionately and apart from their individual likes and dislikes. As President Eaton, after a wretched night's rest, looked out of the hotel window at the rain still streaming down, he contrasted the pleasure he had had at Willapa Bend with the dismalness of Inverness and the thoroughly disagreeable experience the place had given him. At that moment he would not have voted to give Inverness a wayside depot, far less to make it the terminus of his line. He felt he could not stand the place another hour. Suddenly he turned to Messiter and announced his intention of leaving that morning for Chicago. The young man asked when he might expect to hear what the decision of the company was in regard to the terminus.

"You can hear now," answered the President abruptly. Then he asked quickly: "How about a bridge across the Willapa, if we run in from the north—will you guarantee to raise the money from the town?"

"Yes, sir,—if I pay every cent myself."

"You will give us a right of way into your town, and plenty of room for yards and shops?" he asked sharply.

"All the room you want."

"And a good site for an ocean wharf?"

"Wherever you want it."

"Then, Mr. Messiter, the terminus of the Trans-Continental is yours."

The room grew altogether too small for Messiter. He wanted to hug his portly vis-à-vis; he had a desire to improvise the highland fling with variations; he bethought him of his college yell, and wondered what Eaton would think if he were to let out a "Hi-O-Hi." He did none of these things. He waited a moment till his voice was under control, then said quietly: "We'll try to be worthy of the chance you have given us."

Half an hour later two telegrams went over the wires from Messiter. The one to Barry was in cipher, but interpreted it read:

Willapa Bend gets the Trans-Continental. Letter follows. Wake things up to-night. JIM.

The other was to New York. To the girl who opened it the message said:

I hand you the Trans-Continental on a silver platter with my best bow. Start East to-night. J. M.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE letters which we continue to receive every day commenting on "The Life of the Master" show us that the aim we had in view in undertaking this work is appreciated by thousands of readers and that the usefulness we anticipated for the "Life," particularly among the young, is being more than realized. One subscriber writes:

"The 'Life of the Master' seems very opportune, and in the complete form and illustrations given ought to be a great help to all teachers who are interested in instructing their classes from every source possible. On last Sunday I took my copy of McCLURE'S with me to my class, and was astonished at the eagerness of the boys over it, wishing to read the story there given in its delicate language, and I was enabled to keep their close attention during the entire lesson time."

From the letter of another subscriber we take the following:

"I have a class of fifteen girls of the working classes, most of them bread-winners themselves, from sixteen to nineteen years of age. It is connected with a well-equipped chapel of one of the largest churches in the city, has a class-room of its own, and an individual organization as a class. Two of its committees are a Room Committee and a Library and Study Committee. To the first is furnished a monthly copy of the magazine, from which they cut the illustrations and tack them on a large, black-painted board provided for the purpose, in the order, Sabbath after Sabbath, as the pictures illustrate the lessons. The second committee has two or more magazines, which it keeps circulating among the class members in turn during the week, so that finally every member has read, as a side-light to the Scripture text, Dr. Watson's articles. That such reading will deepen the interest, increase the knowledge, and broaden and heighten the spiritual life of these girls, I am sure. I am somewhat versed in such literature, and am delighted with the work. The introduction was most happy in the treatment of its subject—'The Inevitable Christ,' and evidently the style and the story are to be well sustained throughout."

Yet another subscriber writes:

"There can be, I think, but one opinion of the enterprise in the undertaking of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE to give another life of Christ. . . . That the life of Jesus should be placed in such fascinating form before the immense host who read McCLURE'S is one of the phenomena of the times. It leads the magazine literature on the highest line it has ever reached."

GENERAL LAWTON IN THE PHILIPPINES.

In our May number we shall publish an article on "General Lawton's Work in the Philippines," by Professor Dean C. Worcester, which will, we believe, reveal to the country, as nothing else so far written has revealed, the fact that Lawton was one of the greatest and noblest soldiers that the Republic has produced. Professor Worcester was with General Lawton in the Philippines in a peculiar relation. He was one of the commissioners of the United States sent to investigate the conditions there; and he was, by virtue of his position, admitted to the closest intimacy with the General. A keen and honest observer, a sympathetic friend, he saw at once the unusual nature of General Lawton's work, and fathomed as well the secret of his power. This sketch is one which will show to young people, in a new and powerful way, the responsibility that rests on the man who aims to serve his country.

Our endeavor to present regularly in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE thoughtful and incisive studies of the men and women who are doing the best work of the world is meeting with hearty approval on all sides. The stimulating character of these studies is so great that the Scranton (Pennsylvania) "Tribune" said of Ray Stannard Baker's recent sketch of General Wood: "Although a great deal has been written of late concerning Leonard Wood, it has remained for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, February issue, to print the first clear and comprehensive biography and estimate of that extraordinary man. It is an article which ought to be read aloud in every public school."

The same may be said of Professor Worcester's article on General Lawton. It should be read aloud in every public school. It is the duty of teachers to see to it that our boys and girls know the lives of such men as Wood and Lawton.

THE SEARCH FOR GOLD.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," "The Story of the Railway," etc.

UNDER the arch of the curving sky
The silent Siwash sits alone;
Close by the trail of the *pes'-la-ki*,*
Hearing the low winds wail and moan,
Wagging his head and wondering why
The white man comes in a steaming ship
To search for gold at the rainbow's tip.

"For what is gold but a broken stone,
A part of this worthless waste of hills?"
The Siwash questions. The sad winds moan,
But make no answer. The long night stills
The thrush, and curtains the Klondike sky;
And still they come, ship after ship,
To search for gold at the rainbow's tip.

A MAN-SONG.

By William R. Lighton,

Author of "The State against Ellsworth," etc.

I LOVE my life, and ask not what's above it.
I make no prayer against the evil of it,
Nor want for aught save what belongs to me.
No part of each day's work would I avert,
For deep in toil lies buried man's desert.
I do not fear to face my destiny.

I crave no leisure for a greater deed
Than that which blossoms from each instant's need.
To him who asks, my hand is opened free,
With no ungenerous question and no doubt.
I wait for no applause, but go about
The keeping of my own integrity.

When Death at last gives urgent invitation,
My life I'll yield to him, a free oblation,
Nor beg to tarry for the task undone.
God's will be mine! The thing He's set for me
He'll let me do. No need that I shall be
Alarmed or doubtful of the course I run.

* Prospector.